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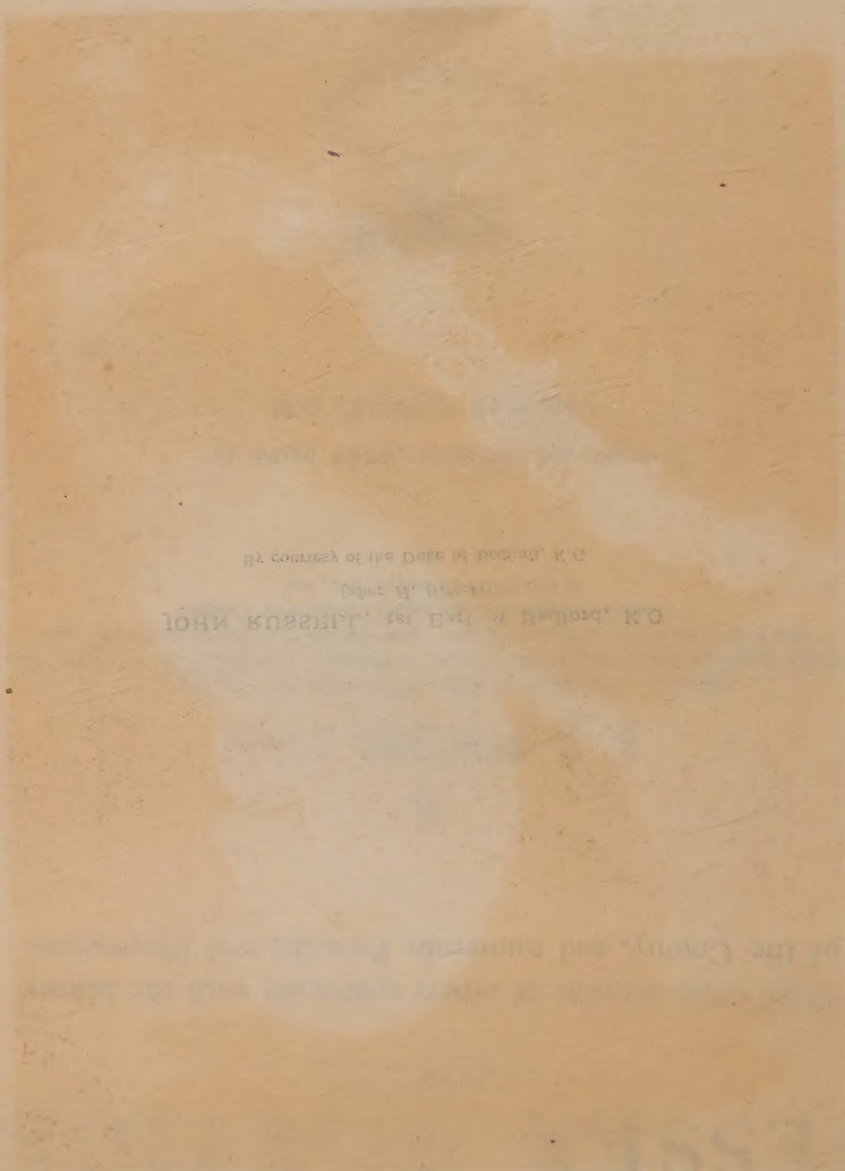
METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

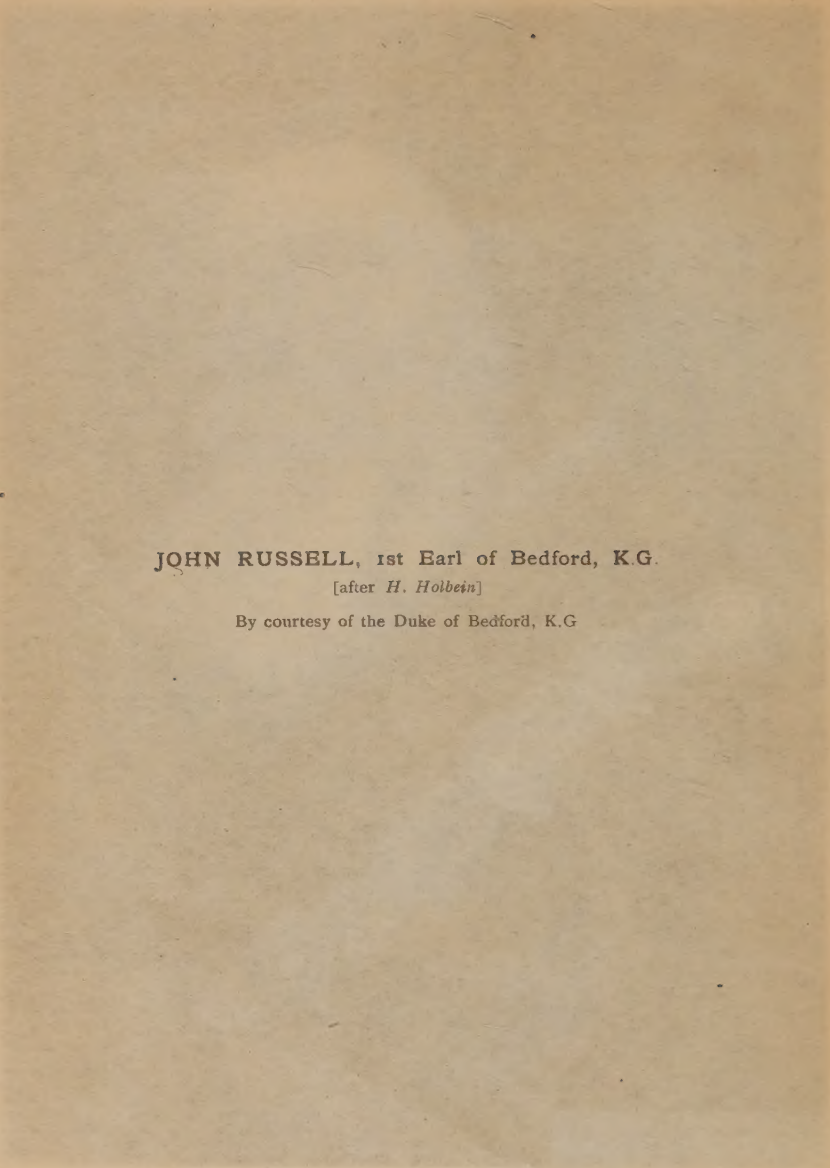
WESSEX WORTHIES

(DORSET)

The "Author's edition" of this work is limited to three hundred and twenty-five copies, of which this is No. 68

John Russell y first Earle of Bedford
of that family





JOHN RUSSELL, 1st Earl of Bedford, K.G.

[after *H. Holbein*]

By courtesy of the Duke of Bedford, K.G

942.33:92

"VIRTUS POST FUNERA VIVIT."

WESSEX WORTHIES

(DORSET)

With some account of others connected with the history of the County, and numerous Portraits and Illustrations.

By

J. J. FOSTER, F.S.A.

Author of "The Stuarts in XVI, XVII and XVIII Century Art," "British Miniature Painters and their Works," "Miniature Painters, British and Foreign," "The True Portraiture of Mary Stuart," "French Art from Watteau to Prud'hon," "Samuel Cooper and the English Miniature Painters of the XVII Century," etc., etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY

THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

London:

DICKINSONS: 37, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

1920

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His Royal Highness

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,

DUKE OF CORNWALL, K.G.

ETC., ETC.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

IN discussing the aim of this book with a Dorset Worthy of the first order and happily still amongst us—Thomas Hardy to wit—the question arose: "What constitutes a Worthy? What are the qualifications required to entitle anyone to that name?" It is a question not so easily answered. On the one hand it may be urged that if a certain person has not been born in a given locality, such an one cannot be described as belonging to it. A man born in Durham has no right to be termed a Dorset Worthy, no matter how *worthy* in other respects he may be. On the other hand it may be said that it is not so much having been born in a county or district, as having taken part in its life in some definite way, perhaps to the extent of modifying its history; or of having so identified oneself with its people as to have a just claim to be remembered by them.

Take, for example, the case of Admiral Blake, born at Bridgwater in Somersetshire. It may have been fortuitous that Blake conducted the siege of Lyme Regis, but it proved to be an important thing for Lyme people, and associated him with them in a very intimate way. Thomas Fuller may be quoted as another instance; he was not born in Dorset, but living within its bounds for many years as rector of Broad Windsor, he became linked with the county by his interest and affection for it and its people. Again, Wordsworth wrote the "Borderers" at Racedown, where he lived for two or three years, but he cannot be said to have associated himself in any definite way with the life of the community there. Thus one does not associate Wordsworth with Dorset in any ordinary way, but one cannot think of Lyme Regis without remembering its history and the part which Admiral Blake played in it at a memorable time.

The conclusion would, therefore, seem to the present writer to be that if we are to exclude all those who were not actually born in the county, we should have to pass over some very interesting characters in English history—interesting at least in their fortunes or rather misfortunes—whose fate was bound up with Dorset inasmuch as it was the scene of some of the most vital

events in their career. So, then, the reader is asked to consent to the extension of the term "Wessex Worthy" to the inclusion of some account of such personages as Margaret of Anjou, Sir Walter Raleigh, Charles II and his unhappy son, the Duke of Monmouth, and others. But inasmuch as it is desirable to mark such persons as being only temporarily connected with the county, (and not belonging to its Worthies), the account which I here offer of them is placed separately at the end of the book.

So much for the term "Worthy." The word "Wessex," it may be observed, is a term which has come to have a popular meaning, felicitous and appropriate in itself no doubt, but no longer corresponding with its original use. The Wessex of the Saxon Chronicle comprised the counties of Hants, Dorset, Wilts, Somersetshire, Surrey, Gloucestershire and Bucks, whilst modern writers on the subject, such as Harper and Windle, have extended the borders of ancient Wessex as far as Exeter in the west, Aldershot on the east and Oxford to the north. But for the purposes of the present work let it be understood that the term is restricted to Dorset, and is used without reference to the old Kingdom of the West Saxons.

There remains the pleasant duty of expressing gratitude for assistance kindly afforded me. I am indebted to His Honour the Mayor of Boston, Mass., for information respecting the Rev. John White; and to the late Bishop of Durham for particulars relating to his family. Captain John Acland, F.S.A., Curator of the Dorset Museum; The Master of Balliol; the officials of the British Museum Print Room; the Town Clerk of Coventry; and numerous correspondents have helped me in various ways; to Mrs. C. W. Forster and Miss E. M. Foster I am much beholden for valuable assistance in reading the proofs and making the index—to all of these I tender my thanks, and last, but by no means least, to Mr. Thomas Hardy for valued suggestions, for his introductory note, and for permission to use his "Collected Poems."

Great pains have been taken to seek out subjects to illustrate the book, and, it is hoped, not without success. I desire to express my gratitude to the owners of the originals, for their kind permission to reproduce them. A few particulars in relation to the numerous interesting works here shown (some for the first time) may be given. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of the first Earl Russell, from the original picture at Woburn, ascribed to Holbein. The picturesque Elizabethan mansion, Wolfeton, where the founder of the fortunes of the house of Russell first met the Spanish Prince and Princess, is shewn. The portrait of Margaret of Anjou, the unfortunate Queen who sought refuge

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at Cerne Abbey, is taken from a long-since destroyed painted window at Angers. She is seen also in a page from a magnificent illuminated MSS. in the British Museum. Coming to a later date, a characteristic presentment of that distinguished soldier, Sir Richard Bingham, is given, also from the Duke of Bedford's collection. From Windsor is shewn a striking portrait of James I, who gave Sherborne to Raleigh—memories of whom are perpetuated by a group of the ill-fated Sir Walter and his son, from Sir H. Lennard's collection, and by a rendering of Buckler's view of the Castle. Elizabethan times are recalled by a portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor, and sometime owner of Corfe Castle, taken from a miniature belonging to the Duke of Rutland. Of Corfe itself, a view from the north shows the extent and position of the ruins. The author is fortunate in being able to include an admirable portrait of Lady Bankes, whose heroic defence of the Purbeck stronghold is so famous. The romantic associations of Charles II with Dorset are recalled by views of his hiding place at Trent Manor, kindly taken expressly for this work by Mrs. K. Drummond, and by a map of the wanderings of the royal fugitive after the battle of Worcester. A miniature of Charles, probably painted about this time, is of interest, as portraits of him at that age are comparatively rare. It is a fine enamel, recalling Petitot, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, by whose courtesy it is now reproduced for the first time. American readers will probably turn with interest to a view of the old rectory of Holy Trinity, the home for many years of the Rev. John White, the Patriarch of Dorchester, who had so much to do with the founding of Dorchester, Massachusetts; and to one of Dorchester, Dorset, drawn in 1669. The Monmouth episode, with all its sanguinary consequences, is illustrated by portraits of the unhappy "Protestant Duke," and the infamous Jeffreys.

Some little-known portraits of "Worthies" are included. Amongst the Authors will be found Matthew Prior, from a painting by Rigaud, belonging to the Duke of Portland; also John Hutchins, the indefatigable antiquary and historian, and Granger. Amongst artists, Thornhill and Giles Hussey; and a pleasing work by the latter at Syon is reproduced by permission of the Duke of Northumberland. A group of eminent surgeons, Sydenham, Glisson and Highmore should not be overlooked. The last-named is from an exceptionally fine picture by Lely, now belonging to Sir Nathaniel Highmore. Hogarth's Captain Coram, from the Foundling, is shewn, whilst Sir Joshua Reynolds' Ladies Susan O'Brien and Sarah Lennox, and the Hon. Mrs. Damer, lend additional charm. The association of Royalty with Weymouth "when

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George the 3rd was King" is evidenced by caricatures after Gillray, and by portraits—amongst others—one of Fanny Burney whose vivacious pages bring before us the life at the Dorset watering-place so vividly. And thus we are brought to Nelson's time, and two portraits of the great Admiral's favourite—Captain Hardy, one of them being a little-known picture by Abbott, in the Burdett-Coutts collection. The officers of the 2nd Batt. Dorset Regt. have permitted their painting of the "Burning of the *Sarah Sands*" to be reproduced—that stirring episode in the history of the gallant Regiment which Thackeray has immortalized in a "Roundabout paper." Of the portraits of the Dorset poet, William Barnes, one is practically unknown—it being an alternative design for the Statue which stands in front of the tower of St. Peter's, Dorchester. A characteristic head of that distinguished philanthropist, the 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, reproduced by the courtesy of the present holder of the title, and a striking portrait of the late Dr. Handley Moule, the venerated Bishop of Durham, conclude the series.

And now in the words of William Barnes:

"Come along an' you shall vind
That Dorset men don't sheäme their kind."

J. J. Foster.

"Aldwick,"
Sutton,
Surrey.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WESSEX—or at any rate the Dorset division of it—has not been regarded as a part of England in any way remarkable for the energy and resourcefulness of its natives. They have been supposed to pay for their advantages in point of climatic mildness, length of winter days, and nearness to the ports of fair France, by a lack of the driving power which is believed to be inherent in the folk of the northern latitudes of this island.

It is a question on which I cannot pronounce an opinion, but I venture to say that in the arts and sciences which soften manners and tend to make life tolerable the people of south-western England have certainly not been behind those of other counties.

The author of this book, who is himself Wessex born of a far-dating Wessex family, has devoted many years to the subject matter of its pages, and has had unique opportunities for his study—in especial for the discovery and exhumation of the portraits of personages which were difficult of access, and in many cases supposed not to exist at all. His painstaking in this respect has surprised me, and has brought to light many curious details. These shadows of people of importance in their day remind me of a remark of Leslie Stephen's when planning the *Dictionary of Biography*; that he was making it his object to get hold of the personal appearance of his characters whenever he could do so, holding that a few words on the look of a man as he walked and talked, so far as it could be gathered from portraits and traditions, was worth a page of conjecture on his qualities. There is also a passage in Carlyle to the same effect in which he says "In all my poor historical investigations it has been and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage enquired after — a good portrait if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, any representation made by a faithful creature of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all."

Th. Hardy

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	33.	Lord Milton	Thomas Beach, eng. by J. Jones	British Museum.
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WESSEX WORTHIES

(DORSET).

A CLASSIFIED LIST.

ARTISTS.

	Born		*Died*
Beach, Thomas	1738	...	1806
Damer, Hon. Mrs.	1749	...	1828
Hussey, Giles	1710	...	1788
Stevens, Alfred	1818	...	1875
Thornhill, Sir James, Kt.	1675	...	1734

AUTHORS.

Barnes, Rev. William	1801	...	1886
Bastard, Thomas	1566	...	1618
Chapman, John	1704	...	1784
Creech, Thomas	1659	...	1700
Crowe, William	1745	...	1829
D'Ewes, Sir Simonds	1602	...	1650
Digby, Sir Kenelm	1603	...	1665
Frampton, Mary	1743	...	1846
Granger, Rev. James	1723	...	1776
Hutchins, Rev. John	1698	...	1773
James, John Angell	1785	...	1859
Pitt, Rev. Christopher	1699	...	1748
Prior, Matthew	1664	...	1721
Roberts, George		...	1860
Russell, Thomas	1762	...	1788
Ryves, Bruno	1596	...	1677
Smith, Reginald Bosworth	1839	...	1908
Towers, Joseph	1737	...	1799
Turberville, George	1540	?	1610
Warne, Charles	1802	...	1887
Willis, Browne	1682	...	1760

DIVINES.

Aldhelm	639 ?	...	709
Baldwin		...	1190
Bingham, George	1715	...	1800
Chafin, William	1733	...	1818
Frampton, Robert	1622	...	1708
Lindesay, Thomas	1656	...	1724
Miller, James	1703	...	1744
Morton, Cardinal John	? 1420	...	1500
Morton, Robert		...	1497
Moule, George E.	1827	...	1901
Moule, Handley C. G.	1841	...	1920
Moule, Henry	1801	...	1880
Moule, Henry J.	1825	...	1904
Sprat, Thomas	1635	...	1773
Stafford, John		...	1452
Stillingfleet, Edward	1635	...	1699
Turberville, James		... ?	1570
Wake, William	1657	...	1737
Weld, Cardinal	1773	...	1837
Winniffe, Thomas	1576	...	1654
White, John	1575	...	1648
Wesley, Samuel	1666	...	1735
Wheeler, Maurice	? 1648	...	1727

GENTRY.

Bankes, Lady Mary		...	1661
Bankes, Sir Ralph		...	
Battiscombe, Christopher		...	
Digby, Lady Venetia	1600	...	1633
Digby, Hon. Mrs. Edward		...	
Digby, Sir Everard	1578	...	1606
Fitzherbert, Mrs.	1756	...	1837
Lynd, Thomas de la		...	
Malet, William	1195	...	1215
More, Thomas		...	
O'Brien, Lady Susan	1743	...	1827
Pitt, Penelope		...	

LAWYERS.

	Born		Died
Bankes, Sir John	1589	...	1644
Eldon, John Scott, 1st Earl of	1751	...	1838
Portman, Sir William		...	1557
Ryves, Sir Thomas, Kt.	? 1583	...	1652

MERCHANTS.

Rogers, Robert		...	1601
Thompson, Sir Peter	1698	...	
Whetstone, John		...	

PHILANTHROPISTS.

Chubb, Matthew		...	1617
Cooper, Anthony Ashley, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury	1801	...	1885
Coram, Captain Thomas	? 1668	...	1751
Hardy, Thomas		...	1599

SAILORS.

Clark, Captain Richard	Master of Ship in 1583		
Digby, Robert	1732	...	1815
Endecott, Captain John	? 1588	...	1665
Hardy, Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman	1769	...	1839
Hood, Admiral Alexander Viscount Bridport	1727	...	1814
Hood, Captain Alexander	1758	...	1798
Hood, Admiral Samuel, 1st Viscount Hood	1724	...	1816
Hood, Vice-Admiral Sir Samuel, Bt.	1762	...	1814
Page, Henry		...	
Somers, Sir George	1554	...	1610

SCIENCE, MEN OF.

Case, John	*flo.* 1680	...	1700
Englebert, William		...	1634
Glisson, Dr. Francis	1597	...	1677
Highmore, Dr. Nathaniel	1613	...	1685
Pitt-Rivers, General A. H. Lane Fox	1827	...	1900
Sydenham, Thomas	1624	...	1689
Templeman, Peter	1711	...	1769
Wallace, Alfred Russel	1823	...	1913

SOLDIERS.

Baskett, Thomas		...	1530
Bingham, Sir Richard	1528	...	1599
Digby, John, 1st Earl of Bristol	1580	...	1653
Digby, George, 2nd Earl of Bristol	1612	...	1677
Digby, William, 5th Baron	1661	...	1752
Portman, Sir William, 6th Bart.	? 1641	...	1690
Strangways, Colonel Giles	1615	...	

STATESMEN.

Ashley, Sir Anthony, Bart., M.P.	1551	...	1627
Churchill, Sir Winston, M.P.	? 1620	...	1688
Cooper, Anthony Ashley, 1st Earl of Shaftesbury	1621	...	1683
Cooper, Anthony Ashley, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury	1671	...	1713
Cooper, Anthony Ashley, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury (*see Philanthropists*).			
Forster, Rt. Hon. William Edward, M.P.	1818	...	1886
Fox, Henry, 1st Baron Holland	1705	...	1774
Melcombe, Geo. Bubb Dodington, Lord	1691	...	1762
Pitt, Thomas, M.P.	1653	...	1726
Russell, John, 1st Earl of Bedford	1486 ?	...	1555
Russell, Francis, 2nd Earl of Bedford	1527 ?	...	1585
Russell, William, 5th Earl of Bedford	1613	...	1700
Strangways, John, M.P.	1587	...	
Trenchard, Sir John, M.P.	1640	...	1695

UNCLASSIFIED.

Anning, Mary	1799	...	1847
Durden, Henry		...	
Goadby, Robert		...	
Gregory, Arthur	Died somewhere about 1633		
Shipp, John		...	

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CORRIGENDA.

Page 6, line 18, for Ælthelred *read* Æthelred.
,, 84, line 37, for Henry Moule *read* Handley Moule.

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Wessex Worthies

Introduction.

"I want not Arguments to recommend this Undertaking to honest and worthy Men, who wish to see their native Country illustrated; or to prove that these Studies afford the most agreeable and liberal entertainment. If there be any who wish to remain Strangers in their own Country and City, and Children in Knowledge, let them enjoy their Dream. I have neither written nor laboured for such Men."

Camden, Preface to "Britannia."

THE County of Dorset, small, with a scanty population, and somewhat remote in situation, may not be deemed to have given birth to many leaders of the English race in any walk of life, and therefore provides few records of biographical or historical interest; but no army consists entirely of leaders—there must be rank and file, and viewing our subject in that light, we shall find that Dorset men have done their full share, and have helped, in their day, worthily to hand on the heritage of the British Empire. As our own poet William Barnes has said—

"We Dorset, though we mid be hwomely,
Be'nt asheäm'd to own our pleäce."

And in the language of Fuller, "Each county is innated with a particular genius, inclining the natives thereof to be dexterous, some in one profession some in another; one carrying away the credit for soldiers, another for learning, another for lawyers, another for divines."

Amongst the ends which the author of the famous History of the "Worthies of England" says he had in view when he designed it are these—(1) to preserve the memories of the dead, and (2) to present examples to the living.

Here then we have abundant excuse, if such be needed, why something more recent than Dr. Fuller's work should be attempted, seeing that it is over two hundred and fifty years ago since it was published.

This book may be said also to have two objects in view: first to furnish some account of the most prominent men and women born in Dorset, or closely connected with it; and secondly, by classifying these, and by dealing with the subject chronologically, to offer what is in effect, a brief survey of Dorset history, (and as such, a section of our national history), illustrated by portraits and mementoes.

The best way of treating our subject seems, to the present writer, to be to arrange the persons who are mentioned in groups, according to their professions, or the particular circumstances of their lives, and to deal with them according to the centuries to which they and their life-work essentially belong. By this method, then, after giving Royalty due precedence, the arrangement is as follows:—Authors and Artists, Divines, Gentry, Lawyers, Men of Science, Statesmen, Sailors, and Soldiers. In thus making the classification alphabetical all idea of comparison as to the relative importance of the object under notice is removed, and there is no suggestion of any individual, or any one class being superior, or inferior, to another.

There remain a number of people not Dorset born, but connected for a while or in some way with the county; who, in short, have crossed the stage of its history. In several cases this passing relationship is of romantic nature. To realise this, one need only recall the names of Margaret of Anjou, of Charles II, who spent some three weeks in Dorset after Worcester fight, and of the unhappy Monmouth. To these, and to others coming within the same category, separate chapters, appended to the body of the work, are devoted.

We have spoken of Dorset being thinly populated, but there is evidence that in what are commonly called, perhaps somewhat loosely, pre-historic times, it was by no means so, at any rate relatively to other parts of the country. This evidence is to be found in the numerous Barrows, Camps, Places of Refuge, Stone Circles, and other monuments of antiquity with which the county abounds.

Speaking early in the XVIII Century of the view on "the Ridgeway" Stukeley says it is "a sight of Barrows not to be equalled in the world." And let us remember that these barrows were not ordinary tombs, but were the burial places of chieftains—some of them, doubtless, leaders of the tribes who offered such stout resistance to the all-conquering Roman.

As this work is not one devoted to Archæology or to Ancient History, we must not dwell at length upon this aspect of the subject, relating, as it does, to times stretching far back into the past. But in merely glancing at it, we can see that there are reasons why the population should have been relatively numerous in those early days. The key to that, as to many other questions connected with the early history of places, will be found in the geology of the district, and a look at the map reveals that the whole of the country south of the Thames—from the great Aldershot camp of to-day on the east, to the maritime stronghold of Portsmouth in the south, and away westward as far as Exeter—was particularly adapted to life in those primitive times. We must remember that the country as a whole was much wetter than it is now. In the first place, the forests were much larger, denser and more numerous; secondly, there was not a system of drainage to carry off the water which accumulated as a result of the conditions just spoken of. What is now in

many cases a smiling meadow, was then a mere, or part of a lake, and not suitable for living upon—unless, indeed, we go back to the conditions of lake dwellings and life upon piles, of which, as we know, striking remains have been found at Glastonbury, and in other parts of Wessex. Running right through this district we have the high downs of chalk, dry and serviceable for traffic all the year round. Where the land did not rise into swelling chalk uplands, it was yet dry and habitable, being sand and heath for many a mile, as it remains to this day, for the most part, in that large area known as the New Forest, and the country of a similar geological formation and consequent character which stretches away westward past Poole, Wareham and Piddletown Heath on to Dorchester. And not only did the district present these amenities for living in, and facilities for travel, but it bordered upon what was, and still is, a fertile country.

Take the case of Dorchester. Here is a town with long stretches of fine meadow land on one side, and, on the other, many thousands of acres of arable soil surrounding a great earthwork—the camp of refuge of the Durotriges—an earthwork unequalled in size in the British Islands—the citadel of a tribe, the stronghold, assuredly, of a great chief. Within a mile or two of this camp, which has been called Maiden Castle from time immemorial, there are green pastures where the cattle stand up to their knees in the lush growth of summer, and as autumn comes round the orchards bow beneath the weight of the fruit of the rosy-cheeked apples. The dairy products of Dorset and of Devon need only to be named as proof of the riches of the land. Thus we see that in early times this part of England was favourable for the growth of food and the support of a numerous population. But there remains another reason to be assigned, and that is its proximity to Gaul, which by the time we are speaking of, *viz.*, the Roman conquest of Britain—had practically become part of the Empire, and there is no doubt but that a considerable commerce was carried on between the South of England and the shores of France opposite, not to speak of other portions of the Continent. In those modest "Commentaries" on the campaigns in which he finally overthrew the Gauls, Caesar gives us, in a few words, but with his usual accuracy and directness, some idea of the trading that went on between Britain and the dwellers on the other side of the Channel. It consisted largely of corn, and of slaves—these were the exports of the ancient Britons, and such may be advanced as proof in themselves of the existence of a large population. There was a surplus of cereals and the means of human sustenance for export, and there was also a superfluity of human chattels for barter, *i.e.*, the slaves of whom Caesar speaks.

Whilst the names of a few chieftains have come down to us, it would be affectation to pretend that any list of early British Worthies can be made. Cassivelaunus and Boadicea are, it is true, more than mere names, and were indeed commanding personalities who played their part in our early history,

and, as "there were strong men before Agamemnon," so no doubt, there were many forgotten heroes whose names have perished, but whose tombs may be seen to this day along the coast line of Dorset. One of the noblest passages in all Homer is the speech before battle of a hero who says "My hope is to win, but if I fall, then will my comrades pile over my body a great barrow, far seen out at sea, so that when ages down the stream of time well-oared ships pass by, and strangers ask the shipmen what is the barrow, they shall answer—'There lies Ajax, who fought for Greece.' So shall my deeds live on, and my name be a name everlasting.'" Such may some of our barrows be—tombs each one of an individual warrior.

Many reminders of by-gone chiefs exist in these parts, and in the *Edition de luxe* of this work I have given a facsimile of an interesting drawing, which by the courtesy of Miss Cunnington I am able to reproduce (*see* Plate, No. 2). The skeletons were drawn by Mr. Gibbs, and were intended to place on record the result of the discoveries of the late Mr. Edward Cunnington. The last-named was a scion of a well-known archæological stock, his grandfather having been the "collaborateur" of Sir Richard Colt Hoare in the great work on "Ancient Wiltshire."

The fruits of the labours of Mr. Cunnington, who was an ardent antiquary and opened innumerable barrows, are in evidence at the Dorset County Museum, in which many of his discoveries are preserved. The most important of these appear to have been made about a quarter of a mile from the western entrance of Maiden Castle in a barrow marked in the Ordnance maps as Clandown. This was opened in 1882. It would be beyond the province of this book to describe these discoveries at length, but mention may be made of a fine diamond-shaped ornament of thin beaten gold, a beautiful object covered with an elaborate pattern. Near to it was discovered a handsome jet ornament that may have been a mace or the head of a sceptre. At its base is a socket showing where a handle had been fixed. The shape is elliptical, with two gold bosses on each side and another on the top. A somewhat similar object to this sceptre was found at Normanton near Stonehenge in 1809, and is described in Sir Colt Hoare's "Ancient Wiltshire." Such articles show that the Clandown interment was one of no ordinary person, and the last-named object recalls a passage in the first book of the "Iliad" in which Homer tells us: "Then he cast to the ground the sceptre studded with golden nails."

It may occur to some readers of these pages that the "prehistoric pair of beings," as Thomas Hardy once described them to the present writer, cannot strictly be termed "Wessex Worthies," for there was, as he justly observed, "no Dorset in the days in which they lived." But, at the same time, there can be no doubt that they lived and died in what we now call Dorset, and there is every reason to suppose that they were people of prominence in their

PRE-HISTORIC INTERMENT

Clandown Barrow.

day. They may even have been the chief constructors of the great camp of refuge, the "Maidun," near to which their remains were found in the barrow at Clandown. So then, *pace* the author of "Tess of the Durbervilles," the men whose remains are figured in this volume, whilst it is of course impossible to identify them, have some claims to be mentioned amongst the Worthies of Dorset.

In this connection mention should also be made of the exceptionally large Barrow with a ditch surrounding it which now serves as a base for the flagstaff on the rifle range at Maiden Castle. This conspicuous tumulus was doubtless the burial place of some distinguished chief in pre-historic times. The barrow stands less than half a mile from the outer vallum of the camp, northwards. The late Mr. George Gregory (five times Mayor of Dorchester) witnessed the opening of that mound, and saw a skeleton therein which he described to the present writer as crumbling into dust when exposed to the air.

But enough has been said to show that we have incontestable evidence of the existence at an early date of "Wessex Worthies," and, with apologies for disturbing their well-earned rest, let us leave them to their repose in sight of the sea, where as a special honour their remains were interred, beneath the heaving mounds of turf which still stand, though in ever diminishing numbers, on the hills and downs of Dorset.

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PART I.

CHAPTER I.

From Early Times to the middle of the XV Century.

IN this our retrospect we come now to an interval of some hundreds of years—but it by no means follows that the stream of life was diverted or dried up, or even checked in these parts of Britain during that long period. Indeed we know that Dorchester was of importance in Roman times, and was not only a Roman station and walled town, but one of sufficient importance to have an Amphitheatre of its own, capable it is said of holding twelve or thirteen thousand people. Roman legionaries and colonists, and the British population subject to them cannot, however, be considered in the light of "Wessex Worthies," and we have, in any case, no history of them whatsoever. But when the Saxons had fairly established themselves in this part of England, their kings showed, it would seem, a preference for Corfe and its vicinity, in the Isle of Purbeck, probably because of its being good hunting ground—and then we begin to see some characters emerge which are historical and of much interest. True they are not all "worthies"—some might be called "Unworthies." Amongst these stands, with evil pre-eminence, Elfrida the Queen, who had at one time a residence at Bere Regis. In her we have a Saxon woman of renowned beauty who murdered her step-son, King Eadward the Martyr, to make way for her own son, Æthelred the Unready. And the familiar story tells us she did this by causing him to be stabbed by her servant whilst he drank the wine she offered him. The victim of this base treachery was dragged by his affrighted steed into Warcham four miles away, and we may read how the king's body was taken later on to the Abbey of Shaftesbury, where many miracles were wrought at his tomb.

Eadward the Martyr was not a great man, and although his memory is bound up with the history of the county by reason of his tragic end in the Isle of Purbeck, he does not strictly belong to Dorset.

We have in the ruthless Cnut or Canute, the Dane who, we are told, plundered Cerne Abbey but afterwards benefited it, an admittedly great man of this period, who also cannot be reckoned as "a Worthy." He died at Shaftesbury, a place which had an importance in early days very different from that

which it enjoys to-day. It is in truth one of the oldest towns in England, and Geoffrey of Monmouth has gravely related that it was founded by a grandfather of King Lear in 950 B.C. Canute was not buried at Shaftesbury, but his body was taken to Winchester, the Saxon capital in those times. He had divided England into four provinces, ruling in Wessex himself.

In Shaftesbury Abbey was buried a royal Saxon, Queen Æthelgifu. She was the wife of Ædmund Ironside.

King Æthelred of Wessex was buried in Wimborne Minster: Brihtric, King of the West Saxons, was buried at Wareham.

Other places in this part of the world besides Shaftesbury and Winchester had in these times a fame which they no longer possess—Sherborne, for example, which in the VII Century could boast a very distinguished man in the person of Aldhelm or Ealdham (born about 639—died 709), who was the first Bishop of Sherborne, and a kinsman of Ina, King of the West Saxons. In his youth he travelled and visited the most celebrated Universities of France and Italy. Returning to England he became a monk at Malmesbury, and when only 36 years of age was appointed Abbot of that monastery, over which he presided for thirty-four years. He is described as an extraordinary man, well acquainted with classical authors, so much so as to be resorted to by many people to be examined. He was also a skilled musician. William of Malmesbury speaks of the people of Aldhelm's time as being half barbarous, and tells how Aldhelm used to place himself upon the bridge and sing ballads of his own composition, thereby gaining the favour and attention of the populace, usually little attentive to religious discourse. This story about the arresting of passers-by over the Avon is taken from Bede. Hutchins notes that the Chapel on the headland at the easternmost point of Weymouth Bay, known as St. Alban's Head, is so called from its having been dedicated to St. Aldhelm. That Aldhelm left a reputation for sanctity and learning behind him is shown by the fact that William the Conqueror instituted a feast of four days in his honour which was observed as late as the time of Leland (XVI Century).

One of the oldest names in Wessex is Malet (or Mallet). William Malet, who died in 1071, was a companion of the Conqueror, and another William Malet, who flourished between 1195 and 1215, was in Normandy with Richard, and Sheriff of Dorset in 1211. In the contest between John and the Barons, which resulted in the signing of Magna Charta in 1215, Malet was on the side of the Barons, but beyond the fact of his having been Sheriff of Dorset, as mentioned, there does not appear to be much evidence of his connection with the county. The names of Curry Mallet and Shepton Mallet, well-known places in Somerset, are connected with this old family.

Another famous Churchman belongs to this period, namely: Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a monk of the Cistercian Abbey at Ford.

This abbey was formerly in Devonshire, but has now been transferred to Dorset, so that in an indirect way, as in other cases, Baldwin comes within the scope of our subject. He was made Bishop of Worcester in 1180, and Archbishop of Canterbury in the same year. He was preaching in favour of the Crusades eight years later, and died a Crusader in the Holy Land. Baldwin seems to have been employed by Henry II, and officiated at Richard I's coronation in 1189: his death occurred in the year following this event.

In the days of King John, Dorset re-appears on the page of English history inasmuch as that much-detested monarch made Corfe Castle a favourite residence, and kept therein not only his jewels, but his prisoners. John (1199–1216) belongs distinctly to the "Unworthies," but he must have been very well-known in Dorset, particularly at his stronghold of Corfe, where he kept his treasure. From records of payments made, it is clear that very large sums were spent upon the repairs and buildings of Corfe Castle, which, in the words of Mr. Thomas Bond, "is chiefly known in history as a state prison."

Amongst the tragic memories which cling around the earlier history of Corfe is the fate of those victims of the fear and hate of John, Arthur, Count of Brittany, and Eleanor his sister, the son and daughter respectively of John's elder brother, Geoffrey. The unhappy Eleanor was kept forty years in prison, whilst Arthur was sent to the Tower of Rouen, and was never heard of more. What was thought of this matter at the time is shown by the action of Philip of France, who summoned John to appear before a Court of French nobles to answer to a charge of murder, a business which resulted in John losing the whole of his possessions in Normandy. The seclusion to which the unhappy Eleanor was consigned in the grim castle of Corfe, in this out-of-the-way corner of England, cannot have been disturbed very often, though the arrival of two daughters of William, King of Scotland, who had been sent as hostages of peace, and of the twenty-four knights taken by John at Mirabeau, of whom it is recorded that all but two died of starvation, may have helped to break the monotony of this long and wearisome imprisonment, but in how tragic a fashion!

In this capacity of prison, the strong buildings of Corfe were used again in the XIV Century, when the unfortunate Edward II (1284–1327) was immured there for a time. A short extract from the authority just quoted (Mr. Bond) shows the connection of the unhappy king with Corfe.

"King Edward II, having been captured in Wales by the rebellious barons, 14th Nov., 1326, was in the January following confined at Kenilworth in the custody of the Earl of Leicester, but the Earl treated his royal prisoner with more gentleness and humanity than suited the purpose of the Queen and her paramour. The King was therefore delivered to Lord Berkeley, Sir John Matravers, and Sir John Gournay, who each had charge of him for a month at a time. Lord Berkeley is said to have behaved kindly to him, but the

treatment he received from Matravers was the reverse. It was, perhaps, while he was in the power of the latter, who was a Dorsetshire knight, and had a considerable estate in Purbeck, that the unfortunate prince was sent a prisoner to Corfe Castle. But it is not probable that he remained long here, for, the sympathy of the people having been awakened by his misfortune, he was hurried by night, by unfrequented roads, from one fortress to another, in order to conceal his place of residence, till at length he was murdered at Berkeley under circumstances of unspeakable barbarity, 21st Sept., 1327. There can be little doubt, however, that Corfe Castle was the scene of some of the cruelties which were inflicted on him with a view to deprive him of his reason or his life."

There remains one other name belonging to the Plantagenet period, and that is Thomas de la Lynd, who is described by Fuller as " a gentleman of a fair estate, who killed a white hart in Blackmoor forest, which King Henry III, by express will, had reserved for his own chase. Hereupon a mulct was imposed upon him and the whole county, called White Hart Silver, which is paid to this day into the Exchequer."

There follows a gap of nearly one hundred and fifty years, when Dorset comes again on the scene, this time in the person of Cardinal Morton, a great and famous man. We find associated with him a beautiful and most ill-fated woman—Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI, and mother of the handsome and unfortunate Edward of Lancaster, brutally murdered at the battle of Barnet in 1471. On that very day this lion-hearted queen, (for such she undoubtedly was, whatever else she may have been,) arrived at the Abbey of Cerne, having ridden from Weymouth, some 16 miles away, where she had landed after a long, stormy and perilous passage ; and one can picture the scene as she and her retinue passed through the beautiful gateway of this Benedictine Abbey, with Cardinal Morton by her side. At Cerne she may have felt safe under his protection, for he had been educated at this monastery, and his birthplace (now generally admitted to have been Milborne Stileham) was but a few miles distant.

There is one name very well-known in the early history of this century in Dorsetshire, in France, and on the waters of the Channel—to wit Henry Page (——1406) of Poole, or, as the French called him, Arri Pay. Not to put too fine a point upon it, this man was a daring buccaneer. On one occasion he is said to have brought home 120 prizes from the coasts of Brittany and Spain, and to have scoured the Channel so thoroughly that no ship could pass that way without being taken. His ravages were such that in 1406 an expedition was fitted out against him by the Kings of France and Spain, and at Poole, where the foreigners landed, a pitched battle was fought, in which, says Murray, " after a brave resistance the inhabitants were worsted . . . leaving the brother of ' Arri Pay ' among the slain." We shall find no

reference to him in the pages of Hutchins, probably he was not reckoned a sufficiently reputable character to be described, but his memory is bound up with Poole.

Turning from pirates to the more respectable company of prelates we come to John Stafford (——1452), son of the sixth Earl of Stafford, born at Hook. The date of his birth is not known, but he was a Doctor of Common Law at Oxford before 1413. Fuller says of this man that, "no prelate hath either less good or less evil recorded of him." Twelve years later he was Bishop of Bath and Wells, and for eighteen years was Chancellor of England. He was the first to be styled Lord Chancellor. He belonged to the party of Cardinal Henry Beaufort, and the year before the marriage of Margaret of Anjou with Henry VI was advanced to be Primate of all England, an office which he held for some nine years. He lies buried in the stately Cathedral of Canterbury.

The death of Archbishop Stafford brings us to the middle of the XV Century and to the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War, which was to destroy practically the whole of the aristocracy of England. The period is marked by the appearance of a great man—the most distinguished man, as far as titular rank goes, in the annals of Dorset, and our sketch of his career must be reserved for a separate chapter.

QUEEN MARGARET OF ANJOU

From a painted window formerly at Angers.

The Earl of Shrewsbury presenting a Missal to Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou

From the Original in the British Museum.

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CHAPTER II.

Cardinal Morton.

JOHN MORTON bears a name which is amongst the most famous of his day, in England at any rate. Opinions differ as to his personal character, but about his mental gifts and the triumphant manner in which he emerged from all the difficulties which beset his career in those troublous times—as to these there can be no question. From the modest Manor House of Milborne to the Palace of Lambeth, and the Council Board of successive monarchs is "a far cry": to have taken part in one of the bloodiest battles of the Wars of the Roses, and to emerge scathless, to have changed sides in such times, and not only to have escaped revenge at the hands of such a king as Edward IV, but to receive from him advancement and proofs of confidence; to have evaded the clutches of the ruthless Richard III; to have chosen the winning side in the struggle between "Crookback" and "Harry of Richmond," was good fortune indeed, or, shall we say, the result of sound judgment and discretion. All this, and more, pertains to the life-story of Cardinal Morton, and makes his name, as we have said, the most distinguished in the history of the county, not excepting that of John Russell, first Earl of Bedford, who belongs to a later period, and to whom we shall return later on.

J. R. Green, in his "Short History of the English People," has pointed out that no period is scantier in historical authorities than that we are now considering; so we may deem it fortunate that in the pages of "Utopia" we have a full-length portrait, as it were, of John Morton. Moreover, Sir Thomas More's description is drawn from a close and personal knowledge of the man, seeing that he was brought up in Morton's household. The Cardinal, by the way, had a presentiment of the greatness of his page, as More then was, and spoke of him to his guests as a youth of great promise.

The actual birthplace of John Morton is generally allowed to have been the Manor House at Milborne Stileham, a village adjacent to Milborne St. Andrew, forming with it one parish, three miles north-west of Bere and eight miles from Dorchester.

The family of Morton may be traced to the county of Nottingham, wherein they were holding lands in the XIII Century. The parents of the Chancellor

that was to be, were Richard Morton of Milborne St. Andrew and Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Turberville and Cecilia Beauchamp. In a very interesting manuscript in the possession of the Mansel-Pleydell family, written in the early part of James I's reign (about 1610) by John Budden of Canford, we have this account of his birth, which, it is generally supposed, took place in 1420 :—" Not ffar from a certaine towne called Beere was John Morton borne. In a countrie p'fitable for pasture and husbandry, ffamous for people and commercers, renowned for ciuility and riches, and much com'ended for entertaynement and hospitality. Hee was, according to our computation, in the same rancke, and forme wch wee call gentlemen, and, that I may exemplifie his state and condition, I will play the herauld a little to blason his coate of Armes, wch was quarterly Gule and Ermines, in the first and last two Goats' heads, argent erased, hornes or."

Morton was educated at Cerne Abbey and proceeded subsequently to Balliol College, Oxford. In 1446 he was nominated one of the Commissioners of the University and soon after appointed Moderator of the Civil Law School. In 1453 he was made Principal of Peckwater Inn. He held several preferments —the sub-deanery of Lincoln, and the incumbency of Bloxworth. Though the cause of Henry VI was a failing one, Morton took office under him and was present with the King at the battle of Towton, where he had to fight for his life. As a result of this battle he fled with the Lancastrians, and was in exile with Queen Margaret for eight or nine years, at the expiration of which time " he landed with Warwick from Angers, and in the following year, 1471, after the battle of Barnet, he met the Queen-mother at Weymouth, where she disembarked from France, and conveyed her to Cerne Abbey. The death of the young prince at the battle of Tewkesbury, and that of Henry, in the Tower, shortly after, placed Edward IV firmly on the throne, and Morton took a favourable opportunity to sue for pardon. Edward was much struck with his submission, and without requiring from him any unbecoming concessions, he continued him a Privy Councillor, appointed him Master of the Rolls, conferred on him great ecclesiastical preferment, crowned with the Bishopric of Ely, and by his last will made him one of his executors." Dr. Hook, speaking of him at this part of his career says, " by his business habits, and engaging manners, he soon obtained the confidence of his sovereign, and as Master of the Rolls he diligently laboured to bring the documents into form and regularity, after having been thrown into confusion during the civil wars ; the Privy Council during this period having left no records of any value to the historian ! "

Morton was employed much abroad, and in 1474 he was sent on an embassy to Hungary. He was made Bishop of Ely in 1479. His career is full of vicissitudes, witness the narrow escape which he had in the reign of Richard III from sharing the fate of Hastings. Whilst he was Bishop of

Ely he attended the Council which Shakespeare has immortalised.* On this occasion he was made prisoner, and taken to the Tower, from whence he was removed to Brecknock Castle, Richard being fearful "lest the confinement of so popular a prelate might stir up a tumult among the Londoners." From Brecknock he passed disguised across England to the Isle of Ely, and joined the Earl of Richmond in Bretagne. He assisted in planning Richmond's invasion, and was probably the originator of the plan for ending the Civil Wars by marrying Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV, whom he lived to crown as Queen, to Richmond, by whom he was made Chancellor, an office he held to the time of his death thirteen years later, during which time, Lord Campbell says, "he greatly contributed to the steadiness of the Government, and the growing prosperity of the country." We thus see that he escaped the dangers of the Civil War, and underwent the penalty of exile for two years, only to rise to greater heights on his return.

Dr. Hook, in his "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," has dealt with John Morton at considerable length; thus, from an historical point of view, we are able to gather the general course of his conduct, and we learn to appreciate the influence that the Cardinal must have had upon the men of his day, and the rulers of England for the time being. Speaking of his powers as a statesman, that writer says: "We have seen him respectable as a lawyer, loyal as a subject, an amiable man, a man of literature and an encourager of learning, a constant friend, a prelate who piously observed what his Church enjoined, he grasped preferments rather for the sake of lucre than from ambitious motives." We know that he enjoyed the entire confidence of Margaret of Anjou. We have seen how Edward IV treated him, and we know also that Henry VII, that astute monarch and excellent man of business, reposed in John Morton the same confidence, and gave him the see of Canterbury. Here, then, we have ample proof of the great influence that this Dorset man exercised in his long career, from the time when he left the little Dorset village for Balliol College, Oxford, until, after a lingering illness, he died at Knowle on the 12th of October, 1500, in his 81st year, "much broken by age and infirmities," and was laid to rest in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, under a simple slab of marble.

Dr. Hook says of him that "he was avaricious and grasping, consequently never a popular man. At the same time he had the faculty of attaching to himself personally and of winning the friendship . . . of those who were by

* KING RICHARD III. Act 3, Scene 4. The Tower of London.

Gloucester: "My Lord of Ely."
Ely: "My Lord."
Glo.: "When I was last in Holborn
"I saw good strawberries in your garden there.
"I do beseech you send for some of them."
Ely: "Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart." [*Exit.*]

circumstances connected with him. He was . . . a kind, loyal, devoted friend, ever ready to assist and support all in whom his confidence was placed. To Edward IV he became a personal friend, and on his friendship the Queen and her family relied." The well-known passage in Shakespeare, given above, throws a light, incidentally, as it were, upon the pursuits and pleasures of Cardinal Morton. "His recreation," says the authority already quoted, "was in the cultivation of those extensive gardens in Holborn, where, whatever else may be expected to luxuriate, we shall not in these days find flowers blooming or fruit ripening." The grounds of the Bishop's Palace occupied twenty acres, and it was here that Morton must have spent some of the happiest years of his life. Amongst other characteristics of the Archbishop may be noted that of his fondness for building and restoring. When Bishop of Ely he rebuilt his palaces of Hatfield and Wisbech, and he expended considerable sums on Knowle, Maidstone, Allington, Ford, Lambeth and Canterbury. Nor was his expenditure confined to his own residences, for he was a great benefactor to other places, for example Oxford. Moreover, he had thought for the general welfare, as when, in 1490, he made the Cut, five miles long, called the "New Leame" or "Morton's Leame," to divert the waters of the river Nene from flowing into the Isle of Ely, and to direct them to Wisbech, and, says Hutchins, "This channel at the present time serves the purpose for which it was cut." He was furthermore the founder of four scholarships at St. John's College, Cambridge.

There appears to be some discrepancy with regard to the age of Morton. Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," says that he was born in the year 1410, and Hutchins speaks of his dying in his 90th year. On the other hand the "Dictionary of National Biography" gives 1420 as the probable date of his birth, and he would thus have been 80 at the time of his death.

In weighing the character of Morton, there can be no doubt that a certain obloquy has attached to his memory as a result of his services to Henry VII in the matter of raising money, which, as is well-known, was a ruling passion with that monarch. On the other hand we have the high opinion expressed by Francis Bacon in his "Life" of him, and the personal testimony of Sir Thomas More. A man who rose, as Morton did, to the highest station in the land could not escape making many enemies. The odium attached to him, if such there be, has become concentrated in the term "Morton's Fork." It is some four hundred and fifty years ago since Morton lived, and animosities fierce enough in their day may long since have died down and been forgotten.

The meaning of the expression "Morton's Fork" has been well explained in the preface by the late Mr. J. C. Mansel-Pleydell to John Budden's "Biographical Sketch of Cardinal Morton" (about 1610). He says: "About this time parliament imposed a tax for defraying the expense of a war, to repair the dishonour they considered the king had sustained by the loss

of Bretagne, and, finding by the Lord Chancellor's speech that the king's inclination was that way, appointed Commissioners to gather and levy a Benevolence. This tax, originated by Edward the Fourth, was abolished by Richard the Third by Act of Parliament, to ingratiate himself with the people; it was revived by Henry, who raised thereby large sums. Morton was said to raise up the Benevolence to higher rates, by a means which some called his Fork, for he inserted an article in the instructions to the Commissioners who were to levy the Benevolence, *that if they met any who* were sparing, that they should tell them, that they must needs have, because they laid up; and if they were spenders, they must also needs have, because it was seen in their port and manner of bearing—so neither escaped."

In Buck's "History of Richard III,"* Morton is termed the "instigator and instrument of the extortions and exactions of Henry VII." He is accused of acting from the basest and most sordid motives, and of being guilty of sorcery—"that hellish art." Whether the unpopularity which seems to have attached to Morton in his own day, and of which the shadow may be felt to rest upon him even now—whether this was from his association with these extortions of his royal Master, or whether it arose from defects of the man himself, we need not stop to enquire. The opinion of so great a man as Sir Thomas More, who was, as we have seen, in the household of the Archbishop, and knew him first-hand and intimately, ought to have great weight. From the pages of More we can glean how John Morton impressed strangers, and also what was his physical appearance. The passage is of such interest that it may be given as quoted by Hook: "The Cardinal and Chancellor of England was," he said, "a man not more to be venerated for his high rank than for his wisdom and virtue. He was a man of middle size," and at that time "in the full vigour of a green old age . . . serious and grave in his deportment, he was nevertheless easy of access; and though his manner was sometimes brusque, when suitors came before him to solicit his favour, he acted with an object, that object being to ascertain their abilities and presence of mind . . . he was a man full of energy, but of polished manners. He was eminent as a lawyer, being a man of great grasp of mind and blessed with a prodigious memory. By study and discipline he had improved the talents with which nature had thus endowed him . . . the King depended much upon the Archbishop's judgment, and the Government seemed chiefly to be supported by him, for he was a man who had passed from the schools of learning into the courts of princes, and throughout a long life he had been versed in public affairs. Under various mutations of fortune he had dearly purchased for himself an amount of practical wisdom, which once acquired is not easily lost."

* The history of *Richard III* is usually ascribed to Sir Thomas More but it was probably originally written in Latin by Morton. It is the work of a Lancastrian and a contemporary of Edward IV, which More was not. *See* Walpole's "Historical Doubts."

Here then we have a picture of the Cardinal and of his powers as a statesman, drawn by so skilful a hand as that of the author of "Utopia," the passage given being taken from the first book.

Another testimony may be quoted with regard to the character of this eminent man, which reads as being, and probably is, more impartial than some that have been given. It is that of Archbishop Parker, who says that "he (Morton) was a prudent, cheerful, yet steady prelate—one with whom King Henry VII was pleased to converse much, and on whose judgment he greatly relied."

Bacon, in his "Historie of the Raine of Henry VII," says of the Chancellor, "Hee was a wise man and an eloquent, but in his nature harsh and haughtie. Much accepted by the King, but envied by the nobiletie and hated by the people."

A later historian, David Hume, in dealing with men of such eminence as Fox (Bishop of Exeter) and Morton, makes but slight reference to them, and his highest testimony appears to be that they were two clergymen and "persons of industry, vigilance and capacity." But Hume is credited with having a prejudice against Churchmen.

Thus we see that Morton is allowed on all sides to have been a great man, and the brief recital here given of the leading events of his life, shows that he was a many-sided one.

A comparison not without interest might be instituted between John Morton and John Russell, both Dorset born and bred, and both men who rose, from comparatively obscure stations, to posts of the highest dignity in the land. These two names are without doubt the greatest in the roll of honour of the county. Both men lived in times of "sturm und drang," when great events took place—the earlier, Morton, through all the fateful years of the Wars of the Roses, and Russell through the time of the Reformation, when such vast social changes were brought about in England by the suppression of the monasteries. Both were subjects in whom their sovereigns reposed confidence, and it is somewhat remarkable that they held positions of trust under three monarchs apiece: the Cardinal with Henry VI, Edward IV and Henry VII: Russell with Henry VII, Henry VIII and Mary. Each of these men was eminent in his own sphere, but in the case of Morton, he being Lord Chancellor, Primate of all England and Cardinal of Rome, the area of his power was the wider, embracing both Church and State. On the other hand, being a priest, he left no issue and no one to carry on his life-work, whether good or otherwise. But John Russell was the founder of a great house, the first of a family of statesmen, the planter of a tree which has borne fruit for many generations since, and is honourably represented amongst us to this day.

Both men would seem to have had a certain balanced judgment and coolness of head which enabled them to steer through the troubles and dangers of the

THE MANOR HOUSE
Bingham's Melcombe.

WOLFETON, CHARMINSTER

difficult times in which they lived, and to retain the favour of the numerous masters whom they served—to have been endowed, in short, with those qualities upon which Englishmen are wont to pride themselves. To have changed sides as Cardinal Morton did in those days of treachery and bloodshed which marked the course of the Wars of the Roses ; and to have preserved the best relations with a monarch such as Henry VIII, as was done by John Russell, required capacity of no mean order.

In spite of a good deal of trouble taken by the Master of Balliol and his colleague, Mr. H. W. C. Davis (author of the "History of Balliol"), who kindly interested themselves in the matter, no portrait of Cardinal Morton can be traced by them, nor is any known to the present writer to exist. There was, however, a sumptuous but heavy monument erected to the Archbishop's memory in Canterbury Cathedral, without any inscription, but known by his rebus—a moor cock on a tun, and his arms. The figure represented on this may be seen in "Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain," Vol. II, Plate 120.

Amongst the Divines mention should be made of Robert Morton (——1497), Bishop of Worcester—nephew of the Cardinal. Fuller says of him, "His father had a fair habitation at Saint Andrew's Milborn," and that "his relation to so good an uncle, mixed with his own merits, preferred him to the Bishopric of Worcester." He adds that "he lieth buried in the body of St. Paul's Church, London," but that was written before 1662, that is, some years before the fire which destroyed St. Paul's. Probably Fuller is pretty near the mark when he hints that Robert Morton's relation to the great Cardinal had much to do with his preferment to the Bishopric of Worcester. He was Master of the Rolls in 1479, and was deprived of his office in Richard III's reign, but re-instated by Henry VII. He was made Bishop of Worcester in 1487 and died ten years later.

Thomas Baskett belongs to the military group of our subject, and has been described by Fuller as "little Mr. Baskett, the great soldier." He belonged to a family who were settled at Dewlish in the reign of Henry VIII, and, according to the authority just quoted, he (Baskett) was held in much esteem by that king, who confided in his wisdom and valour.

There does not seem to be much more to be said about "the little man and great soldier," who died in 1530 or thereabouts.

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CHAPTER III.

The XVI Century.

IT would seem that Dorset does not make its greatest show in the XVI Century, albeit that was such a marvellous time in the history of humanity—when the New World, with new races and new faiths, was opened up—when the bounds of human endeavour were so widely extended. But the neighbouring county, Devon, sent many of her sons to play their part in the struggle with Spain that resulted from the discovery of this New World and the efforts that were made to retain its treasures for the Spanish Monarchy and people. That struggle went on, as we know, for many years with intense bitterness—for example, there is nothing in the character of Drake to show that he was a bloodthirsty man, or a ruthless one, yet we find him saying that " Spain was the enemy of his country, and therefore his enemy," and with what result let the history of those times bear witness.

It must be borne in mind, however, that Dorset is not only restricted in area, as compared with many other counties, but it was, and still is, in a sense remote ; that it had no harbour to speak of, Poole being very shallow and apparently silting up, whereas Devon was well supplied with that essential for the development of commerce. Then, again, Dorset has no mineral wealth whatever, and her population at the time we are talking of, was sparse, as it still remains. Yet she had her share of men who went out into this New World, and doubtless many Dorset men dreamed, as others did in those days, of the fairy-land of gold and gems of that New World of wonder, of boundless wealth and fertility, which lay across the western ocean.

The discovery of America, the introduction of printing, the Renaissance of Art and Literature, were fresh factors of vast importance to mankind in general. These events had their influence on England, and in our country there were other circumstances besides, which affected the lives not only of the men and women of the time, but their successors then and now. That sanguinary conflict known as the Wars of the Roses retarded the winning of the liberty of the subject by a century.

Ruthless butchery stained both sides, and was practised by partisans of the Houses of York and of Lancaster alike—Feudalism dashed itself upon the

rocks of Civil War, and the power of the Nobles was so entirely broken that, it is said, only thirty members of the old nobility were left in England at the close of the struggle. The result was, not that freedom became the heritage of the people at large, but that the arbitrary power of the monarchy became supreme. From the time of Edward IV, that subtle and ruthless politician who, beneath an air of " bonhomie," concealed a cruel and relentless nature,—on through the extortions of the seventh Henry, and the frank brutality of his son—all through the " spacious times of the great Eliza "—until the sceptre was wrested from the weak hands of Charles I—during all that while the Divine Right of Kings was claimed, and, in the hands of the Tudors, not only asserted but won and maintained. How this ultimately brought about the Great Rebellion, and how constitutional liberty was at length secured, and established, belongs to another side of our history, and must not be dwelt on here, but we cannot review the XVI Century, at which we have now arrived, without taking note, if it be only in passing, of these momentous events.

Beyond the grant of lands in Dorset made to Elizabeth when Princess, the record of Royalty in connection with our subject in this century is practically nil. Nor do the Authors or Divines demand much more of our attention, although the careers of the Bishops mentioned by Fuller seem to move him to use very glowing terms. Thus he remarks of Bishop Turberville (whose name he derives from " De turbida villa ") that " he carried something of trouble in his name, though nothing but mildness and meekness in his nature."

This James Turberville was first a monk, but was afterwards brought up in New College, Oxford, and consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1555. Having refused to take the Oath of Supremacy, he was deprived four years later—that is, at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. He then lived in great retirement—so much so that the date of his death, which is generally given as 1570, is uncertain.

Another Turberville to be named is George, who was great-nephew of the before-mentioned Bishop Turberville. This man, who was a scholar of Winchester and Fellow of New College, Oxford, was a poet, and well-esteemed in his day. The " Dictionary of National Biography " says of him that he was " admired at the Inns of Court for excellence in poetry." It also gives him credit for being a pioneer in the use of blank verse. He is supposed to have been born in 1540, and to have died in 1610.

It is interesting to note how this name may be said to have taken a fresh lease of life in its association with literature, owing to the genius of Thomas Hardy, whose most powerful prose work (in the judgment of many readers) is the novel called " Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

George Turberville was Secretary to the Ambassador to Russia, and published poems relating to that country, translations from the Italian, etc.

Another Wessex name, very familiar in Devon at any rate, is Bastard, and in Thomas Bastard we have another poet. He was born at Blandford in 1566. He was admitted to a Fellowship at New College, Oxford, in 1588, but was compelled to resign it in two years' time, owing to his indulging a humour for satire and epigram. Soon after this we find him made Chaplain to the Earl of Suffolk, and, through the influence of that nobleman, appointed Vicar of Bere Regis and Rector of Almer. Hutchins says: "He was an ingenious and facetious man, an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, a good poet, and in his later days, a quaint preacher." Moreover he was three times married, and his second wife, as he tells us himself, he wedded for her wealth. In spite of all this, he appears to have been always complaining of poverty, and ultimately became disordered in mind, got into debt and was thrown into prison in All Saints Parish, Dorchester, where he died "very obscurely and in a mean condition," and was buried in the churchyard of that parish in 1618.

Thomas Winniffe, born at Sherborne in 1576, may, on the authority of Fuller, be regarded distinctly as a Worthy. That writer has remarked of him that "he was observed to run (with emulation without envy) in the race of virtue even with any of his order, striving to exceed them by fair industry, without offering proudly to justle their credit, much less falsely to supplant their reputation." He was Chaplain to Henry, Prince of Wales—"the hope of the Puritans"—and was made a Doctor of Divinity at Oxford in 1619. He became Dean of Gloucester in 1624, and Chaplain to Charles I, and Bishop of Lincoln in 1642. He died at Lamborne in Essex in 1654, being then 78 years of age, and, to quote Fuller once more, "formerly the painful minister thereof."

Another Chaplain to Charles I was Bruno Ryves, D.D., born in 1596. He was also Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles II. Ryves, who was the fourth son of Sir Thomas Ryves of Damory Court, was made Dean of Windsor at the Restoration, and Scribe of the Order of the Garter in the following year. He was the author of "Mercurius Rusticus or the Countries Complaint, recounting the sad events of this unparalleled war." This contains an account of sacrileges in cathedrals, etc., and was a Royalist periodical which probably led to Ryves being deprived by Parliament in 1642. He graduated at Oxford, taking his Doctor's Degree in 1639, was made Dean of Chichester in 1646, and died in the year 1677. He has been called the pioneer in the issue of newspapers.

There is a portrait of him to the waist, life size, in the Duke of Bedford's collection at Woburn, painted by W. Dobson. There are several members of the Ryves family, settled at Damory Court, mentioned in Hutchins. Some account of Sir Thomas Ryves is given below under the section dealing with Lawyers.

Amongst the lawyers of this century we come to a name which may be said to have been identified with Dorset for many generations, namely,

SIR RICHARD BINGHAM

[*Artist Unknown*]

By courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

Portman. The family has long had great influence in the West, and was of note in the county of Somerset as early as the time of Edward I. The Portman we are now speaking of, the date of whose birth is uncertain, was Sir William. He was made a judge in 1547, and was knighted by Edward VI and made Chief Justice in 1554; but he did not live long to enjoy his dignity, as he died in 1557.

Sir Thomas Ryves was another lawyer of eminence. He was the eighth son of John Ryves of Damory Court. According to Fuller, he was "a general scholar in all polite learning, a most pure Latinist (with no hair hanging at the nib of his pen)," moreover he was, according to the same authority, "a man of valour," and we know that he fought for Charles I. His scholarship he derived from Winchester, and from Oxford, being made a Fellow of New in 1598, and D.C.L. in 1610. In 1623 he was King's Advocate; in 1626, Master of Requests, and various other legal appointments followed. He was knighted in 1644, and died in 1652. In Hutchins a long pedigree of the Ryves family is given, associating them with Blandford as far back as the reign of Henry VIII.

Some description of William Englebert, who is mentioned in Fuller under the title of "Memorable Persons," may be given. He terms him an "incomparable engineer," but says that Queen Elizabeth, whom he justly terms an excellent housewife of her treasure, allowed him a pension of one hundred marks per annum, which was paid to him until the day of his death. He seems to have been of great service in what this quaint writer calls the "eighty-eight," by which, we may take it, he means the time of the invasion of the Armada. The exact date of Englebert's birth appears unknown, but he died in Westminster about 1634.

Francis Glisson comes under the category of a man of science, and his fame as a physician and anatomist is well established. He was born at Rampisham, the son of William Glisson, gentleman, and was educated at Mr. Allot's school there. At eighteen he was admitted to Caius College, Cambridge, and took his degree as M.A. in 1624. Three years later he was incorporated at Oxford. In 1634 he took his degree as M.D., and was Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge from 1636 to 1677. He was in the siege of Colchester in 1648, and was sent out to endeavour to obtain better terms for the garrison, soon after which he came to London, where he resided during the rest of his life. He was an original Fellow of the Royal Society, President of the College of Physicians 1667–8–9, and died in London in 1677. His portrait, here reproduced, hangs at the College of Physicians. He had a brother, Henry Glisson, who was a Fellow of Caius, but a less distinguished man than Francis.

John Russell, the first Earl of Bedford, "founder of that immense fortune, and the first bearer of most of those exalted dignities which still distinguish his posterity," was the eldest son of James Russell of Kingston Russell, in Dorsetshire, by his first wife, Alice, daughter and heiress of John Wyse of

Sydenham Damarel, Devon. By accident Philip the Fair, Arch-Duke of Austria, with his mad consort Joanna, the eldest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and sister of Catherine of Arragon, were wrecked at Weymouth on their way from Spain to France. "They had set sail from Middleburg in the Low Countries, January 30th, 1506. Their Navy of eighty ships had been dispersed by six or seven days' severe weather, and Sir Thomas Trenchard, with forces suddenly raised, not knowing what the matter might be, came to Weymouth, where understanding the accident, he did in all humbleness and humanitie invite the King and Queene to his house at Wolverton, and forthwith despatched posts to Court . . . The King, as soone as he heard the news, commanded the Earl of Arundel to go to visite the King of Castile . . . The Earl came to him in great magnificence, with a brave troupe of 300 horse and for more state came by torchlight."

It must have been a picturesque sight when this escort of 300 horsemen arrived, and passed through the old gateway with its turrets, one of which is shown on the right-hand of the view of Wolfeton here given. Some idea of the charm of this beautiful Elizabethan house, which is close to Dorchester, may be gathered from our illustration, and, whilst we are speaking of this scene of young Russell's introduction to the Spanish Prince, we may mention a curious legend which belongs to the place. In the hall there are carved wooden figures of English Sovereigns, amongst them one of Charles I; and the story goes that on the day the Royal Standard was raised at Nottingham, the sceptre fell out of the hand of the figure of King Charles, an omen the memory of which has clung to the old house to this day.

Philip and Joanna remained in Sir Thomas Trenchard's house until thus invited by Henry VII to Court. In the meantime their host, being unable to converse with his royal guests, bethought him of his cousin, John Russell, a traveller and linguist, who had lately returned from Spain. He proved so acceptable to Philip that the Royal visitor took him to Windsor, and recommended him to the King. Others say that Thomas Trenchard was gaoler rather than host, and that Russell was "pitched in to watch him" on the way to London, and to deliver his person safely to Henry VII. At any rate the young Russell—for he was not then of age, *i.e.*, if 1486 may be taken as the correct date of his birth—was immediately appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and distinguished by many favours. The partiality shown to John Russell by Henry VII was exceeded by that of his son. Lodge has remarked that they, the king and the young courtier, were about the same age, but Henry VIII was only eighteen when he succeeded, and Russell was at least five years older. But he possessed qualities which attracted the Prince's notice, namely, "a sedate and clear understanding, a courageous heart, and a learned education finished and polished by foreign travel."

On Henry VIII's invasion of France in 1513, at the affair of Therouénne,

Russell, with 250 men, recovered a remarkable piece of ordnance from 10,000 French under one of their ablest generals, and afterwards cut off the supply of provisions which the enemy sent to that city. Nor was he less active at the siege of Tournay. He was one of Henry's Commissioners for its restoration to the French in 1518. In 1522 he accompanied Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, on the naval expedition against the coast of France, where at Montreuil, he received a wound which deprived him of the sight of his right eye. Transferring his labours from the field to the Cabinet, he was sent in 1523 as Ambassador to Rome. From thence he was despatched privately, disguised as a merchant, to Charles, Duke of Bourbon, to foment the difference between that Prince and the King of France. He prevailed on the Duke to declare in favour of an alliance between Henry and the Emperor. Sir Thomas More, writing to Wolsey, speaks of Russell as one "of whose well-achieved errand his grace taketh great pleasure." Russell took part in most of the war-like enterprises which followed. In 1525 he fought at the celebrated battle of Pavia. Seven years later he attended Henry at his interview with Francis I on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Later we find him named with the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Francis Bryan to sit in judgment on the Lancashire rebels. On his return to Court he was made Controller of the Household, and, towards the end of the year, sworn Privy Councillor. In 1538 he was created Baron Russell of Cheneys, Bucks. Two years after his elevation to the peerage he was enriched beyond all precedent by grants of Church lands, made Warden of the Stanneries, and Knight of the Garter. Subsequently he was appointed Lord Admiral, and, soon after, Lord Lieutenant of Devon, Cornwall, Dorset and Somerset, where his newly acquired estates were mainly situated. In 1543 he was made Lord Privy Seal, the title given to him on the drawing of him made by Holbein. When Henry attacked Boulogne Russell commanded the vanguard of the British Army. Edward VI created him Earl of Bedford, and sent him in the year 1550 to Guisnes to conclude peace with France. He did not long survive the accession of Mary; his last public service was on an embassy of ceremony to Philip of Spain, whom he accompanied from Madrid to London. He died in March, 1555, and was buried at Cheneys, leaving by his wife Ann, daughter and sole heiress of Sir J. Sapcot, an only child, Francis.

In one of his "Short Studies on Great Subjects," Mr. Froude speaks of Russell's high character. He describes him as a "pleasant courtier, of literary tastes, credited with the authorship of two Latin treatises not known to have been printed; a good soldier, competent Ambassador and steady friend. Russell benefited largely by the fall of those who were less adroit than himself, and the grants of forfeited lands which he received laid the foundation of the wealth and territorial position which the family has since enjoyed."

In addition to the drawing by Holbein, one of the famous series which were

discovered in a closet at Kensington, and which form one of the great treasures of the Royal Library, there are two paintings of John Russell at Woburn which are also ascribed to Holbein. All the characteristics which Mr. Froude has assigned to him one can see reflected, as it were, in these portraits,—one a head and bust, and the other a half-length, seated, life size. The former portrait shows the face in profile. He wears a black cap with flap covering his ear, and the Order of the Garter over his black robe. The other is described as follows:—"Full face in a red square-backed chair with gilt knobs, resting his elbows on the curved framework formed in front like the classic, 'sella curulis.' Plain black cap. Long white double-pointed beard. Both hands seen, the left grasping a black sceptre or wand as Comptroller of the Household to Henry VIII. Collar of the Order of the Garter with badge suspended round neck. Inscribed: 'Ao Dni 1555.' The light is admitted from the right side. A defect in his right eye is clearly perceptible. Red drapery spread over the knees. Panel."

There is a remarkable picture at Sherborne Castle in which Anne Russell, grand-daughter of Francis, and daughter of his second son, John Lord Russell, appears. This painting, which has been engraved by Vertue, was erroneously described by him as Queen Elizabeth's visit to Hunsdon House, but in Wiffen's "Memoirs of the House of Russell" is a faithful account of the subject.

Anne Russell was married at Blackfriars in 1600 to Henry, Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Worcester. He was afterwards the gallant defender of Raglan Castle. This lady, of whom, as a child, there is a picture by Marc Gheeraedts at Woburn, died in 1639. The painting of the Procession to the Marriage, the artist of which is unknown, is a complete study of Court costume of the time, and has been fully described by the late Sir George Scharf in the "Journal of the Archæological Institute," Vol. XXIII. It is full of interesting detail. The unusual nature of the procession is explained by the circumstance that the Queen met the bride at the Thames side, where Lord Cobham, "who had offered Elizabeth the service of his house, had provided a lectica, made like half a litter, wherein she was carried by 6 knights to Lady Russell's house." The Queen dined there, "where the entertainment was great and plentiful."

In Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, the second of that title, we have a man of eminent station and of high character whose great talents were devoted to the service of his country. He does not loom so large, perhaps, in public estimation as the first Earl, whose rise, from the seclusion of Kingston Russell manor house to the commanding position that he held in the court of Henry VIII, must always be regarded as phenomenal. Nor does Francis, the second Earl, come so strictly under the title of a Dorset Worthy as his father, but as the son of John Russell, and as sometime Lord Lieutenant of Dorset, Francis comes within our ken. He was born in 1527 and, according

to the Biographical Catalogue of Woburn, was " brought forward early in public life," being Sheriff of Bedfordshire when he was nineteen. In religion, we are told, he was distinctly Protestant, and " when his father died, he was laid hold of as suspect by Gardiner." He fled to Geneva and joined the English exiles there. At the accession of Elizabeth in 1558 he was called home, restored to his estates, and made a Privy Councillor. At this time Mary Stuart was Queen of France, and when she began to assume the royal arms and to declare herself the rightful owner of the English Crown, the Earl of Bedford was sent to Paris to require that ambitious lady to limit her pretensions, and to acknowledge her cousin Elizabeth's right.

When the Earl of Bedford was twenty years of age he appeared at Court on the accession of Edward VI, and was made a Knight of the Bath. He was one of the first noblemen to bear arms in support of Mary Tudor, and served her at the famous battle of Quentin, when Philip II and the English defeated the French. In 1564 he was employed in negotiations with commissioners named by Mary for a marriage proposed between her and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

We must not take up the tangled skein of the fortunes of Mary Stuart further than to note that Bedford was brought in contact with her again after the birth of James, and was sent by Elizabeth in 1566 to the christening at Stirling with rich presents and compliments. Froude has drawn a graphic picture of this event, and we can see with the writer, " the shadow of the approaching tragedy which hung over the ceremony." We are told that the Queen scarce spoke to her husband, Darnley, and that the courtiers passed him by with disdain ; but round the neck of Bedford, Mary hung a chain of diamonds. We do not find that he had any personal dealings later with the unhappy Queen of Scots, nor was he one of the commissioners who had to do with the " Casket " letters ; but he sat on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk, and was party to his condemnation.

At one time he was M.P. for Buckingham (1547–1552) ; he also became Governor of Berwick—a very important post in view of the troublous conditions of the times, and the uncertainty of the course of events in Scotland. In 1576 he was made Lord President of Wales. He was, moreover, Warden of the Stanneries, Lord Lieutenant of Dorset, Devon and Cornwall. He treated for the marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou, and died in 1585—two years before the tragedy of Fotheringhay.

" Loyalty to his Prince, reverence to religion and submission to laws "—he has been credited with all these, together with noble simplicity of mind, and vast wealth. Queen Elizabeth used to say of him, " My Lord of Bedford makes all the beggars in the kingdom." He is described as being a kindly man and liked by those about him. The kindliness seems reflected in the portrait by F. Zucchero which is at Woburn—it is a half-length, life size, and he wears

a black cap and a cloak trimmed with white fur, over which hangs the collar of the Garter. There is also an interesting sketch of him by Holbein, when he was about twelve, included in the wonderful series of drawings at Windsor. In it his features are regular, his hair of a reddish brown, his eyes grey. His third son, Francis, married Juliana Forster ; they were the parents of Edward the third Earl.

To preserve uniformity in the treatment of our subject, the classification made in the introductory chapter is maintained throughout this volume, but it is somewhat difficult to draw a hard and fast line between the various classes. Take for instance Sir Richard Bingham, he was at once a soldier and a statesman ; or Sir William Portman, a man of great influence in public affairs and Chief Justice.

Those who are acquainted with the charming and picturesque Cranborne Manor will perhaps seek for some information in this book relating to the distinguished family to which this beautiful old house belongs—to the Cecils in short. But, as a matter of fact, it would seem that the earlier members of the family had very little to do with the county of Dorset. I am indebted to the courtesy of the present Marquis of Salisbury for a communication regarding this subject, from which I extract the following particulars :—

> "Although Cranborne Manor came into possession of the 1st Earl, the Manor House was never used as a family residence properly speaking, by him, or any of the Earls. King James stayed at the Manor House in 1609 and 1611, when hunting in Cranborne Chase, and the 1st Earl (who died in 1612) was in attendance on him on those occasions. The King also paid hunting visits there up to the time of his death in 1625, with the 2nd Earl in attendance. The 2nd Earl also paid hunting visits there by himself. After his death in 1668, the Earls very rarely visited Cranborne, and never stayed but a short time. It was not till the time of the 2nd Marquis (1823–68) that it could be said to be used as a family residence at all."

The name of Anthony Ashley occurs frequently in the annals of Dorset. In Sir Anthony, born in 1551, we have an eminent lawyer, Clerk to the Privy Council, and later Secretary for War. He was knighted with sixty others at the taking of Cadiz in 1597, " and was sent home," says Hutchins, " to give Queen Elizabeth a relation of it." He sat in several Parliaments, was made a Baronet in 1622, and was Secretary to the Privy Council in the reign of James. There is a fine monument to him and his wife in the church of Wimborne St. Giles.

Hutchins further remarks that Sir Anthony " first brought cabbages into England from Holland," but it has been pointed out that the cabbage was mentioned as a culinary vegetable two or three centuries earlier. Another story about him, which I quote from " Notes and Queries," is that in the expedition to Cadiz he got much by rapine, especially from a lady who en-

JAMES I.

[*J. Hoskins* after *Van Somer*]

In the Royal Collection.

SHERBORNE CASTLE

[*From an Engraving* after *J. Buckler, F.S.A.*]

British Museum.

trusted her jewels to his honour, whence the jest arose that he got more by Cales than by Cale and Cabbage.

Amongst one of the oldest names in the county of Dorset, and, for a matter of that, of any other county, is Digby. In Hutchins will be found the pedigree, running over several folio pages, taking back the Digbys to the time of the Conquest; it is indeed a distinguished family, the members of which have served the state in various capacities, generation after generation.

One of the best known statesmen and diplomatists of his time, was John Digby, first Earl of Bristol, 1580–1653. It was his fate to be mixed up with abortive attempts at making Spanish matches, that is to say to bring about a union between the Princes and Princesses of the English and Spanish royal families. After leaving Cambridge, he was knighted in 1607, and four years after that was sent on a fruitless embassy to negotiate a marriage between Henry, Prince of Wales and Anne, the Spanish Infanta; and three years later, on the same errand, to arrange a match between Prince Charles and the Infanta Maria. That proved abortive, but he was again sent in 1617 by James I on like business. He was made a baron in the year following. After negotiations between the Elector Palatine and the Emperor of Germany in 1621, he returned to Spain once more upon marriage treaty affairs in 1622, in which year he was made Earl of Bristol. He became on bad terms with Charles and Buckingham at Madrid in 1623, and the former appears to have been extremely hostile to him, so that the Earl of Bristol demanded a trial by Parliament. Later we find his expulsion from the Court demanded by the other side, in propositions for peace at Oxford in 1643. When Exeter fell, three years afterwards, he went into exile, and died in Paris in 1653.

There are portraits of the first Earl by Janssen in Lord Digby's collection at Minterne, and also at Sherborne Castle. His son, George, second Earl of Bristol, was also well known in his day, and particulars of his career will be found in the next chapter.

An instance of the striking vicissitudes to which our great families have been subject may be found in the picturesque figure of Sir Everard Digby, who, according to Camden, "was one of the handsomest and finest gentlemen of his time: but being drawn by a false zeal for religion, inspired by his unhappy education under Popish priests after his father's death, into the Popish plot, was much pitied, for that it was his ill fortune to suffer for it, being convicted 27 Jan. 1605–6, and executed the 30th, at the west end of St. Paul's Church, æt. 24."

In the same year as that in which Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, saw the light, was born another man, not less distinguished, whose career was in some respects even more stirring than that of his contemporary. In his "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," Dean Stanley writes:—"One other monument of the wars of those times, tho' of a comparatively unknown warrior, and

located in what must then have been an obscure and solitary place in the South Aisle of the Choir, carries us to a wider field." The Dean here does injustice to Sir Richard Bingham, who, far from being an "unknown warrior," was a famous soldier of his day.

In the catalogue of the National Portrait Exhibition he is described as having "travelled much about in his youth to search for service, and find fit objects for his valour."

The name of Bingham has survived and remains honoured in the county of Dorset to our own time, and the beautiful little manor house at Bingham's-Melcombe, which was a home of the family for so many centuries, is still inhabited and lovingly cared for, although no longer by a Bingham.

The epitaph on the tomb of Bingham (1528–1598), which stands near Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument in Westminster, contains an account of the career of this valiant soldier, who from his youth, to quote a line taken from this epitaph, "was trained up in military affairs."

The inscription runs as follows :—

"TO THE GLORY OF THE LORD OF HOSTS."

"Here under resteth Sir Richard Bingham, knt.
of the antient family of the Binghams,
of Bingham Melcomb, in the county of Dorset,
who from his youth was trained up in military affairs . . ."

Then follows a long account of his military exploits. The epitaph ends thus :—

"Finally for his good services
was made Marshall of Ireland
and General of Leinster ;
where at Dublin, in an assured faith in Christ,
he ended this transitory life,
the 19th of Jan. An. Dom. 1598.
Æt. 70."

Sir Richard was the third son of Richard Bingham of Bingham's-Melcombe, by his wife, Alice, daughter of Thomas Coker. He was born in 1527 and began his military career when quite young, serving in an expedition to Scotland before he was twenty years of age. During the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, he fought against the French, the Spaniards and the Venetians. Taking service under Don John of Austria, he was present at the famous battle of Lepanto, after which he was in the Low Countries. By this time he had acquired a considerable reputation for prowess by sea and land, and was sent to Ireland in 1579 under Sir William Pelham to repress a formidable insurrection headed by the Earl of Desmond, which had broken out.

Bingham was knighted and made Governor of Connaught in 1584. Two years after this he repressed a rebellion, in connection with which he has been

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS SON

[After the painting by Marc Gheeraedts]

By courtesy of Sir H. Lennard, Bart.

blamed for his severity, but probably Fuller's remark that he was "necessitated into severity" is, at any rate, a reason, if not an excuse. Be this as it may, after being imprisoned in the Fleet on a charge of exercising undue severity in 1596, he was sent back to Ireland as Marshall, and died in Dublin in his seventy-first year. Fuller has summed up the character of this brave soldier by the epithet that he applies to him, *viz.*, "Fortis et felix."

As to the appearance of this redoubtable soldier, besides the monument in Westminster Abbey, to which reference has been made, there is a portrait in oils of him at Woburn—half-length, smaller than life, representing him bareheaded, with dark hair. He is in chain armour, with gorget and a crimson jacket. It is reproduced in this volume and is inscribed "A.D. 1564. Ætatis 36." In the exhibition of National Portraits at Kensington in 1868 there was a painting shewing him in a cuirass, with a spear in his right hand, and compasses on a table before him. This belonged to Colonel Bingham.

There is an anecdote of this dark-haired, determined-looking man printed in the Camden Society's publications, which may be read with interest: "Sir Richard Bingham was a man eminent both for his spirit and martiall knowledge, but of a very small stature; and, understanding that a proper biggbon'd gentleman had traduced his little person, or corpusculum, with the ignominous terme of *Dande pratt:* 'Tell him from me,' says he, 'that when it comes to the tutch, he shall find there is as good silver in a Dande-pratt (which is a very small kind of coine) as in a brodd-fac't groate."

Sir George Somers or Summers. The birthplace of this distinguished seaman is somewhat doubtful, the Manor House of Burne in the parish of Whitchurch Canonicorum, being assigned by some, whilst others contend that it was Lyme Regis, of which town he was Mayor in 1605.

The fame of Somers is well established from his discovery of the Bermudas. He was "a successful voyager into far countries," and commanded many naval expeditions from 1595 to 1602. He was knighted in 1603 and three years afterwards James I granted a patent to him to make a settlement and plantation at Virginia, he being one of the founders of the South Virginian Company. In 1609 Somers and others were appointed Deputy Governors of the new colony by Lord De la Warr, the Governor. They were wrecked on the Bermudas, or Summer Islands, then uninhabited; these islands were taken possession of for the Crown of England, and had their name given them on Somers' return home. In 1610 he was made admiral of Virginia, and sent back by Lord De la Warr to the Bermudas, where he died in that same year, aged 60; his body was brought back, and buried at Whitchurch Canonicorum.

The remark made by Fuller on Somers is too quaint to be omitted. "He was a lamb on the land, so patient that few could anger him; and (as if entering a ship he had assumed a new nature) a lion at sea, so passionate that few could please him."

Fuller deems Richard Clark of Weymouth a fitting person to be ranked amongst the worthies of Dorset, and described him as " a most knowing pilot, and master of the ship called the *Delight*." He gives a thrilling account of an escape from shipwreck, which happened to the " knowing pilot " in a voyage that he made in the year 1583 with Sir Humphrey Gilbert for the discovery of Norembege, and this is taken from Hakluyt's " English Voyages,"* to which the reader may be referred.

Three hundred and thirty years after the " knowing pilot " set out from Weymouth, a memorial was erected to his memory on the Quay of Melcombe Regis ; and on the same stone is a record of John Endicott, or Endecott, who, a generation later, set sail on the good ship *Abigail* from Weymouth on an expedition which led to the establishment of the plantation of Salem, Mass. At the ceremony which took place when this memorial stone was set up, in the year 1914, the American flag was a conspicuous feature, and the record itself is an interesting reminder of the enterprise which, over four hundred years ago, led Dorset men to the Far West, bold spirits who helped to found that mighty power which to-day we know as the United States of America.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the memorial :—

> " In memory of Richard Clark, Captain and Pilot of Weymouth, who in 1583 sailed thence to join Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Voyage of Discovery to Newfoundland, and of John Endicott who on June 20th, 1628, set forth from Weymouth on the ship *Abigail* on the Expedition which led to the Establishment of the Plantation of Salem, Massachusetts.
>
> Erected by Public Subscription, 1914."

There is another class of Worthies of whom so far no mention has been made, but of which the county of Dorset is not without examples—I mean that of philanthropists. Amongst these is to be placed Robert Rogers, a native of Poole, who died a rich leatherseller in London, and bequeathed a great part of his estate to various charitable and pious uses, such as the relief of poor prisoners and of poor preachers, and the building of alms-houses, a benefaction to Christ's Hospital, sums for the maintaining of two scholars in each University, and so forth.

There is also another well-known philanthropist whose name will occur to many readers, and that is Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, but with him we shall deal in a later chapter.

No " Old Durnovarian " would forgive the omission of the name of Thomas Hardy, of Melcombe Regis, in a list of Dorset Worthies. In what is called

* Hakluyt's " Voyages," collected by Richard Hakluyt, preacher and some time student of Christchurch in Oxford.

the Hardy Chapel in the South Aisle of St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, is a monument bearing the following inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HARDY

of Melcombe Regis, in the covnty of Dorsett, Esqvier, who endowed this Borrovgh with a yearly reveneu of £50 and appoynted ovt of it to be employed for ye better mayntenance of a Preacher £20 ; a Schoolemaster Twenty Powndes ; an 'Hvisher, twenty nobles ; the Almes Women, five Markes. The Baylives and Burgesses of Dorchester in testimony of their gratitude and to commend to posterity an example soe worthy of imitation hath erected this monvment. He dyed the 15th of October, Anno do.

(1599). The ivst shalbe had in everlasting remembrance.

Hardy was thus the founder of the Grammar School, much of the original building of which still stands, but the great schoolroom, with its beautiful carved oak screen was most likely built in 1618 by Robert Cheek, Minister and Schoolmaster, as the schoolroom and library suffered from the great fire three years earlier, in which three hundred houses and the churches of Holy Trinity and All Saints were destroyed, only St. Peter's Church and a few houses near it escaping. It may be noted in passing that the work upon the screen bears a close resemblance to that upon the Jacobean pulpit in St. Peter's Church. Over the oriel window above the doorway may be seen an old coat of arms in stone. These are the arms of Queen Elizabeth, supported by a lion and a wyvern, and bearing the date 1569. The endowment of the old Grammar School is sufficient claim to justify Hardy's inclusion in this work. Particulars of it will be found set forth in Hutchins, in which the Indenture quoted mentions Robert Napper of the Middle Temple as one of the Trustees. This was the Sir Robert Napper (or Napier), Knt., who " purchased so much ground of Mr. John Gould as to build a house for the schoolmaster, and laid more ground to the school garden, as it remains at present, which said schoolhouse was built partly by the said Sir Robert Napper and his good lady ; the rest by money given towards it at the first great fire, out of the general collection, and part by the gift of some townsmen."

Besides this association with the Grammar School, Napper is entitled to notice here by reason of the almshouse known as Napper's Mite, which adjoins the Grammar School on the north side. Hutchins says it " is an handsome almshouse, founded by Sir Robert Napier of Middlemarsh, for ten poor men. Before it is a neat piazza, and in it a small chapel. Over the door, in Roman capitals ' Napper's Mite ' ; under this the arms of Napper and below them this inscription ; ' Built to the honour of God, by Sir Robert Napper, knt. 1615.' "

Other benefactors of like nature were John Whetstone, who by will, dated

1614, gave the town of Dorchester £500 to the building of an almshouse for poor folk, and Matthew Chubb.

"Chubb's Almshouse was founded and endowed by Matthew Chubb, M.P., in the reign of James I. Mr. Bond's Chronology says he died in 1617. In an indenture dated 29th April 1620, between Margaret, widow and executrix of Matthew Chubb, and the bailiffs and burgesses of Dorchester, for carrying into effect the charitable intentions of the said Matthew Chubb, it is declared that certain moneys therein set forth were bestowed and to be employed for the relief and maintenance of aged and impotent old persons, placed and to be placed in the old almshouse of this borough, which, in an ancient book belonging to the corporation, under date 1625, is stated to have been very anciently founded, and to have always consisted of nine persons most commonly women. On the monument of Matthew Chubb, in All Saint's Church, it however states, that he built the almshouse in his lifetime. . . . It stands at the Bull-stake, in the parish of St. Peter's, near the site of the ancient Priory, etc., etc."

With regard to the monument of the worthy Matthew, this formerly stood in the middle of the north aisle on the north wall of the church. Hutchins describes it as "of freestone, surrounded by a wooden screen; under an arch, between pillars of the Corinthian order, is a figure of a man, lying at full length in a gown and ruff. It has been adorned with gilding and painting which is now much decayed. The monument was placed on the North side of the tower, at the late re-building of the Church." It may be added that Matthew Chubb also built an almshouse at Shaftesbury. The figure lies on an altar tomb, and on a tablet under the arch is the following inscription:—

> "Heare lyeth the body of Matthew Chubb, borne in Dorchester. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: they rest from thier labours, and thier works doe follow them."

Below this are shields of arms.

This monument to Matthew Chubb in his ruff and gown still stands in the dark entrance to the church. The tomb, once, as we have seen, rich in gilding and in colour, is lost to sight in the deep obscurity of the entrance. It has served for generations of Dorchester urchins to place their caps upon, and, in by-gone days, for ladies to deposit their "pattens" and dripping umbrellas against it. The neglect shown to this fine Jacobean monument has been a matter of reproach.

CORFE CASTLE FROM THE NORTH.

HAMMERSMITH PUBLIC LIBRARIES

CHAPTER IV.

The XVII Century.

THE connection of Royalty with Dorset in the XVII Century is very slight, nevertheless it has some remarkable, indeed unique features, which can be best dealt with in a separate chapter. This will be found in Part II, to which the reader is referred.

An author whose name is well-known, but in a field of his own, is Sir Symonds (or Simonds) D'Ewes, born at Chardstock in 1602. This man is described as an Antiquarian Writer. He was educated at St. John's, Cambridge, was High Sheriff for Suffolk in 1639, elected Member of Parliament for Sudbury in 1640; he was expelled from Parliament by the notorious Colonel Pride eight years later. D'Ewes is best known by his work, "The Journals of all the Parliaments during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," which, however, was not published until some thirty years after his death in 1650.

From Gardiner's "Fall of Monarchy of Charles I" may be gleaned an instance of D'Ewes' readiness of mind:

"His life-long studies in the legal antiquities of the country enabled him, with the aid of an excellent memory, to produce on the spur of the moment any precedent that might be needed. In this way he acquired an authority in the House, as long as no higher statesmanship was required than his pedantic self-complacency had at command. He now came to the rescue of the members in their difficulty. To take or pay interest, he said, was undoubtedly held to be unlawful by the church and law of England; but it had never been held to be wrong to pay a man damages for the loss which he suffered by abandoning for a time the use of his capital. The House caught at this sapient deliverance. The word 'damages' was substituted for the word 'interest' and everyone was content." To this ingenious verbal quibble may be traced, perhaps, the beginning of the capitalist system as we know it to-day.

Amongst the literary and tragic associations in connection with the county of Dorset we find the name of Thomas Creech, born at Blandford in 1659, a scholar of Wadham College, and Fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1683. For two years, from 1694–6, he was head-master

of Sherborne School, and, in 1700, having only just turned forty years of age, he committed suicide, being, it is said, very disappointed in love, and having pecuniary difficulties. He is best known as the translator of Lucretius.

Matthew Prior was a poet and statesman, his rank as a poet is well-established, though his career as a statesman may not be so familiar to some readers.

> "See here Britannia's Sons—Justly admir'd
> For Art and Genius !—those the Muse inspir'd,
> Whose Works from Chaucer's time to Prior's days,
> With wonder strike us, and demand our praise."

The place of his birth is a matter which was long in dispute; thus Hutchins, in a long account of him, says "He was born July 1664, according to some, at Wimborne in Dorsetshire." In the register of his college, St. John's, Cambridge, he is called of Wimburn, Middlesex. When he was a candidate for his fellowship, five years afterwards, he was registered again, by himself, as of Middlesex. The last record ought to be preferred because it was made on oath. Hutchins adds that "tradition says when he was educated at Wimborne School, the name of Prior does not occur in the Parish Register, his parents being supposed to have been dissenters, and the learned Thomas Baker, B.D., once fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, informed Mr. Browne Willis that he was born here (*i.e.*, Godmanston) of mean parents, to conceal which he entered himself at College as of Wimburn, County of Middlesex." But in a review of Bickley's "Life of Prior" in the "Quarterly Review" of January, 1913, it is contended that Prior's father came from this village and established himself at Wimborne, where in 1664 Matthew Prior was born.

At Wimborne Minster, in the interesting collection of chained books preserved therein over the vestry, is to be seen a copy of Raleigh's "History of the World," with a hole in it, said to be the result of a spark which fell on it as Prior, when a school-boy, was bending over it by the light of a candle smuggled in.

In his own day Prior earned the distinction of being both a poet and a statesman. His poems, written in an easy, animated style were much read when they appeared; at the present time they might be deemed improper.

With regard to the charge of indelicacy in his writings, we may note that the question was disputed in Johnson's day, and the learned doctor gave it as his opinion in a discussion with Boswell, that Prior's poems were "a lady's book." Thackeray refers to this matter in his "English Humorists," and, whilst he has evidently a tender spot for Prior, very different from his attitude to Dean Swift, he warns his readers that some of the poetry bears a close resemblance to what was probably the conversation of the soldier and his wife with whom he, Prior, was wont to go and smoke a pipe in Long

Acre, after associating with some of the most eminent literary men of his time. Thackeray terms Prior "one of those famous and lucky wits of the auspicious reign of Queen Anne, whose name it behoves us not to pass over. Mat. was a worthy philosopher, of no small genius, good nature and acumen." Thackeray is enthusiastic about the charm and ease of Prior's poetry, of which he quotes examples too long to be given here. Gay calls him "Dr. Prior, beloved by every muse." And Swift was intimate with him. "Mr. Prior," says the Dean, "walks to make himself fat, and I to keep myself down. We often walk round the park together." What is remarkable about Prior is not only his poetical gifts, but the way in which he rose to such a high position, although of humble origin. Thackeray makes him out to have been the son of a vintner in Whitehall; but we have seen that he was undoubtedly born near Wimborne. The author of "Vanity Fair" terms his writings "the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems."

The humble origin of Prior was fully recognised in his own day. Thus we hear of the Earl of Shrewsbury refusing to act in diplomatic matters with Prior for this very reason. But it ended in Prior being sent again as Ambassador of England to France, and he proved most acceptable to the witty and learned society of the French capital.

Prior has been painted several times. There is a portrait of him by Sir Godfrey Kneller, the property of the Earl of Hardwicke, showing him standing at a writing table, holding a book entitled "Traites." Another is by Michael Dahl—a bust—in which he appears in an open shirt, and wears a dark cap; and another very fine picture, by Rigaud, in the Duke of Portland's Collection is reproduced in this volume. The last-named work was acquired by Edward, Lord Harley, from Prior's Collection in 1721. It is a half-length, and the poet is wearing a dark grey hat with a blue ribbon round it; his left hand rests on a book which is upright on a table in front of him. This picture was copied in enamel by Boit, head and shoulders only. There is also a miniature of him in the Duke of Buccleuch's Collection.

The earlier and middle part of the XVII Century was so essentially a Puritan age, and the warfare which followed in the Great Rebellion was so embittered by religious animosities, that it is not surprising to find the Divines form an important group and are numerous in this period of our history. We have two Archbishops—*viz.*, Wake of Canterbury, and Lindesay of Armagh—besides Bishops of Gloucester, Rochester and Worcester respectively, to say nothing of minor luminaries like Maurice Wheeler and Samuel Wesley; and last, but not least, the Reverend John White, known as the "Patriarch of Dorchester," with whom, as having been born earlier than any other in our list, we may commence. He was born in 1575, and was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford, of which latter he was made fellow in 1595.

John White is remarkable inasmuch as, besides holding preferment in the county town of Dorset, he was one of the founders of the town of Dorchester in Massachusetts, whither he despatched a body of Dorset men in 1624. He had been rector of Holy Trinity in Dorchester, England, for some eighteen years, and according to Sir Frederick Treves, "had become an absolute autocrat in the town, being a masterful old Puritan."*

Fuller says of him "he had perfect control of two things—his own passions and his parishioners' purses." It is certain that he raised money for these Dorset colonists and procured them a charter. Their first Governor was a certain John Endicott of Dorchester, Dorset, who sailed for New England in the *George Bonaventura*, in 1629. We have spoken of the reputation that Dorchester enjoyed for "malignancy," and this may have led to a party of Prince Rupert's troops breaking into the "Patriarch's" house, and stealing his books. The Civil War led to White's flight from Dorchester, and he took refuge at the Savoy, London, in 1642. The following year he was made rector of Lambeth. He was also Member of the Westminster assembly of Divines. At the restoration of peace, he returned to Dorchester, where he died in 1648.

I am indebted to his Honour the Mayor of Boston, Mass., for information with regard to the important part played by John White in the founding of Dorchester, Mass., and subjoin a communication kindly furnished me by the "Statistics Department" of that City at the instance of the Mayor:—

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

STATISTICS DEPARTMENT,

January 31st, 1917.

Concerning the letter of J. J. Foster, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, dated Aldwick, Holland Road, Sutton, Surrey, January 12th, 1917, addressed to the "Mayor of Dorchester, Mass.," and referred to this Department, I beg to suggest that Mr. Foster be informed that the town of Dorchester, Mass., originally settled in the summer of 1630, was annexed to the City of Boston on January, 3rd, 1870.

While it is altogether probable that the Rev. John White of Dorchester, England, was interested and instrumental in organizing the company of Western people, who arrived in two ships on May 30th, 1630, under the leadership of the "Rev. Mr. Warham and Mr. Maverick, with many godly families and people under their care, from Devonshire, Dorsetshire and Somersetshire," there is no tradition that Mr. White ever visited America, and it is altogether improbable that any relic of him, such as a portrait, is to be found here.

The records of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay show that the Rev. John White attended some of the meetings of the Governor and Assistants in London, when plans for promoting the settlement were under consideration in 1629. It is also clear that in 1623, a small colony of merchants of Dorchester in the West of England, undertook to establish a fishing station and plantation, with a preacher

* "Highways and Byways in Dorset," by Sir Frederick Treves, Bart.

LADY BANKES
[*J. Hoskins*]
By courtesy of Mrs. John Acland.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON
[*N. Hilliard*]
By courtesy of the Duke of Rutland.

in attendance, on Cape Ann. The Rev. John White appears to have taken an active interest in this project, to forward which, some £3,000 were subscribed. In 1624, a small beginning was made, and in 1625, Roger Conant became Governor, *i.e.*, Superintendent of the Plantation, and the Rev. John Lyford, its minister. In 1626, three vessels were sent over ; one of them bore cattle and provisions.

In the Fall of 1626, the fishery was abandoned, and Conant with a few associates removed to Naumkeag (Salem) as a preferable place for tillage and pasturage. Rev. John White promised to exert himself to secure a patent, and send out men and supplies if Conant would stay by this remnant, at Naumkeag. Conant did so, and White was doubtless instrumental in securing, on March 19th, 1627–8, from the Plymouth Council for New England, a patent conveying a tract of land extending three miles north of the Merrimac River at its most northerly point, and three miles south of the Charles River, at its most southerly point, and westerly from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea (Pacific Ocean). Of the six patentees, five appear to have been gentlemen from Dorchester or its neighborhood. One of them, Captain John Endicott, arrived at Naumkeag on September 6th, 1628, with a party of between fifty and sixty persons. Endicott was commissioned to act as Governor at Salem.

Meanwhile, the Puritan leaders at Boston, England, and Dorchester, sought enlarged powers and scope, in accordance with which, they secured from Charles I a charter of incorporation which was granted March 4th, 1628–9. So it must be said that there is evidence that the Rev. John White was active in promoting plantations in New England from 1623 till 1630, and had intimate connection with the actual founders of Salem, Boston and Dorchester, Mass. It may be added that another Mr. John White, a lawyer, appears to have been concerned in securing the charter of the Bay Company. Whether he was the John White who also figured in the affairs of the Virginia colony, and whether he was a relative of the Rev. John White does not appear.

EDWARD M. HARTWELL,
Secretary.

It will be noted that this interesting account concludes by the statement that the Rev. John White was "active in promoting plantations in New England from 1623 till 1630, and had intimate connection with the actual founders of Salem, Boston, and Dorchester, Mass." This alone gives him sufficient claim to distinction, and to a prominent place amongst "Wessex Worthies."

As may be gathered from the preceding, the fame of John White is well established in the New World, and pilgrims from Dorchester, Massachusetts, frequently visit the scene of his labours. Such as are well-informed find their way to his old Rectory, of which the shell, and alas! nothing more, still stands, used as a workshop. In its decay, this forlorn old house excites regret, but it compels a certain admiration for its brave withstanding of the centuries. Through the doorway, shewn in the illustration, we know that John White must have passed daily to his ministrations. In his time there was a sunny garden at the back of the house, and that part of the town had formerly a very different character from its present appearance.

In the very interesting and quaintly expressed "Travels" of Cosmo III, Grand Duke of Tuscany, through England during the reign of King Charles II, there is a very interesting account of Dorchester, which he terms "a simple town, standing on an inclined plane," also of Maiden Castle, and of other features in its neighbourhood. There is, moreover, a view of Dorchester, which, inasmuch as it was taken within twenty years of the death of the Rev. John White may be accepted as giving an idea of the town as it appeared in his time. It is Dorchester as it appeared within nine years after the Restoration, and is reproduced in this volume.

The complaint formerly made by American visitors that there was no monument to White, has been partially met by the tablet which the late Mr. Henry Moule was instrumental in putting up in the porch of St. Peter's Church. Another memorial might fittingly consist of the purchase and preservation of the old Rectory, a proposal which I ventured to make some years since.

Robert Frampton, as one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower, bears a name of historic interest. In Murray's "Handbook to Dorset" he is stated to have been born at Hyde Farm, Pimperne, in 1622. Frampton was evidently a man of much firmness of character, and adhered steadily to his convictions, which led to his suspension in 1688.

He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was Master of Gillingham School. He served abroad as Chaplain to the English Factory at Aleppo for fifteen years. Returning to England in 1670, he was made Dean of Gloucester three years later; and Bishop of Gloucester in 1680. He lived some twenty years after his suspension, dying in 1708.

The authority quoted above says of him that he "steadfastly opposed James II's efforts to favour Catholicism, but remained firm in his allegiance to him. He appealed to William III in behalf of his lawful and injured sovereign, and received for answer, 'I will take care of the Church.' After boldly preaching before him in James's favour at Hampton Court, William remarked, 'I perceive the Bishop of Gloucester don't expect a translation.' Soon after this he was deprived. He took no part in the nonjuring schism."

Amongst the eminent Divines who have sprung from Dorset a prominent place must be given to Dr. Thomas Spratt. He was born in 1635 at Beaminster, according to Hutchins and most authorities, although he has been claimed for Devonshire by Dr. Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets," as to which it may be remarked that the epitaph against the west wall of St. Nicholas's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, where he was buried, makes him a native of Dorsetshire. It commences thus—

"H. S. E.
Thomas Spratt, S. T. P.
In agro *Durotrigum* patre clerico natus."

He was the son of a clergyman, entered Wadham College in 1651; and took the degree of B.D. in 1669. It is interesting to note that he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, which was planned in that college some six years before this date. He was appointed Chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham and to King Charles II. He was distinguished as a literary man and a preacher.

Spratt was made Prebendary of Westminster and Canon of Windsor in 1680, and Dean of Westminster three years later. In the next year we find him appointed Clerk of the Closet to the King, and Bishop of Rochester. On the accession of James II he was appointed one of the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical affairs, but severed his connection with them in the year of the abdication, disliking the proceedings against the clergy who refused to read the King's Declaration for liberty of conscience. He died of apoplexy when 77 years of age, and was buried, as we have seen, at Westminster.

He was painted by Lely, and there is an engraving of him by Loggan; also a mezzotint of the Bishop in episcopal robes with his son, Thomas, engraved by John Smith *after* Michael Dahl. His son was Prebendary of Westminster.

Another chaplain to Charles II, and a very popular preacher in London, was Edward Stillingfleet, born at Cranborne in 1635, descended from an ancient family of that name at Stillingfleet, Yorkshire. Having gained an exhibition at Ringwood School he was entered at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1648, and took his M.A. degree in 1656. Through the influence of his friend, Sir Roger Burgoyne, he was appointed in 1664–5 preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and subsequently became lecturer at the Temple. Soon after that he took his degree as Doctor of Divinity, was made Chaplain to the King, Archdeacon of London, and Dean of St. Paul's in 1677. It was not until twenty years after, that he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, at which time, says Hutchins, "he was thought of for Canterbury." Ten years later he died in Westminster, aged 63, and was buried below the Choir in his Cathedral. Hutchins, who gives a long memoir and a list of his numerous publications, including his controversy with Locke on the Trinity, says of him "He was a prelate of universal learning, a great divine, and a celebrated preacher. His many and excellent writings on the subjects of Ecclesiastical History, Antiquities, and Controversy will ever remain perpetual monuments of his merits and abilities, and show him to have been one of the chief ornaments of the episcopal bench. His noble library was purchased by Dr. Marsh, Archbishop of Armagh, to form a public library for Dublin." The Stillingfleet manuscripts were bought by the Earl of Oxford and are now in the British Museum. His friendship with Sir Matthew Hale may have led to his becoming Archdeacon of London. That Stillingfleet had attained a great reputation is evident from a passage in Pepys' "Diary," in which he relates that Sir R. Ford told him "how the famous Stillingfleet was a Blue-coat boy."

In the Exhibition of National Portraits at Kensington in 1867 there was a

portrait of Edward Stillingfleet, ascribed to Joseph Buckshorn, the property of the Rev. H. J. W. Stillingfleet. This Joseph Buckshorn was a skilful copyist of Lely, whose pupil and assistant he was.

Amongst the Divines of this time must be mentioned Maurice Wheeler, born at Wimborne St. Giles about 1648. He became chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree at an early age; was made Rector of St. Ebbe's, Oxford, in 1670, and master of Gloucester Cathedral School ten years later. He died in 1727. His name is associated with the "Oxford Almanac," which he wrote for the year 1673 in octavo, and of which nearly thirty thousand were sold. This affected the sale of other almanacs, and the Stationers' Company bought off the copyright for the future, which led to a sheet almanac printed on a copper plate being published yearly by the curators of the press at Oxford.

Blandford appears to have had more than its share of eminent natives, especially as regards Divines; and prominent amongst these in rank, if not in distinction, is Thomas Lindesay, son of John Lindesay, Vicar of Blandford where this future Archbishop of Armagh was born in 1656. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and became Doctor of Divinity, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and Bishop of Killaloe—all in the year 1693. Twenty years later we find him Bishop of Raphoe, and Archbishop of Armagh in 1714. He died in the year 1724.

William Wake was born at Blandford in 1657, the son of William Wake of Shapwick, Dorset, a man of property and ancient family. The future Primate was educated at the Blandford Grammar School, and afterwards went to Oxford, where he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1689. He had much to do with the French Church, which may have been the outcome of his having been Chaplain to the Embassy in Paris from 1682–5. According to the "Dictionary of National Biography," he "negotiated for union with the French Jansenists, 1717–20." On his return from France he was made preacher at Gray's Inn in 1686–96; he subsequently became Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; Dean of Exeter; and Rector of St. James's, Westminster, where he remained until 1706, when he was made Bishop of Lincoln; and succeeded Tenison as Archbishop of Canterbury eleven years afterwards.

There is a portrait of him in the vestry of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, and also one in the National Portrait Gallery, attributed to Gibson.

Wesley is one of the most familiar names in English biography, but Samuel Wesley is not to be confounded with his more eminent son, John. The elder Wesley, who is described as a divine and poet, was born at Winterborn Whitchurch in 1666. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and after being a naval chaplain for some time, was made rector of South Ormsby in 1690. Five years later we find him at Epworth, where he lived some forty years. His famous son, John Wesley, was born there in 1703. Samuel Wesley's career was attended by pecuniary difficulties, but offers no remarkable features, and his fame is quite eclipsed by that of his son.

The fame of Sir John Bankes may also be said to have been eclipsed by that of his heroic wife, whom we shall meet with later, but as the purchaser in 1635 of Corfe Castle, and as the first representative of the family of Bankes in the annals of the County of Dorset, some account may be given of him. He was born at Keswick in Cumberland, and was a lawyer and a staunch Royalist. He was educated at Oxford, and was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1614, of which he was treasurer in 1632. He was M.P. for Morpeth in 1628, and Attorney-General in 1634. Three years later we find him representing the Crown against John Hampden. He was made Chief Justice of Common Pleas and Privy Councillor in 1641, when he was impeached by Parliament, and his property confiscated. He survived some months after the capture and dismantling of Corfe Castle, and died at Oxford in 1644; his body lies in Christ Church Cathedral. He continued to perform his legal duties up to the time of his death.

The name of Bankes is still well-known in the county, and the family seat at Kingston Lacey, built by Sir Ralph Bankes, son of Sir John, with its fine collection of pictures, dates back to the Restoration.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who visited the Mr. Bankes of his day at Kingston Lacey in company with Dr. Johnson, has left notes on the pictures, still preserved in the library. He says that he never fully appreciated Sir Peter Lely till he had seen these portraits (*i.e.*, portraits of the three daughters of Sir John Bankes) and others at Kingston.

There is a portrait of Sir John Bankes by an unknown artist—a head and bust, which shows him at the age of 54, in his judge's robes and wearing a ruff.

Christopher Battiscombe was among the victims of the Monmouth Rebellion. Owing to his sad fate, he may be included in this work. Macaulay says of him, "Not less courageously died Christopher Battiscombe, a young Templar of good family and fortune, who, at Dorchester, an agreeable provincial town, proud of its taste and refinement, was regarded by all as the model of a fine gentleman. Great interest was made to save him. It was believed through the West of England that he was engaged to a young lady of gentle blood, the sister of the Sheriff, that she threw herself at the feet of Jefferys to beg for mercy, and that Jefferys drove her from him with a jest so hideous that to repeat it would be an offence against decency and humanity. Her lover suffered at Lyme piously and courageously."

Dr. Nathaniel Highmore, "that distinguished physician," as Sir Frederick Treves terms him in his delightful "Highways and Byways in Dorset," was son of the Rector of Purse Caundle, though he himself was born at Fordingbridge in Hampshire in 1613. He was a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, where he took a degree in Physic in 1642, after which he settled down at Sherborne, where he practised with great success, "never taking a fee of the clergy," says Hutchins. He died in that town in 1685, having published

various medical works. He is buried in Purse Caundle Church, of which parish his father and other relatives were rectors from 1603 to 1717. He may, we think, be claimed for Dorset seeing that he was many years Justice of the Peace for the county. He was a friend of William Harvey, the famous discoverer of the circulation of the blood. A discovery in connection with the upper jaw has led to the immortality of Highmore, according to Sir Frederick Treves, who, in an article in the Society of Dorset Men's Year-Book (1914–1915) says of him that "there is not a scientific treatise on Anatomy in any country, or in any language, that does not enshrine the names of Glisson and Highmore." (An account of Glisson will be found in a later chapter).

Pre-eminent in character and in achievement stands Thomas Sydenham, the famous physician, who, by his contributions to medicine and "his method" of studying diseases, made "an epoch in medical science."

He was born in 1624 in the manor house at Wynford Eagle, a picturesque building still standing. The Sydenhams came from Sydenham near Bridgwater, but were settled in the charming manor house of Wynford Eagle by the middle of the XVI Century. When the Civil War broke out, Thomas Sydenham, though but eighteen, joined the army of the Parliament in the autumn of 1642, as did his brothers, William and Francis. Thomas was taken prisoner at Exeter the year after. Five years before the Restoration Sydenham moved to London; he died in his house in Pall Mall in 1689, and was buried in the church of St. James, Westminster. In the Year-Book of the Society of Dorset Men in London, to which reference has already been made, will be found an interesting brief memoir of Thomas Sydenham by Sir Frederick Treves, who speaks of his position with a professional knowledge which gives the testimony great value. He describes Sydenham as amongst the greatest figures in the annals of Medicine, and as a man who "found both the science and the art of Physic in an evil way. Theory and pure invention replaced sure knowledge . . . The treatment of disease was based upon a preposterous formalism, just as the conception of disease was founded upon reckless surmise. Sydenham put aside all theories and all dogmas . . . He studied disease as it presented itself . . . In vividness, directness and accuracy, his account of certain maladies has never been surpassed." Sir Frederick concludes his eulogium by saying that Sydenham "framed his treatment of disease upon careful experiment and matured experience . . . and did again what Hippocrates had done many centuries before."

In 1642 Sydenham was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford. He was connected with Oxford for some time, being Fellow of All Souls in 1648, and elected Member of Parliament in the same year.

At the Royal College of Physicians there is a head and bust portrait of Dr. Sydenham wearing long hair, painted by Mary Beale, which was presented by his grandson in 1747. There is also another portrait of him engraved by

HOLY TRINITY, DORCHESTER

The Rev. J. White's Old Rectory.

Houbraken, *after* Lely, which at the time of publication—1747—was in the possession of John Sydenham, Esq. It forms one of the well-known series of "Houbraken Heads," and is reproduced in this work.

Amongst the "memorable persons" we may class John Case, M.D., a native of Lyme Regis, who was, according to Granger, "for many years a noted practitioner in physic and astrology." Having acquired by his arts a handsome fortune, he set up his coach, and on it, under his arms, assumed the motto "the Case is altered." He lived as late as the reign of Queen Anne, and was looked upon as the successor of the famous Lilly, whose magical utensils he possessed. These he would sometimes expose in derision to his intimate friends; and particularly the dark chamber and pictures whereby Lilly used to impose upon people, under pretence of showing them persons who were absent. The doctor is said to have got more by the following distich than Dryden did by all his works:—

"Within this place
Lives doctor Case."

He was doubtless very well paid for composing that which he affixed to his pill-boxes:—

"Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence,
Enough in any man's own con-sci-ence."

The name of Strangways is an old and familiar one in the county of Dorset. As early as 1436 there was a Sir James Strangways, Judge of the Common Pleas; he was the son of Thomas Strangways, and appears to have come from Lancashire in the time of Richard II. This and a great deal more about the family will be found in the pedigree compiled from documents by Lady Harriet Frampton of Moreton, collected and set forth in Hutchins' monumental work. Sir Giles Strangways was granted the site of the monastery and lands at Abbotsbury in the thirty-fifth year of Henry VIII's reign, and they are in the hands of his descendant, Lord Ilchester, to this day. On the waters of the "Fleet," near which the Abbey stood, there is still a great flock of swans—survivors of those formerly kept by the monks of Abbotsbury, which greatly exceeded the present number.

Without pursuing the family history further, we may give some particulars of two members, namely, John Strangways, and his son, Colonel Giles Strangways, who took a prominent part in the Rebellion on the Royalist side.

Hutchins states that John Strangways was, before the Civil War, "opposed to the Court," and in 1626–7 was confined to the county of Bedford for not complying with a loan. Being discharged, he was zealous for the remonstrance of grievances. He was Member of Parliament for Oxford in 1644, and "engaged himself, all his relations, his fortune and interest in the service

of the royal cause with great fidelity, and suffered extremely for it by imprisonment, plundering, fines and sequestrations," and this we may clearly see was the case when we find him being taken prisoner at Sherborne Castle in 1645. His son, Giles (of whom more hereafter), was fined £10,000 for the service of the navy, and was sent to the Tower, as was Sir John. "They were admitted to compound, and the fine accepted; one moiety to be paid in hand, and the other in two months; Sir John to be released on the first payment, and Giles on the second. Sir John alleged that he was unable to pay the whole sum, but offered £7,000 which was refused, and he was remanded to the Tower." And here it appears they remained until 1648, in April of which year John was "disabled" as a Member for Weymouth, and on submitting to the fine was discharged, but Giles continued a hostage within twenty miles of London until the second payment was made. In June of this year their sequestration was removed. John was Member for Weymouth under James I and Charles I, and also in the thirteenth year of Charles II. There is a portrait of him in Wadham College, Oxford, in his seventy-sixth year, which would give the date of his birth as 1587.

The reputation of John Strangways as a staunch cavalier, though well-deserved, would seem to be eclipsed by that of his son, Giles, who shared his father's sacrifices and his sufferings both in body and estate. In body, because he was imprisoned for thirty months in the White Tower; in estate, because he paid his full share of the very heavy exaction made by the Parliamentarians on the estate of the Strangways. He first comes into notice as Colonel of Horse in the army of King Charles I, and was in command of a regiment in the army which acted under Prince Maurice in the West. In June, 1645, he was "disabled" as a member for Bridport, and imprisoned in the Tower as before mentioned. It is interesting to find that he caused a gold medal commemorating this incarceration to be struck. This bears on the obverse a portrait of himself, and on the reverse the White Tower. It is the work of John Roettier,* well-known as one of the finest medallists who ever worked in this country. We cannot but admire the execution of this medal and the admirable way in which the head, so full of expression, is rendered.

Bishop Parker has given Giles Strangways a remarkable character for all the virtues. He terms him a man of old and illustrious family, of great wealth and justly celebrated for his fidelity. Strangways fought through the Civil War for Charles with great bravery, and, says the bishop:—

"What a man could do for the king he did, and more. Moreover, he was extremely popular in his relations with everyone, and on this account no one had more influence in his part of the country than he had," etc. When

* There were three Roettiers—John, Joseph and Philip; they were introduced to Charles II when he was in Holland. It is of the eldest, John, that we possess most examples. He continued to work during the reign of James II and a portion of that of William and Mary.

Charles fled from Worcester in disguise he communicated with Giles Strangways, who was unable to give him actual assistance, but sent him 300 broad pieces, which, says Hutchins, "was perhaps the most seasonable present the Royal fugitive ever received." The same authority, quoting from Lloyd's "Memoirs," estimates that no less than £35,000 was paid by the house of Strangways for its attachment to the crown.

Giles Strangways was member for Melcombe Regis in the fifteenth year of Charles I's reign, and for Bridport in the following year. He was also knight of the shire for the county in Charles II's reign.

There is a rare portrait of him by David Loggan (*ad vivum*) bearing the following lines :—

> "The rest Fame speaks, and Makes his virtue known,
> By zeal to the Church, and loyalty to the Throne.
> The artist in this draught doth Art excel ;
> None but himself can be his parallel.
> But if his steel could his great mind express,
> That would appear in a much nobler dress."

One of these prints was sold in 1800 at the sale of Sir William Musgrave's engravings for ten guineas ; it is reproduced in this book. The genial character of the man, to which Bishop Parker has given testimony, is borne out by Loggan's portrait of him.

As might be expected in times of such political unrest and upheaval as marked the middle and end of the XVII Century, the number of men of parts and action who came to the front, is abnormally large. Statesmen and warriors were much in evidence during all this period, and Dorset had its share of men of this stamp, foremost among whom must be named Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, who was born in 1621 and died in 1683. This versatile politician was conspicuous in nearly all the transactions of the reigns of the two Charles's, being actively engaged in the Civil War and in the Restoration, a member of the "Cabal," and author of the Habeas Corpus Act. He was also implicated in the Rye House Plot, but managed to get away before its discovery into Holland, as noted by John Evelyn, who says "he gave them the slip and got into Holland, where the fox died." Elsewhere the diarist speaks of Shaftesbury as "a crafty and ambitious Earle."

Anything in the shape of a memoir of this talented man would require a volume in itself. Without entering into the details of his career we may quote a judicious summary of his character from the pages of Granger, wherein it is said of him : "The great talents of the earl of Shaftesbury, and his exact knowledge of men and things, contributed to render him one of the first characters of his age. But the violence of his passions, and the flexibility of his principles, prompted him to act very different, and even contrary parts.

This was in some measure owing to the changes in the times in which he lived; but is more to be attributed to the mutability of his character, which ever varied with the interests of his ambition. When we consider him as sitting in the highest tribunal in the kingdom, explaining and correcting the laws, detecting fraud, and exerting all the powers of his eloquence on the side of justice, we admire the able lawyer, the commanding orator, and the upright judge. But when he enters into all the iniquitous measures of the Cabal, when he prostitutes his eloquence to enslave his country, and becomes the factious leader and the popular incendiary; we regard him with an equal mixture of horror and regret."

Dryden takes a more favourable view, or at any rate pays a fine tribute to him as judge, for in his "Achitophel" occur the following familiar lines:—

> "In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
> With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
> Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
> Swift of despatch, and easy of access."

Anthony was born at Wimborne St. Giles, the son of Sir John Cooper, Bart.; he studied at Exeter College, Oxford, and entered as law student at Lincoln's Inn in 1638. His zealous services on behalf of the Restoration were rewarded by King Charles II with elevation to the peerage as Lord Ashley. Twelve years later he was made Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Chancellor.

A few words may be added with regard to Shaftesbury's connection with the "Cabal." Macaulay says of its members that "they soon made that appellation (*i.e.*, the Cabal) so infamous that it has never since their time been used except as a term of reproach." He goes so far as to say that "Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale were men in whom the immorality which was epidemic among the politicians of that age appeared in its most malignant type, but variously modified by great diversities of temper and understanding. Buckingham was a sated man of pleasure, who had turned to ambition as a pastime." . . . . "Ashley, with a far stronger head, and with a far fiercer and more earnest ambition, had been equally versatile. But Ashley's versatility was the effect, not of levity, but of deliberate selfishness. He had served and betrayed a succession of governments. But he had timed all his treacheries so well that, through all revolutions, his fortunes had constantly been rising. The multitude, struck with admiration by a prosperity which, whilst everything else was constantly changing, remained unchangeable, attributed to him a prescience almost miraculous, and likened him to the Hebrew statesman of whom it is written that his counsel was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God."

The ability of this distinguished family has been nobly maintained and exemplified in the person of the seventh Earl, but as he belongs to the Victorian age an account of him must be reserved for a later chapter.

Apropos the numerous portraits of the first Earl of Shaftesbury, a story relating to one, given by Walpole in his "Anecdotes of Painting," may be recalled. Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury went to Simon Varelst, the artist, to sit for his portrait. He was received by the artist with his hat on. "Don't you know me?" said the peer. "Yes," replied the painter, "you are my Lord Chancellor. And do you know me? I am Varelst. The king can make any man Chancellor, but he can make nobody a Varelst." Shaftesbury was disgusted and sat to John Greenhill: there is a portrait of him in the National Gallery which may be assumed to be this one, and another, also by Greenhill, in the collection of the Earl of Malmesbury.

A portrait of this first Earl of Shaftesbury of a different nature is in the shape of a medal by G. Bower, which is not only interesting in itself, but illustrates an episode in his life. This medal was struck in the year 1681 when he was acquitted on the charge of high treason for which, says Hutchins, "he was indicted . . . on a frivolous charge of one Haines, that he had endeavoured to suborn him." Shaftesbury was committed to the Tower, where he was detained upwards of four months before he was brought to trial. He was released on the grand jury not finding a true bill. Many lampoons appeared on both sides, and Dryden published a satire upon the event which he termed the "Medal," in which are the following lines:—

> "One side is filled with title and with face;
> And lest the King should want a regal place:
> On the reverse a tower the town surveys,
> O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.
> The word pronounc'd aloud, by shrieval voice,
> *Laetamur*, which in Polish is Rejoice."

The term "Polish" in the last line is to be explained by the fact that one of the many charges brought against the Earl by his enemies was that he had the vanity to expect to be chosen king of Poland. Turning to the medal itself, we find the features striking and very strongly marked. The reverse is a view of London, showing the river and bridge, and the sun appearing from behind the clouds. It is inscribed "Laetamur."

In the church of Wimborne St. Giles, amongst many monuments of the Coopers (or, as they are better known, the Shaftesbury family), is a statue executed at Naples, representing "polite literature mourning the death of her most distinguished votary." This sounds somewhat high-flown testimony to the greatness of Anthony, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury, grandson of the first Earl, whose memory is thus perpetuated. He was, however, a very remarkable man, and is well-known as the author of "Characteristics." The monument formerly bore the above inscription, but the modesty of one of his successors has altered it, and it now reads "a celebrated author," and this it may be

conceded he was. Hutchins seems to have a prejudice against him, at any rate he does not share the enthusiasm of the inscription on the statue, for he says, "Lord Shaftesbury may be styled a pedantic coxcombical writer, full of conceit of his own taste in philosophy." He adds, "Dr. Jortin is said to have called him a conceited, fantastical, and half-learned writer."

He was born in 1671. At the age of twenty-four he entered the House of Commons as member for Poole, having travelled in Italy, France and Germany. He appears to have joined the Whig party, at any rate he voted with them, and he was dismissed from the Vice-Admiralship of Dorset, whereupon he withdrew to Holland in 1703–4, and died at Naples in 1713.

Shaftesbury has been described as a moral philosopher, Like the first Earl he was a friend and patron of Locke, and "himself enjoyed the tuition of that great and excellent man," says Shaw, who contrasts the political and private conduct of the third Earl with the "factiousness and profligacy" of the first Earl, the Chancellor. As to the question of his literary reputation, the critic just named, whilst admitting that Shaftesbury has "become comparatively obscure," concedes that he stood very high both as a moralist and metaphysician, and terms his writing "an elegant and classical model of English prose."

The career of Sir John Trenchard, second son of Thomas Trenchard of Wolfeton, Dorchester, is marked by the vicissitudes and changes which characterised the history of the time in which he lived. If one may judge from the pages of Burnett's "History of his own Times," Trenchard appears to have changed sides more than once, and to have had the dexterity or good fortune to escape the consequences of being connected with the Rye House Plot and the Titus Oates Plot, also with the Monmouth Rebellion.

Having studied at New College, Oxford, he entered at the Middle Temple, and was made Member for Taunton in 1679. He represented Dorchester in 1688, and Poole two years later.

In Burnett's History will be found an account of how narrow an escape Trenchard must have had after the failure of Monmouth's rising. As the scene was laid in Dorset, and Trenchard is essentially a Dorset man, we may quote a few lines from that work :—

"March 23, 1692–3, Sir John Trenchard was sworn one of their principal Majesties' secretaries of State, and of the privy council. He had been engaged far with the Duke of Monmouth, as has been observed, for which he was charged with attempting to raise a body of men in Taunton, but failed in it. He got out of England, and lived some years beyond sea, and had a true knowledge of foreign affairs. He was a calm and sedate man, and much more moderate than could have been expected, since he had been a leading man in a party. He had too great a regard for the stars, and too little for religion. He had moved the Exclusion Bill in the House of Commons."

CHARLES II.
From an Enamel
By courtesy of the Duke of Northumberland.

DORCHESTER AS IT APPEARED IN 1669.

Then in the pages of Hutchins we find : " He was at dinner with Mr. William Speke at Ilminster, when advice came of the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemore. Mr. Trenchard immediately mounted his horse, and advised Mr. Speke to do the same, lest he should be seized and hanged for his attachment to the duke. Mr. Trenchard reached Litchet ; but instead of going to his house, concealed himself in the lodge of the park belonging to the keeper, whom he sent to secure him a passage on board a vessel at Weymouth. Tradition says, at the moment he was embarking, his friend Speke was hanging before his own door at Ilminster. He was the confidential friend of King William, by whom he was commissioned to concert measures with his friends on this side of the water, and ensure his favourable reception ; for which purpose he made several voyages into Holland, and finally attended the King when he came over to take possession of the government. He was serjeant-at-law to King William and Queen Mary, and chief justice of Chester. Upon King William's offering to make him a judge, he declined, alleging his incompetency for the place of chief justice of Chester."

There is a three-quarter length portrait of him sitting in his robes, wearing a long wig, which was engraved in mezzotint by James Watson.

Sir John Trenchard had a son of the same name as himself (born in 1669, died 1723). He was a political writer of some note, being the author of the volume published under the title of " Cato's Letters." This is his best-known work.

Thomas Pitt, described as merchant, and Governor of Madras, has a reputation which may be termed unique. According to the " Dictionary of National Biography," when residing at Madras, in India, he kept a constant look out for large diamonds, hence he is often known as " Diamond Pitt."

He was born at Blandford in 1653. In Queen Anne's reign he was appointed to the governorship of Fort St. George in the East Indies, where he lived for many years, and gained an immense fortune. He was member of parliament for Old Sarum, and for Thirsk, and was grandfather of the first Earl of Chatham. He repaired and beautified the church of St. Mary at Blandford, where he was buried in 1726.

In the pages of Hutchins there is a long account of various historic diamonds, in which the story of the " Pitt Diamond " is fully told. Without going into the detail there furnished, we may note that, it having been reported that Pitt gained this famous diamond by a stretch of power, he declared " in a very solemn manner " that he had bought it for some £20,000, but, adds Hutchins, " a further vindication was thought necessary in a sermon preached at his funeral by Mr. Richard Eyre, Canon of Sarum." The Pitt Diamond was reckoned the largest jewel in Europe, weighing 127 carats. When polished

it was as big as a pullet's egg. Pitt sold it to the King of France for £135,000. In the plunder of all the royal property in the French Revolution, the diamond was stolen, but recovered, and is described in 1825 by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" as being then "among the King of France's jewels."

There is a portrait of Governor Pitt at Boconnock, with the diamond in his hat, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. This was lent by the Hon. G. M. Fortescue to the National Portrait Exhibition in 1867. It represents him full-length, seated, with armour on the floor to his right.

Although Dorset has not been the scene of any very important conflict recorded in history, no doubt it had its share of fighting in those early days to which allusion has been made, when the camps and earthworks which stand in many parts of the South of England were constructed, although we have no record of such beyond the tradition of a great battle at Badbury, as to which antiquaries still dispute. We read also of the destruction of a fleet of the Danes in Swanwick, or, as it is now called, Swanage Bay; but how far the dispersal of this fleet was due to the elements, and how far to the defenders of our coasts, remains unknown. The most prominent place in annals of this nature must be given to the siege and defence of Corfe Castle, which was held for King Charles I. Again, the siege of Lyme, which was held by the Parliamentarians, was a stirring episode which I have dealt with in connection with Admiral Blake. Dorchester also was fortified, and had a reputation for "Malignancy"; and we meet in the county annals with the names of King Charles I, Prince Rupert and his brother Prince Maurice, Cromwell, the Earl of Essex, Sir William Waller, Sir Thomas Fairfax, Goring and others. But it is for Mary, Lady Bankes that the distinction of being the only woman who figures prominently in Dorset history may be claimed, and she played the leading part in its most stirring episode.

The heroic defence of Corfe Castle, with the assistance of her serving maids and five male retainers, will always be regarded by Dorset men with pride. Lady Bankes was the only daughter and heiress of Ralph Hawtrey of Ruislip, Middlesex. After the surrender of Corfe she resided in London, but her country residence was Damory Court, Blandford, where she died in April, 1661, her husband, Sir John Bankes, having predeceased her some seventeen years. In Ruislip Church is a monument to Lady Bankes, in which she is justly described as having "borne with a constancy and courage above her sex a noble proportion of the late calamities," by which, of course, is meant the Civil War. We have in "Mercurius Rusticus" a contemporary account of the siege, which commences thus:—

"There is in the Isle of Purbecke a strong castle called Corrffe Castle, seated on a very steep hill . . . the structure of the Castle is so strong, the ascent so steep, the walls so massie and thick that it is one of the impregnablest forts

of the kingdome . . . This Castle is now in the possession of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Bankes, etc., etc., who receiving commands from the king to attend him at Yorke in Easter terme 1641, had leave from the two Houses to obey those commands."

Then follows a complete and most interesting account of this well-known and memorable siege, too long, however, to be quoted in this volume.

After the capture of Corfe by the Parliamentarians this stately stronghold was what was termed "slighted," that is to say it was blown up by gunpowder, as far as its very strong and massive masonry permitted. The results of this are to be seen in the displacement of the bastions and huge fragments of wall which have been hurled bodily down the slope, and otherwise thrown out of position, as witness the old view in Hutchins, which represents the castle as it appeared about the middle of the XVIII century. There it will be noticed that one side of the gateway, the left on entering, with its beautiful Edwardian masonry, has been removed by the force of the explosion several feet in advance of the other. This partial destruction of what must have been one of the finest castles in the Kingdom, is well shown in the illustration of Corfe, seen from a little distance, as given here, in which the unique position of the castle, forming an entrance gate to and guarding the Isle of Purbeck, may be realised. The memories of this grim fortress, with its scenes of imprisonment and of warfare, are heightened in our minds by contrast with this beautiful view, in which the peaceful labours of husbandry are being pursued beneath a summer sun.

George Digby was the eldest son of John, first Baron Digby, and first Earl of Bristol (who has been referred to in the preceding chapter), by Beatrice, daughter of Charles Walcot. He was born in 1612 in Madrid, where his father was then the English Ambassador. We may note in passing an interesting episode connected with the early life of this nobleman. His father fell out with Buckingham, owing to the Duke's imprudence and impetuosity over the Spanish match. The result was that the favourite of James procured the Ambassador's recall, and he was committed to the Tower on his arrival in London. Here he determined to appeal for redress to the House of Commons, and made his son, whose career we are here sketching, and who was only twelve years of age, the bearer of his petition to the House. We are told that the lad was of "incomparable beauty," and presented the petition at the Bar of the House with such graceful confidence, accompanied by the delivery of a few words with such feeling, and with such fluent expression as to excite the astonishment of the Commons. He had been educated on the Continent up to this time, and on the 15th of October, 1626, two years after the return from Spain, he was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, where, according to Lodge, "he was the wonder of his tutors, and the envy of his compeers for

the extent and variety of his natural talents, and of acquirements which he seemed to gain without effort."

This versatility no doubt furnishes the key to the character of this nobleman, who is remarkable for the inconsistencies of his conduct throughout his life. I think it is Walpole who speaks of him as a "singular person whose life was one contradiction. He wrote against Popery and embraced it. He was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act though a Roman Catholic, and addicted himself to astrology on the birthday of true philosophy." After leaving college he would seem to have spent several years in retirement at Sherborne Castle, where he read and wrote, uttering, amongst other things, a severe invective against the Church of Rome, addressed to Sir Kenelm Digby.

What may be termed an accident brought him into public life, for during one of his occasional visits to London he had an encounter, within the precincts of Whitehall, with a gentleman of the Court whom he wounded and disarmed. For this he was immediately imprisoned and proceeded against with severity. After his release he returned to his father, vowing vengeance against the Court, to serve which purpose he sat for the county of Dorset in the parliament of 1640, but this did not last a full month; he was again returned for Dorset to the Long Parliament. Here his great abilities appear to have been immediately recognised, for he was at once entrusted with the motion for a select committee to frame a remonstrance to the king on the public grievances. His speech on this occasion was marked by and followed by others of great eloquence. We next find him the chief instrument in the prosecution of Strafford. In this matter he completely changed sides, thereby exciting the anger of the Parliamentarians, and a resentment which would have found expression had not the king called him to the House of Peers on the 19th of June, 1641.

Digby is credited with giving advice to Charles which led to the king adopting the desperate measure of the impeachment of the five members in January, 1641; but in this matter, again, Lord Digby performed a complete *volte face*, and, having advised their impeachment, Clarendon tells us that Digby whispered in the king's ear that he "was very mischievously advised"; yet, in spite of this, he went to Charles and offered his services to seize the members with an armed force, and to convey them, dead or alive, whithersoever the king might be pleased to command. On this becoming known, Digby became the most unpopular man in the kingdom, and fled to Holland, whereupon the Commons impeached him of High Treason. On the Continent Digby got into communication with Henrietta Maria. Becoming weary of exile and inactivity he sailed for England, and contrived to reach York undiscovered, where he had an interview with the king. It was arranged that he should return to Holland to expedite supplies of arms and ammunition. The

vessel in which he sailed was captured and brought into Hull; but—and here we see the versatility of the man—he disguised himself as a Frenchman, and, as he spoke that language fluently, he lay in the hold "pretending extreme sickness," and was thus able to destroy his papers.

We cannot follow all the career of this inconsistent man, but we may mention just a few of the leading events in his after-life. He fought for Charles I at Edgehill; quarrelled with Prince Rupert; was made Secretary of State, and Privy Councillor a year afterwards; and High Steward of Oxford University in the same year. He was subsequently defeated at Carlisle Sands, when he withdrew to France. Here he intrigued against Mazarin, and was forced to leave the country. In 1657 Charles II re-appointed him Secretary of State, but being a Roman Catholic, he was not allowed to retain the seals. He was made a Knight of the Garter in the year after the Restoration. Three years afterwards he attacked Lord Clarendon, and preferred a charge of High Treason against him, which the House of Peers rejected with scorn. Charles issued a warrant for his apprehension, and Digby again fled and remained concealed for nearly two years, when, by the influence of the Duchess of Cleveland, he appears to have been reconciled to the king. The last act in his public life which we shall record was one of characteristic inconsistency, as, in spite of his ardent professions of Roman Catholicism, he voted in Parliament for the Test Act in 1673.

George Digby married Anne, second daughter of Francis, Earl of Bedford. She survived him twenty years, and was buried at Chenies. Authorities differ as to the date of his death. Hutchins gives it as 1676, whilst in Lodge the date is given as 1677,

He is well-known in the portraiture of this time from the beautiful picture by Van Dyck representing him with his brother-in-law, William, Earl of Bedford. They are full-length figures, Lord Bristol in black, and Lord Bedford in red. The painting is now in the collection of Earl Spencer. These, with other works, formerly belonged to the Earl of Sunderland, and John Evelyn records in his "Diary" having seen them in 1685, when he dined with his Lordship. He says "There was in the room where we dined, and in his bed-chamber (amongst others) those incomparable pieces of the late Earl of Digby, father of the Countess of Sunderland, and Earle of Bedford, Sir Kenelm Digby and two Ladys of incomparable performance."

Another member of the Digby family was William, fifth Baron Digby, whose portrait, with his two sons, painted by Joseph Highmore, may still be seen at Sherborne.

The life of this nobleman does not appear to have been marked by anything very remarkable, and forms a striking contrast to that of his ancestor, George, Earl of Bristol. This William, fifth Baron, was known as "the good

Lord Digby," and as a nobleman of great honour, virtue and piety; he was one of the earliest members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1689 he represented the county of Warwick. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III, and died in 1752 at ninety-two years of age, "full of days and full of honour."

As we have seen in a preceding chapter the name of Portman has long been familiar in Dorset, and the family has been settled at Bryanston, near Blandford, since the time of Sir William Portman, Chief Justice in the reign of Edward VI, who bought the mansion—one of the finest seats in Dorset—from the family of Rogers. The Sir William Portman that we have now to deal with was born in 1641, presumably at Orchard Portman, near Taunton, where he was the last of the family to reside; he was knighted by Charles II. Perhaps the most outstanding event in connection with the life of this gentleman is the fact that he was the capturer of Monmouth, whom, on the morning of the 8th of July, in 1685, he discovered in a field, lying in a ditch under an ash tree, covered with ferns and brambles. Sir William, who was educated at Oxford, was Member for Taunton for many years, at intervals between 1661 and 1690. He was an extremely influential man in the West of England. At the time of the Monmouth Rebellion he had a commission as Deputy Lieutenant, and was empowered by James to march his militia into any of the Western counties. When the unhappy Monmouth was taken, Sir William Portman, with Lord Lumley, watched him day and night until he was taken to Whitehall prior to his confinement in the Tower. Sir William Portman was married three times, but died without issue in 1690.

Under the heading of "Class V. Commoners in great employments," Granger describes an oval engraving of him. He adds that Sir William Portman married Sir John Cutler's daughter, and quotes Lloyd's "Worthies" to the effect that the Portman family was so ancient that Lloyd "could find no original."

Amongst the memorable persons mentioned by the worthy Fuller is Arthur Gregory of Lyme, of whom he says that he "had the admirable art of forcing the seal of a letter; yet so invisibly, that it still appeared a virgin to the exactest beholder. Secretary Walsingham made great use of him about the packets which passed from foreign parts to Mary Queen of Scotland. He had a pension paid unto him for his good service out of the Exchequer; and died at Lyme, about the beginning of the reign of King James." But this accomplishment, it must be said, hardly seems to qualify Gregory to be styled a Dorset "Worthy."

Another name which Fuller thinks worthy of mention, although his claim

Map of Wanderings of Charles II. after Worcester.

appears to be of the slenderest, is Thomas More. "He dwelt at Melpash in the parish of Netherby, and by tradition is represented a very humorous person," one of his performances being to set open the prison in a "wild frolic," says Fuller, "and let loose many of the malefactors." Afterwards he procured his pardon at court, through the mediation of William Paulet, Lord Treasurer, and Marquis of Winchester.

Captain Coram holds a position in this century peculiar to himself. He was the most noted philanthropist the county of Dorset has produced. He planned many philanthropic schemes for the Colonies of North America, but it is with the Foundling Hospital, London, that his fame is most closely associated.

Thomas Coram was born at Lyme Regis. The date of his birth is generally given as 1668. He was master of a vessel trading to the Colonies, and is described in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as a ship-builder at Taunton, Mass.,* in 1694; merchant in London in 1720; a trustee for Georgia in 1732; and as having planned the colonisation of Nova Scotia in 1735. Coram's exertions for the foundation of the Foundling Hospital, to which he devoted many years of unrequited toil, resulted in his obtaining a charter in 1739. The building, however, was not opened until some six years after. These and other charitable works exhausted his means, and he was supported by a small pension raised by subscription in 1749. He died two years later at a ripe old age. In Hogarth's portrait of him, the original of which hangs at the Foundling, benevolence shines forth from every feature of his face.

It must be allowed that Hogarth certainly achieved his purpose of making a fine picture of this worthy man. He declared it to be "the portrait he painted with most pleasure, and in which he particularly desired to excel." It has been engraved by W. Nutter, and was published in 1796 by Cribb, of Holborn, who dedicated the plate to the Governors and Guardians of the Foundling Hospital. In this dedication a tribute is paid to Captain Coram: it speaks of his seventeen years' unwearied application to obtain the charter which we see on the table by his side. There is also another portrait of him by Hogarth, a half length, which was engraved by MacArdell, and was published in 1749. Brocklesby says Coram was rather hot-tempered but credits him with "sterling kindness of heart."

* Coram's father was supposed to have been a ship's captain who settled in Massachusetts.

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CHAPTER V.

The XVIII Century.

IN many respects the XVIII Century may be regarded as amongst the most remarkable and interesting in our annals, although it was not marked by any such scenes of carnage as were witnessed in these islands in the Wars of the Roses, nor by any upheaval such as accompanied the Great Rebellion. The Jacobite Rebellion may be disregarded in this connection, inasmuch as it never really disturbed the current of our national life. But if the course of events in England was comparatively smooth, it was far otherwise abroad, and it was in this century that a new nation, to be known hereafter as the United States of America arose on the Western Continent, whilst an old era of sovereignty ended with the "ancien régime" in France. In Canada the French were driven out, and in India the foundations of the British Empire in that vast country were laid. An analysis of the names connected with the county of Dorset during this period comprises so large a proportion of antiquaries, authors and artists, as to amount to nearly half of those who have fair claim to be reckoned as Wessex Worthies. It is true that the earlier part of the century is known as our Augustan Age of Literature, but even allowing the justness of that expression, it hardly accounts for the preponderance of names belonging to the categories that I have pointed out. Moreover, in dealing with the numerous literary and artistic men, and, we may add, women, of the XVIII Century, we shall find that the distinction cannot be drawn in any hard and fast line; for example, the Rev. John Hutchins was, of course, a Divine, but he was also an eminent Antiquary. Again, William Crowe and James Miller were Divines, but also Poets. In the same way Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, was a member of Parliament, a political pamphleteer, and a wit, so that it is somewhat difficult to know whether to classify him as a statesman or an author.

Mention has been made above of the astonishing industry of Hutchins and of Granger; to these names must be added that of Browne Willis, who was born at Blandford St. Mary in 1682. The Bodleian Library is rich in his work, and possesses no less than one hundred and fifty volumes of his manuscript in the shape of topographical collections—a fact which speaks for itself if

an estimate of his industry is desired. Willis was educated at Westminster, and at Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the Inner Temple in 1700. As a distinguished Antiquarian, he took part in reviving the Society of Antiquaries, some seventeen years after he entered the Temple, and he was elected F.S.A. in 1718; his principal work, a "History of the Counties, Cities and Boroughs of England and Wales," having appeared some three years previous to that date. Born in the reign of James II, he lived to the first year of George III (1760).

He is reputed to have been the first to have collected trade tokens, his collection of which is now in the Bodleian at Oxford.

Another Antiquary especially identified with the county is Sir Peter Thompson, Kt., F.R.S., F.S.A., third son of Captain Thompson of Poole, where he was born in 1698. Sir Peter is described in Hutchins as "an eminent Hamburg merchant, engaged in mercantile business more than forty years, during which he chiefly resided in Mill Street, Bermondsey, in the county of Surrey, and was in the Commission of Peace." He represented St. Albans from 1747 to 1754. In 1763, having supplied "the want of a liberal education by a conversation with men, and books," continues Hutchins, "he made it his choice to withdraw from the engagements of commercial affairs, that he might enjoy the pleasures of studious retirement and reflection, and the conversation of his friends in the place of his birth; where he lived respected by all ranks of people for his affability and benevolence; and where, in an agreeable situation in Market Street," he had built, some years before, a handsome house in which he formed a collection of books, manuscripts, fossils and curiosities. He further collected, says the same authority, "with great care and expense, all the ancient records that could be found relating to this town (Poole) in the public offices in London, as well as in the archives here"; these he communicated to the historian of his native county.

In the person of the Rev. John Hutchins, M.A., we have a Dorset Worthy of the first rank, inasmuch as he combines in himself literary qualifications and also antiquarian knowledge of the highest distinction; moreover he was born, lived and died in Dorset, having first seen the light at Bradford Peverell, near Dorchester, in 1698, and dying, presumably at Wareham, in 1773. Although he thus lived beyond the allotted span of man, we cannot but marvel at the enormous amount of work which Hutchins has left as a testimony of his industry and of his knowledge, in the famous "History of Dorset"—four volumes, folio. This work is so well-known, and it may be added, so voluminous, that it is out of the question to deal with it here. The index of persons mentioned alone numbers some eight thousand names. As was said of Wren, if you want his monument, look at St. Paul's, so we

may say of Hutchins, if you want to know what he was, look at his "History of Dorset."

There is one name in connection with the history of the antiquities of the county of Dorset, which should be recorded, although it is not likely to be forgotten inasmuch as there is a generous tribute to him from the pen of the Rev. Charles Bingham in Hutchins's "History of Dorset." The name is that of John Shipp, Bookseller, Blandford. He may be said to have devoted his life to the production of that *magnum opus*. The above-named tribute expresses the indebtedness of antiquarians in general, and those of Dorset in particular, to the labour of this excellent man.

It may be interesting to add that in 1808 a fire took place on his premises which consumed the whole that was printed of the second edition of the three volumes, except a single copy preserved in the Library at Enfield, together with all that remained unsold of the first two volumes—only one hundred and twelve of these had been previously sold.

Hutchins was Rector of Holy Trinity, Wareham, as he was also of Swire There is a portrait of him, wearing a wig and in clerical attire, after C. Bestland, indifferently engraved by John Collimore; it is here reproduced.

Bestland was a fairly well-known artist, whose works have been sold at good prices, especially a pair entitled "A St. Giles' Beauty" and "A St. James' Beauty." He also painted miniatures.*

In the same category, and belonging to the same town, although he pertains to the following century, mention may be made here of Henry Durden. Born in 1807, he lived to an advanced age, dying in 1892. He was a man of a very retiring disposition but an enthusiastic and careful collector of those early remains in which Dorset is so rich.

The late Dr. Wake Smart, in a memoir of Mr. Durden, contributed to the Dorset Field Club, speaks of the collection made by Mr. Durden as "unique . . . rich in Celtic and Roman antiquities, many of them of surpassing excellence and rarity." He expresses a wish that the collection should become the property of the Dorset Museum. That, however, was not to be, and it was purchased in its entirety by the Trustees of the British Museum.

It may be doubted whether the literary fame of Christopher Pitt, M.A., and Rector of Pimperne, has been sustained up to our time, but he is described by Hutchins as one of the most eminent poets of his day, and Dr. Johnson thought him of sufficient importance to make an elaborate comparison between him and Dryden. Pitt was the son of another Christopher, a physician who

* *See* Foster's "Miniature Painters, British and Foreign," Vol. II.

practised at Blandford for many years with much success. The younger Christopher was educated at Winchester; he took his degree of M.A. at Oxford, and was made Fellow of New College in 1724. He died in 1748.

His first publication seems to have been "Juvenile Poems" in 1727, which Johnson considered did not rise above mediocrity. His most important work was his translation of Virgil's "Æneid," which appeared in 1740 in two volumes, of which the above-named great critic says that "Dryden leads the reader forward by his great vigour and sprightliness, and Pitt often stops him to contemplate the excellence of a single couplet . . . Pitt pleases the critics and Dryden the people; Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read."

There is a portrait of Pitt in Bell's "Poets," issued in 1782.

The name of Stillingfleet is associated with Cranborne, though, as noted in a preceding chapter, the family came originally from Yorkshire. There is another distinguished member of it to be mentioned, *viz.*, Benjamin, whose father was John Stillingfleet, D.D., elder brother to the Bishop. This Benjamin was born in 1702 and died in 1771, having achieved a reputation as an author and for his knowledge of Botany. He was also a musician and mathematician; in short, he appears, to have possessed great versatility of genius and extensive knowledge.

He was educated at Norwich, and in 1720 entered as a subsidar at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his degree three years after. In Hutchins' "History of Dorset" will be found a long account of Mr. Stillingfleet's works, and a pedigree of the family is also given. A libretto was written by him for an oratorio of "Paradise Lost," performed in Covent Garden in 1760. The publication of his "Miscellaneous Tracts in Natural History" may be considered as the era of the establishment of Linnæan botany in England.

Mr. Pennant has left an eulogium on Stillingfleet in the fourth volume of his "British Zoology."

Zoffany painted his portrait, and there is a mezzotint by Valentine Green from it. It was a private plate and bears this inscription, "To revive in their memories the Image of so worthy a man many of these prints have been distributed amongst his friends. Multus ille bonis flebilis occidit." Chaloner Smith says of this, "the plates having been purposely destroyed, the impressions from it are very rare."

Second only to Hutchins in connection with our subject, and probably foremost in his own line as a print-collector and biographer, stands the name of the Rev. James Granger. He was born at Shaftesbury in 1723, was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and became Vicar of Shiplake in that county. He is said to have collected 14,000 engraved portraits, and his work on the subject is as valuable as it is well-known. It professes to deal with the biographical

history of England from Saxon times to the Rebellion, "adapted to a methodical catalogue of engraved British heads." He thus describes it in the title page of his work, which appeared in 1769. In addition to information as to the authorship, inscriptions and so forth, of the engravings, the work is interspersed with much interesting matter. It may be noted, by the way, that the book was dedicated to Horace Walpole. It is plain therefrom that Walpole then had a reputation which does not accord with the somewhat contemptuous terms which we often find used in connection with him. Granger says "Your writings speak for themselves . . . Your virtues are as well-known as your literary accomplishments . . . I pretend to little more merit than the keeper of a muster-roll, who is by no means intitled to share the honours or rewards of brave and active soldiers, only for writing down their names." But as a matter of fact the information collected in Granger's work is of great interest and value. The preparation of what the author himself calls "this singular book" was, he says, "the employment of his leisure hours for several years," and this may be well believed when we examine its contents, and realise the immense amount of research involved. In the dedication to which we have referred he speaks of himself thus :—"I have attempted to act the part of a humble author; but have no kind of anxiety for fame. If I have an ambition for anything, it is to be an honest man and a good parish-priest."

In the first edition of his work there is the portrait of him, which is here shown, engraved in the chalk manner, as it is called, by D. P. Parriset after Peter Falconet. He is represented in clerical attire, wears a wig, and he would be, at that time, in his fifty-third year.

There are several names belonging to this century, and associated with Dorset, which come under the classification both of Divines and of Literary men. Of these Joseph Towers is one. He was born at Sherborne in 1737, and was a dissenting minister at Highgate and elsewhere, but he is best known as a biographer. In his youth he was apprenticed to Mr. Goadby as a printer. From 1766 to 1772 he acted as editor of the "British Biography," and later was joint editor of "Biographia Britannica." He was made LL.D. of Edinburgh and died in 1799.

Reference has just been made to Mr. Goadby as a printer. Robert Goadby was not a native of Sherborne, but resided there for many years, and was in an extensive way of business as a bookseller and printer. Hutchins says of him that "few men have been more generally known in the West of England than he was," and adds, "and few had more friends or more enemies." He was the author of several compilations of a moral or religious tendency, of which "Illustration of the Holy Scriptures," published in 1759, appears to

TRENT MANOR.
Interior of the room lived in by Charles II.
By courtesy of Mrs. Drummond.

be the most important, and, says the authority we have just quoted, "notwithstanding its large size—three bulky volumes in folio—it has been perused by many thousands, a tenth edition having been printed." He published the "Sherborne Mercury," a weekly paper which, in its infancy, scarcely exceeded in dimensions a sheet of common writing paper. The "Sherborne Journal" was, I believe, its successor.

William Crowe appears to have enjoyed a very high reputation in his day for the "elegance" of his poetry, "the easy flow and varied cadence of which can challenge comparison with our most celebrated poems in blank verse." Thus Hutchins, whilst Samuel Rogers, himself a poet, pays a high tribute to the powers of Crowe, of whom he says "When travelling in Italy, I made two authors my constant study for versification—Milton and Crowe!" The Dorset poet, born in 1745, was a scholar of Winchester, also a Fellow of New College, Oxford, of which University he was made Public Orator in 1784, a post he held until 1829. He was in 1787 made Rector of Alton Barnes, Wiltshire. His most admired poem was "Lewesdon Hill," the stilted style of which will probably be deemed little to the taste of the present day.

Thomas Russell was a Divine who seems to have been a man of extraordinary promise, and who died prematurely in his twenty-sixth year. He was the son of an attorney of Beaminster, where he was born in 1762. He was educated at Winchester, and when only eighteen was elected Fellow of New College, Oxford. He was eminently distinguished, according to Hutchins, not only by his classical knowledge, but also for an extensive acquaintance with the best authors in the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German languages. His untimely death is commemorated by a monument in Poorstock Church, and was no doubt a loss to the literature of his country.

Sir James Thornhill was born at Melcombe Regis in 1676. His father being obliged to sell his estate, young Thornhill set out for London, and became a pupil of Highmore, whose connection with the county will be shown later. He appears to have been aided by another Dorset man, namely, Dr. Sydenham, the eminent physician, who was his uncle. Thornhill attained renown as an historic painter, travelled on the Continent, and on his return acquired such a reputation in his profession as to be patronised by Queen Anne. He decorated the cupola of St. Paul's, and the saloon and refectory at Greenwich Hospital, his payment being at the rate of 40*s.* a square yard. Full-sized copies of Raffaelle's cartoons, executed by him, are now in the Royal Academy. After George I had been six years on the throne he made Thornhill Serjeant-Painter, and knighted him. The artist was elected Member of Parliament for his native place, and held the seat for some years, dying in 1734.

There was a portrait of him by himself, the property of Mr. G. C. Handford, shown in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867, representing him as a young man, in blue gold-laced coat, and with reddish hair. Highmore also painted him in a picture which was engraved by Faber. The latter is reproduced in this work, and suggests the character of the man.

With the exception of Sir James Thornhill, Thomas Beach, Giles Hussey and Alfred Stevens, Dorset has not produced an artist of renown, but there are two very distinguished painters' names connected with the county, in the one case by marriage and in the other by residence of some duration. I refer to William Hogarth and John Constable. The former artist greatly angered Sir James Thornhill by marrying his daughter, Jane, but the irate father was ultimately reconciled and allowed his son-in-law to draw his portrait. This marriage with Miss Thornhill was, as far as I am aware, Hogarth's only connection with Dorset.

He painted his wife in a half-length, holding a picture. This was exhibited in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867, when it formed part of the Willett Adye Collection. In the same Exhibition there was shewn by Mr. W. H. Helyar a group of Dorset ladies by Hogarth, viz., the Misses Weston, daughters of William Weston of Stalbridge Weston. One of the four half-length figures in it, the youngest Miss Weston, is holding a parrot. Any picture by Hogarth demands attention, and this has an interest of its own from the fact that Miss Betty, the girl with the bird, is said to have been the original of Sophia Western in Fielding's novel, "Tom Jones." Miss Betty Weston married Mr. W. Helyar, of Coker Court, Yeovil.

The other artist, John Constable, lived at Osmington; he painted Weymouth Bay and the coast thereabouts. Some observations about him and his work will be found in Part II.

The family of Huse, as it was called in Norman times, Huzzy or Hussey, in its modern form, has long been known in the West of England; it is conjectured that it may have sprung from the village of Ussi a few miles north of Falaise, and old French documents mention a William Huse, "le bon moigne de Glastonbire," as treacherously slain by the Saracens in the Crusades, and buried at Glastonbury. In Henry VII's time we find the family at Shapwick in Dorset; without pursuing the pedigree further, we may instance Giles, born in 1710; he inherited estates at Marnhull, which he settled on his nephew in 1787, and died without issue the following year. Hutchins attributes to him "extraordinary genius, skill, and elegance in his art," as well as virtues and an amiable disposition of mind which conciliate affection and secure regard." A long account of this artist is inserted in the pages of the antiquary just

mentioned, too voluminous, not to say high-flown, to be quoted here. What we are more concerned with, is Hussey's rank as a painter, which we may consider after giving a few outlines of his career. The education of Giles Hussey appears to have been widely different from that of the majority of English artists, inasmuch as he was sent to the Benedictine College of Douay at the early age of seven, where he remained two years. Thence he removed to St. Omer, where he studied three years more. After some opposition from his father, Hussey was placed under Richardson the painter for tuition, but continued scarcely a month with him, revolting at the idea of being kept in the bondage of apprenticeship for seven years. He then placed himself as pupil "at large" under Vincenzo Damini, a Venetian artist, practising at that time in England, with whom he remained four years. In company with Damini he set out for Italy in 1730, in due course arriving at Bologna, from which place the Italian decamped, taking with him all his pupil's money and the best of his apparel. This treacherous behaviour threw the young artist into the utmost distress, but after enduring poverty for three months, aided by a poor widow, he was rescued from his position by Signor Gislonzoni, who had been ambassador from Venice to the Court of London, and in this gentleman the artist found a friend and protector, of whom he ever spoke with gratitude. Hussey remained studying at Bologna for three and a half years, when he removed to Rome. Here he became acquainted with a remarkable artist named Ercole Lelli, who from the low station of a blacksmith had, by his genius, made a great reputation. Giles Hussey was treated with the greatest friendship and liberality by this extraordinary man, and when the young Englishman enquired upon what terms Lelli would receive him as his pupil, the artist replied "What we receive from God we should give gratis; and the liberal arts are not to be sold. I accept you, not as a scholar, but as a friend, and wish to be known and called by that title, not by that of your master." Whilst in Rome Hussey appears to have discovered, or thought he had discovered, certain principles of harmony applicable to art, stating that "the true principles of Beauty in Nature were revealed to him in the musical scale of harmonies." These are set forth at great length in the pages of Hutchins, but are far too intricate, not to say fantastical, to be followed in this work. At length in the year 1737, being then twenty-seven years of age, Hussey decided to return to England, and in 1742 went to London, where he submitted to the "drudgery," as he used to call it, of painting portraits for his subsistence. Here he remained some five and twenty years, when, after struggling with these and other difficulties, he retired into the country. On the death of his elder brother some five years later, Hussey was placed in a position of affluence by succeeding to the parental estate at Marnhull. Here he pursued gardening and his favourite studies until the year 1787, when, from religious motives, he resigned all his worldly possessions to a relation,

and retired to Beeston in Devonshire, where, whilst at work in his garden on a sultry day, he suddenly expired.

Hussey appears to have possessed an extremely susceptible mind, and as his newly discovered principles met with great opposition from those to whom he communicated them, he was so deeply affected and so depressed in his spirits as to feel a disgust with the world and almost a dislike to his profession.

As to the rank of Hussey as an artist, it may be doubted whether the opinion passed upon him by the authority we have quoted would be endorsed in these days. His work is described in these terms. "It must be allowed by all who have seen Mr. Hussey's pencil drawings from life, that he has preserved the best characteristic likenesses of any artist whatever. And, with respect to those of mere fancy, no man ever equalled him in accuracy, elegance, simplicity, and beauty. No man, even in the competent judgment of that eminent artist and amiable man, the President of the Royal Academy, ever had more successfully studied and more deeply imbibed, the chaste, pure, and exalted spirit of Greece. The academical drawings he left at Bologna, notwithstanding the school has often been purged, as it is called, by removing old drawings to make room for those of superior merit, are, as I am informed, kept to this day, and shown still, on account of their superior excellence."

Hussey is said to have eked out a scanty living by sketches of Prince Charles Edward Stuart at the time of the Jacobite Rebellion; a reproduction of one of these, by the courtesy of the Duke of Northumberland, I am able to include in this work. At Nash Court was a large collection of drawings and etchings of architectural and other subjects. Amongst Hussey's other gifts was a natural turn for geometry.

Extravagant as these terms used in connection with the genius of Hussey may appear in contrast with the reputation that he enjoys, or rather does not enjoy nowadays, we may read the language of Barry, whose great work of the "Elysium of Pheidias" is to be found adorning the large room at the Society of Arts. "The public," he says, "are likely never to know the whole of what they have lost in Mr. Hussey. The perfections that were possible to him, but a very few artists can conceive, and it would be time lost to attempt giving an adequate idea of them in words." Benjamin West seems to have had an equally high opinion of Hussey's powers and is reported to have said, apropos some pencil heads that he bought at Duane's sale, that he would venture to show these "against any head ancient or modern, and that it was never exceeded, if ever equalled; and that no man had ever imbibed the true Grecian character and art deeper than Giles Hussey." He spoke in like terms of two oil paintings in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, one of which he said was "the summit of art, both as to colouring and to drawing."

Having had an opportunity of seeing these pictures at Syon House, I am unable to endorse the opinion of Benjamin West as to their superlative merit,

GILES STRANGWAYS
(after *D. Loggan*)

THOMAS FULLER
(after *D. Loggan*)

but in view of their being the work of a Dorset artist, and, moreover, two extremely pleasing pictures, some account of them may be given.

They are full length figures, entitled Bacchus and Ariadne respectively. Bacchus is young and distinctly effeminate looking. He is reclining on a leopard's skin, holding a thyrsus in his right hand, and with his left arm raised over his head. The flesh colouring is undoubtedly good, and the general effect pleasing, but the drawing of the left leg is obviously defective, being much too fine drawn. The Ariadne is a full length figure of a woman in white drapery and a blue robe reclining on the shore. Her face is shown in profile.

The "Dictionary of National Biography" describes Hussey as being "an excellent draughtsman," and his drawings, it says, especially of heads done in chalk, "were executed with elaborate neatness and purity of outline, but are cold and spiritless owing to his rigid adherence to his theories of proportion." Examples are to be seen in the British Museum Print Room, also drawings of gems and illustrations of his theories. Other drawings by him are from the frescoes of Ludovici Carracci, and Guido at Bologna. He was a frequent visitor at Wardour Castle where a portrait of him, and examples of his drawings exist.

A picture from a drawing of himself is now at Lulworth Castle together with several of his drawings. It was published in Hutchins (1793).

Finally an interesting portrait of himself, also at Syon House, may be mentioned. It is life size, threequarter length, looking over his right shoulder. This picture represents him as a vivacious youthful-looking man of two or three and thirty, in a dark cap and dress; his complexion is florid, his eyes and eye-brows well marked; he holds a sketch on his lap; the picture recalls the handling of Richardson,

With Thomas Beach we are, as it were, on more familiar ground, inasmuch as his abilities are recognised in the present day, though it may be questioned whether full justice even yet has been done to them.

He was born at Milton Abbas in 1738, and in his twenty-second year became a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a student at the St. Martin's Lane Academy. At one time he lived in Charles Street, St. James's Square, removing thence to Wigmore Street, and afterwards to Strand on the Green. Twelve years later we find him established at Bath. He contributed to the Exhibition of the Incorporated Society of Artists from 1772 to 1783, and at the Academy he exhibited during twelve years some twenty-six portraits in all. In one year, 1783, he contributed no less than sixteen portraits to the Exhibition of the Free Society of Artists, including one of Mrs. Siddons, of whom he painted several portraits, one with Mr. Kemble in "Macbeth," shewn in the Royal Academy of 1786, and another of Mrs. Siddons alone, in

the same exhibition. Many theatrical celebrities, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Jackson, for example, in the characters of Richard III and the Duke of Buckingham, were also painted by him; as was Woodfall, the parliamentary reporter—the last-named picture is in the National Portrait Gallery. There are several full-lengths by him at Shute House, the property of Sir Frederick De la Pole, Bart. These family portraits are amongst the artist's finest works.

In 1780 Beach was elected Vice-President of the Free Society of Artists. His last exhibit at the Academy, in 1797, was a portrait of George, Prince of Wales. Our artist died at Dorchester in 1806. Several of his pictures have been engraved, and I reproduce one by him, a portrait of George Damer, Viscount Milton, who was Colonel of the Dorsetshire Volunteer Rangers. This was engraved by John Jones, and was published in 1795 when Beach was living at Strand Green, Kew Bridge. It is a striking composition, and represents him in a landscape, wearing uniform, and leaning his right hand on the hilt of his sword.

A very famous woman of this period connected with Art and with Dorset was Anne Seymour Conway, born in 1748, who became by marriage the Hon, Mrs. Damer. This lady was one of the leaders of fashion, and is well-known by the beautiful picture of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a reproduction of which is here given.* She was a miniature painter, and an amateur sculptress, whose works were contributed to the Academy, and highly eulogised by Horace Walpole, to whom she was the object of much admiration. He left "Strawberry Hill" to her for life; she died there in 1828. He speaks in extravagant terms of her abilities in his "Anecdotes of Painting."

The only child of Field-Marshal Conway, she married at the age of nineteen the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of the first Lord Milton. "He proved," says Chaloner-Smith, "an extravagant and profligate husband, who shot himself at their beautiful home in 1776."

The Hon. Mrs. Damer will be remembered better as a sculptress than as a miniature painter. The well-known heads on Henley Bridge are by her.

Readers of Walpole's "Letters" will remember the tribute that he pays to Mrs. Damer's intrepidity. "She was," he says, "always the heroic daughter of a hero." This relates to an episode in her life, *viz.*, the capture by a French vessel of a ship she was on board of. In speaking of the heads at Henley, Walpole, in the extravagant language to which reference has been made, terms them "colossal masks on the new bridge at Henley," and describes in a letter to the Earl of Strafford how he went to see them, and he says "There is not a sight in the Island more worthy of being visited . . . the masks are

* In Foster's "British Miniature Painters," may be found a pleasing portrait of Mrs. Damer by Richard Cosway, which was formerly in Lord Tweedmouth's collection.

as if the Romans had left them." He praises her elsewhere and speaks of these masks by "Lady Di," as he calls her. In a letter to the same nobleman he speaks of a group of sleeping dogs in terra-cotta as being "equal to the best statuary in Europe." Without wishing to disparage the artistic talent of the charming Mrs. Damer, it may be confidently asserted that in these days she would not be given so distinguished a rank as the owner of "Strawberry Hill" has allotted to her.

The beautiful picture by Reynolds, referred to above, shows Mrs. Damer standing in a landscape, her hands together; she has a long plait of hair falling over each shoulder, and round her neck hangs a black ribbon to which is attached a locket. The original was in the possession of Colonel Dawson Damer; and another, in which the hair is apparently treated in the same way, also by Reynolds, was in the collection of Mr. J. H. Anderdon.

James Miller, born in 1703, is described in the supplement to Fuller as a divine, dramatic poet, and political writer; thus he is another of the men whom it is so difficult to classify. The notoriety that he enjoyed in his own time, arising from resentment at some of his dramatic writings, has been long since forgotten. Miller was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and became a lecturer at Trinity Chapel, Conduit Street, London. To eke out his income he took to dramatic writing.* He died in 1744. Hutchins appears to know him not.

The list of names connected with Drama and the County is very limited, hence that of Thomas Knight, who died in 1820, must not be omitted. Originally intended for the Bar, he became popular as an admirable comic actor. He was lessee and manager of the Liverpool Theatre for nearly twenty years (1803–20) and wrote many pieces for the stage. He married Margaret Farren, sister of Elizabeth Farren; the latter is the well-known actress commended by Hazlitt for her "fine-lady airs and graces," who married Edward Stanley, Earl of Derby, and retired from her profession in 1797.

John Chapman was a writer and divine belonging to this period, and was born at Wareham in 1704, he was the son of the Rev. Walter Chapman, curate and schoolmaster in that town. Chapman was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge. In the year 1741 he was honoured with the diploma of D.D. by the University of Oxford, and in the same year was made Archdeacon of Sudbury. Chapman held livings in various places in Kent. He wrote upon classical antiquities, but was best known for his "Controversial Divinity," a work of a very voluminous nature. He died in 1784.

* The titles of some of his plays will be found in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

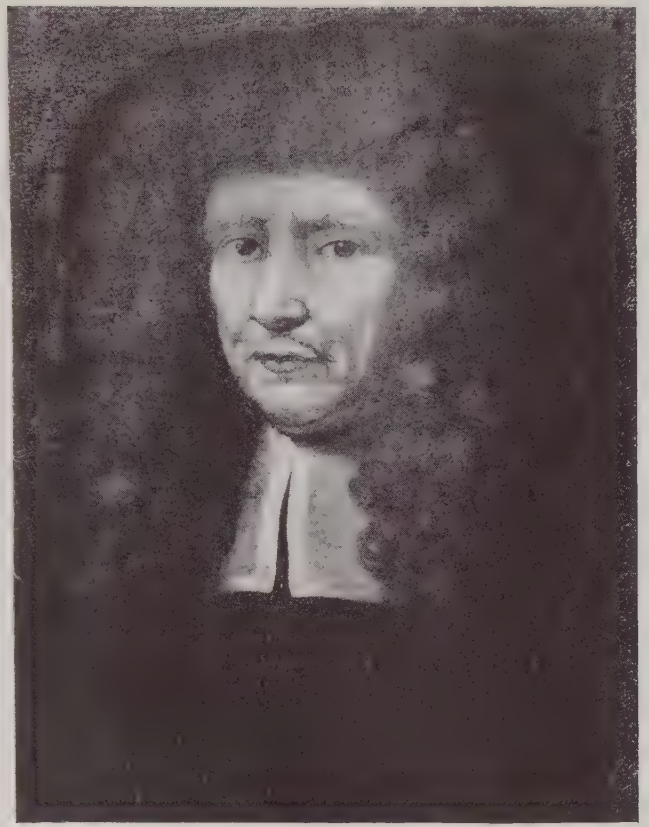
In paying tribute to the immense amount of labour involved in the production of Hutchins' "History of Dorset," mention may be made of a collaborateur belonging to a family whose name has long been honoured in the county, but whose modesty kept him in the background, and whose labours are only mentioned once in this great work. We refer to George Bingham, Rector of Pimperne for fifty-two years, and sixth son of Richard Bingham of Bingham's-Melcombe. This amiable and accomplished man was educated at Westminster, where he made such progress, that before he had reached his seventeenth year, he was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, where, says Hutchins, who pays a tribute to his assistance and his many accomplishments, he was "valued on account of his literary attainments, and justly beloved for the urbanity of his manners." Within four years from his matriculation, Bingham was elected Fellow of All Souls. He was an intimate and life-long friend of Sir William Blackstone, the eminent judge and legal writer. At the time of the Jacobite Rebellion, 1745, he was Proctor of the University, and on the death of the Rev. Christopher Pitt, he was presented to the rectory of Pimperne, where he married, and remained until his death in 1800.

Amongst the divines we must mention the Rev. William Chafin, but his reputation would appear to rest, not so much upon Divinity as, from his having been a great humorist, and a well-known lover of sport. Hutchins described Chafin's "Anecdotes of Cranbourne Chase" as "a curious little contribution to the history of Dorset," and his autobiography is to be found in Nicholls' "Literary Illustrations." Further information about him will be found in the "Gentleman's Magazine." William Chafin was born at Chettle in 1733, and died in 1818.

The very old family of Weld, said to be descended from Saxon ancestors, has long been associated with Dorset, and one member of it, namely Thomas, born in 1773, had the distinction of being one of the few Englishmen who have been made Cardinals. Mr. Weld entered Holy Orders after the death of his wife, was created Cardinal by Pius VIII in 1829, and died at Rome eight years later. He was the first Englishman who had a seat in the Conclave since the pontificate of Clement IX.

Cardinal Weld transferred the Lulworth Castle estate to his brother Joseph, who was, later, the host of the exiled Charles X of France.

Peter Templeman, born at Dorchester in 1711, appears to belong partly to the group of authors and partly to scientific men, but not very decidedly to either. In addition to the pursuits implied by this classification, Templeman added that of being keeper of the Reading Room of the British Museum when it was established in 1753. Resigning this, he was chosen secretary to the Society of Arts, a post which he held till his death in 1769.



Dr. F. GLISSON

[*W. Faithorne*]

By courtesy of the Royal College of Physicians.

Dr. THOMAS SYDENHAM

[*From the engraving by Houbraken*]

The versatility of the man is evidenced by a sketch of his earlier life, which shows that he was educated at Charterhouse and at Trinity College, Cambridge: whilst at the University he applied himself to the study of Divinity with the intention of entering the Church, but after some time altered his mind, and applied himself to the study of Physic. In 1736 we find him at Leyden, where, for two years or more, he attended the lectures of Dr. Boerhaave, and other Professors of Medicine at that University. Three years later he returned to London with the intention of starting practice as a physician, but, having a handsome allowance from his father, and being, it is said, of an indolent, inactive disposition, he made but little progress in his profession. The next ten or twelve years appear to have been spent in desultory and unimportant labours in literature, until upon the establishment of the British Museum, he was appointed keeper, as we have seen. He died of asthma in 1769.

In the "Visitation" of the county of Wilts of the year 1565 is a pedigree of the Dodington family of Dodington, County Somerset. A member of this family, George Dodington to wit, was one of the Lords of the Admiralty during the reigns of William III, Queen Anne and George I. He died without issue, but left a very considerable fortune to his nephew, George Bubb, the son of an apothecary of Weymouth, who by his address in the electioneering management of the borough raised himself to the peerage under the title of Lord Melcombe. Such is the account in Hutchins' "History of Dorset" of the origin of this remarkable man, gleaned from the long account which is given in that work, taken from Cumberland's "Memoirs."

Bubb Dodington belonged to the party of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and on the accession of George III became a staunch supporter of Lord Bute. He was obviously a man of shrewd sense and observation, who represented the zenith of unscrupulous political intrigue, became Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Spain, and later Member of Parliament for Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, of which last-named place he was created baron in 1761: he died in the following year without issue. Cumberland's "Memoirs" present a curious picture of the man, and his pretentious method of life. He was accustomed to receive people of title and distinction at Eastbury, where he resided in a mansion, which "was magnificent, massy, and stretching out to a great extent in front, with an enormous portico of Doric columns, ascended by a stately flight of steps; there were turrets and wings," says Cumberland, "that went I know not where . . . and the interior was as proud and splendid as the exterior was bold and imposing. All this was exactly in unison with the taste of the magnificent owner, who had gilt and furnished the apartments with a profusion of finery that kept no terms with simplicity. He was rarely seated," continues the writer, "but under painted

ceilings and gilt entablatures. In his villa you were conducted through two rows of antique marble statues . . . his saloon was hung with the finest Gobelin tapestry, and he slept in a bed encanopied with peacocks' feathers . . . when he passed it was always in a coach drawn by six fat, black, unwieldly horses, . . . of colossal dignity . . . his bulk and corpulence gave full display to a vast expanse of profusion of brocade and embroidery, and this, when set off with an enormous tyeperriwig, and deep-laced ruffles, gave the picture of an ancient courtier in his gala habit." But enough of the description of this gorgeous being. Being a man of humble birth, " None bowed with more devotion to the robes and faces of high rank and office." And at his house were to be found many of the prominent men of the day, into whose personality and ways we need not enter. Amongst them may be named, however, the poet Thompson, and Alderman Beckford. The house, of which such a glowing description has been given, cost Lord Melcombe £140,000; it was finished about 1738, but shortly after his death it was taken down and the furniture sold piece-meal. Pitt, in an epistle to Dr. Young in 1722, writes:

> " While with your Dodington retir'd you sit,
> Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit . . ."

As might be expected of a maritime county in such times as marked the middle and end of the XVIII Century, with their many naval battles and the struggles of England to maintain the supremacy of the seas, Dorset furnished its share of sailors, and there were four who distinguished themselves, all bearing the name of Hood. Of these, Alexander was a Naval Captain who sailed round the world with Cook, the other three were all Admirals, namely Sir Samuel, brother to the foregoing; a second Alexander, who was ennobled as Viscount Bridport, brother to another Samuel Hood, the last-named was ennobled as Viscount Hood. Some brief account may be given of each of these men, as they are all identified with Wessex.

Of these the earliest in date is Samuel, first Viscount Hood. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Hood, and was born at Thorncombe, of which place his father was vicar, in 1724. He entered the navy at the age of seventeen. He soon saw active service under Rodney, and distinguished himself in various engagements. In 1767 we find him commander on the North American Station and a few years later created Baronet, whilst in 1782 he was made Baron Hood of Catherington in the peerage of Ireland. Two years after this he stood in opposition to Charles James Fox at the memorable Westminster election of 1784. When in his seventieth year he took command in the Mediterranean, occupied Toulon, and reduced Corsica. Returning to England he was made a Viscount, and Governor of Greenwich Hospital. He died at the age of ninety-two years.

There is a portrait of him in naval uniform in the National Portrait Gallery, by L. F. Abbott, the painter of Nelson in the same collection, and also of Admiral Hardy (reproduced in this work). There are also at Greenwich Hospital copies of portraits of Hood by Sir Joshua Reynolds and by Gainsborough.

Three years after Samuel Lord Hood was born his brother, Alexander, with whom he is often confused, saw the light at Thorncombe (and not at Butleigh as has been wrongly stated by Sir George Scharff). The career of this younger brother is only less brilliant than that of Viscount Hood, and it may be noted that although he, that is to say, Samuel, was the first to enter the navy, Alexander became in after life the senior Admiral. Before his thirtieth year he was Flag-Captain in the Mediterranean ; a Rear-Admiral in 1780 ; and was second in command under Lord Howe at the relief of Gibraltar. He distinguished himself in the great victory of the 1st of June, and was made Baron Bridport in that year (1794), and a Baron of the United Kingdom two years later ; Viscount in 1801. Like his brother, he lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1814 in his eighty-seventh year ; he also was painted by L. Abbott. At Greenwich Hospital, of which he was Treasurer, there is a half-length portrait of him, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The other two Hoods to be mentioned were also brothers, of these the first, Alexander, born in 1758, is perhaps the most renowned, having been a companion of Captain Cook on his second voyage round the world in the *Resolution*. In the church at Butleigh is an epitaph by Southey to the three brothers Hood, namely the one just mentioned, Arthur who was lost in the *Pomona* in the Caribbean Sea, together with Falconer, author of a now forgotten poem, the "Shipwreck," and Sir Samuel, of whom more presently. Captain Hood was put ashore by the mutineers at Spithead in 1797, but did not long survive this experience, being killed in the following year after capturing the *Hercule* off the Bec du Raz.

Samuel, the last of the group of Hoods, was born four years later than the preceding captain. He was at sea on the *Courageux* when he was fourteen, and engaged in the fight off Ushant two years later, whilst his name occurs constantly in naval engagements for many successive years. He was made Vice-Admiral in 1811, subsequently placed in command in the East Indies, and died at Madras in 1814.

Another Admiral bearing the well-known Dorset name of Digby, played a prominent part in the naval wars at the end of this century. Robert Digby entered the Navy when he was twelve years of age, and was second in command in the expedition for the relief of Gibraltar in 1779. The following year he was second in command to Rodney in the victory off Cape St. Vincent.

He was a great grand-son of the fifth Baron Digby, and born in 1732. As

early as his twenty-seventh year he was in command of a warship at the battle of Quiberon Bay, and later in his career was made Commander-in-Chief in North America. He died, Senior-Admiral of the Fleet, in Dorchester in 1814. There is a portrait of him at Sherborne Castle.

Last but not least in this roll of distinguished Naval men, comes the familiar name of Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, whose monument standing on Blackdown Hill, near Dorchester, a conspicuous landmark, has been viewed by successive generations of seamen passing up and down the Channel. But Thomas Masterman Hardy needs no stone monument to perpetuate his fame ; the man in whose arms Lord Nelson died, and who had addressed to him the pathetic last words of our great naval hero—" Kiss me, Hardy," needs no encomium in these pages. A short account of his life, however, may be deemed not out of place, if only for purposes of reference.

He was born in 1769 at Martinstown, near Dorchester, and was the son of Joseph Hardy of Portesham. Like Robert Digby, he entered the Navy when only twelve. When twenty-four years of age he was Lieutenant of the *Meleager*, under Nelson. He was present at St. Vincent and made commander of the *Vanguard* at the Battle of the Nile. His rise must have been rapid, for in the following year we find him Flag-Captain to Nelson in the *Vanguard* and other ships, finally in the famous *Victory* in 1803–5. His part in the Battle of Trafalgar is too familiar to need repetition. For his services in that great naval conflict he was made a Baronet in the year after it had taken place, subsequently commander on the South American Station ; later, first Sea Lord of the Admiralty ; and, in 1834, Governor of Greenwich, where may be seen an excellent portrait of him in naval uniform, telescope in hand, painted by Evans. There is also a portrait of him by Francis Lemuel Abbott, of which mention has already been made.

The connection between the beautiful women of the XVIII Century and the art of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which their refinement, beauty and grace are so admirably rendered by our great portrait painter, is a tempting theme but one upon which we must not enter in this volume ; before leaving the subject, however, mention may be made of some Dorset ladies who come within the category. These are represented in a group, composed of Mary Theresa Grady, Countess of Ilchester, and two of her daughters by her marriage with Henry Thomas Fox-Strangways, the second Earl of Ilchester. She was an Irish lady, daughter of Standish Grady, of Cappercullen, Co. Limerick. The picture shows them full-length, the mother seated, the children standing at either side, holding hands across their mother, and all in white. It belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and doubtless came into the family by reason of the younger child here represented, Louisa Fox, marrying Henry Petty, third Marquis of Lansdowne.

Lady Susanna Sarah Louisa, better known as Lady Susan O'Brien (whose maiden name was Strangways), is a lady belonging essentially to the county of Dorset, she having been the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester. Born in 1743, she made a great stir in the fashionable world when she was seven or eight-and-twenty by a runaway match with William O'Brien, a young Irish actor of good family.*

In a letter to George Montagu, January 22nd, 1761, Horace Walpole describes private theatricals at Holland House in which Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. He says, "the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented, and Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the aspect of the part and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress taken out of 'Montfaucon.' Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits and with the most minute propriety . . . When Lady Sarah was in white with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalene by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive."

The group by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Charles James Fox as a youth in the garden of Holland House, with his cousins, the above-named ladies, is well-known; it is given in the *Edition de luxe* of this work.

In Mary Frampton's "Journal" there is an account of Lady Susan and her actor husband which is too interesting to be omitted. They are described as follows:—

"They were thrown together by the private theatricals at Holland House, and all London was wild with admiration of his person and his inimitable manner of acting a fine gentleman in comedy. He was of a gentleman's family in Ireland, and a very extraordinary and amiable character.

"He lived at Stinsford (belonging to Lord Ilchester), respected and beloved by everyone for many years. She, when young, was reckoned the proudest of the proud and the highest of the high; her elopement therefore was the more wondered at. They went to America for some years after the marriage where his friends had procured him some trifling office. Mr. O'Brien followed the law and went the Western Circuit for a short time after his return from America until they finally settled at Stinsford.

"They remained always most affectionately attached to each other. Lady Susan was a person of very strong and highly improved understanding, extremely agreeable in society; a steady, warm-hearted friend, and a person in whose conversation anything like gossip or abuse of your neighbour never held

* In Leslie's Autobiography rather an amusing passage occurs *apropos* the acting of Mr. O'Brien. It is to the effect that his merits as an actor were discussed in a certain company, most of whom were his admirers; they said that he played the fine gentleman so well, but this was demurred to by one man, who contended that no one could play the gentleman unless he wore a fifty guinea full-bottomed wig!

a place, but to the latest hour of her existence her lofty character was most strongly marked . . . He had most amenity, she most strength of character."

Lady Susan O'Brien survived her husband by some twelve years, and reached the ripe old age of eighty-three. If we may judge from some lines addressed to her by Lord Holland when she was eighty-one, she must have preserved her faculties to the last. He describes her in these lines as the "still lively Susan." They were published in the "Keepsake" in 1834, and may be quoted in full :—

At twelve months old, dear cousin, you,
So Hanbury sings, were lively Sue.
At brisk sixteen, 'tis certain, look ye,
Court Memoirs call you lively Suky,
'Mid Yankies chanting out Hosanna,
Still were you lively, gay Susanna.
Such I at Stinsford after knew ye,
Friendly indeed, but lively Suey ;
And late, when I in Wilts was boosy,
'Twas drinking healths to lively Susy.
Then, here's indeed a theme to muse on,
At fourscore years still *lively* Susan.
Lively alike, all stages through,
Susanna, Susan, Suky, Susy, Sue !

In the Hon. Miss Emily Eden's "Letters"* there is a quotation given by her brother, Lord Auckland, of somewhat similar verses. They were written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and run as follows :—

"Sweeter than the sweetest Manna,
Lovely, lively, dear Susannah,
You're the girl that I must muse on,
Pretty little smiling Susan.
Oh ! if verses could amuse ye,
Fairest, gentlest, laughing Susey,
I'll write to you, but ne'er rebuke ye,
Handsome and good-natured Sukey.
Every rhyme should flatter you
Trifling, dimpling, tender Sue.
I've sung my song and so adieu ! adieu !
Susannah, Susan, Susey, Sukey, Sue !"

At Melbury House, the beautiful seat of the Earls of Ilchester, there are several interesting portraits of Lady Susan O'Brien and her handsome husband. Of these perhaps the most important is that by Allan Ramsay, an oil painting which was much admired when shown at Paris in an Exhibition "Des Cent Femmes." She is seated with her hands crossed, and looking at

* "Miss Eden's Letters," pp. 8-9, edited by her great-niece, Violet Dickinson. Macmillan & Co., 1919.

Dr. NATHANIEL HIGHMORE

[after *Sir Peter Lely*]

By courtesy of Sir Nathaniel Highmore, K.C.B.

the spectator. Besides this picture there are two pastels of Lady Susan, one by Miss Catherine Read, a contemporary artist who excelled in crayons, who painted Queen Charlotte and many others. This represents her in a large hat seated in a chair holding a dog in her lap. She wears the same vivacious expression conveyed in Allan Ramsay's portrait of her. The other is by Francis Cotes, R.A., which was engraved in mezzotint by James Watson, it represents her in a low dress with wide sleeves and black lace cape, her left arm and right elbow leaning on the balcony before her, and with hand to her cheek. This was published in 1772.

Her good-looking husband was painted to match, also in pastel, by the same artist. By the way, Cotes was himself an Irishman, a son of the Mayor of Galway, his pleasing and careful portraits seem steadily increasing in public estimation. Lady Sarah Bunbury, writing to her friend, "Netty," as she calls her, in September, 1764, says "That devil Mr. Coates has not finished your picture yet"; we thus see that this pastel represents Lady Susan when twenty-one years of age.

On the south wall of the Chancel of the small but delightfully situated church at Stinsford, the Mellstock of Thomas Hardy's novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree,"* immediately adjoining the house where Lady Susan O'Brien and her husband spent their last days, there is a monument of plain white marble consisting of two tablets linked together with entwined hearts sculptured. The one bears the following inscription:—"To the memory of William O'Brien, Esq., of Stinsford House, late Receiver General of the County of Dorset. *Ob.* September 2, 1815, Æt. 77. His amiable disposition, cultivated mind and worthy character endeared him to all who knew him." Upon the other we may read "To the memory of Susanna Sarah Louisa, eldest daughter of Stephen, 1st Earl of Ilchester. *Obt.* August 9, 1827, Ætat. 83. Of William O'Brien, Esq., R.G., the faithful wife and inseprable (*sic*) companion."

There is a beautiful picture by one of our greatest artists, Thomas Gainsborough to wit, which the group of the Misses Weston calls to mind. It is that of Penelope, Countess Ligonier, eldest daughter of George Pitt, first Baron Rivers.

As a Dorset woman who may be termed memorable, or, at any rate, very notorious in her day, a few words may be said about her, particularly as the portrait referred to is one of the finest works of the artist. First as to the

* Many readers of that idyllic story will probably agree in thinking that "Mellstock is a spot of which Mr. Hardy is obviously very proud." And in "Friends Beyond," as both Mr. Windle and Mr. Harper have pointed out, the Poet of Max Gate has recorded how

". . . The Squire and Lady Susan
lie in Mellstock Churchyard."

reputation of the lady—she married in 1767 Edward, second Earl Ligonier, and was the occasion of a duel between her husband and Count Alfieri. After she had been married five years her conduct led to her being divorced by Act of Parliament. She married a Captain Smith later (1782) and died in 1827.

It is plain from her portrait that she must have been a beautiful woman, and this picture has a history of its own which is worth recording. It narrowly escaped destruction on the occasion of the fire in 1867 which consumed the Opera House, as the building in the Haymarket, now known as His Majesty's Theatre, was then called. The story has been told to the writer of this work by the principal actor in it. At that time the well-known firm of Henry Graves and Company was publishing a series of plates after Gainsborough, and had borrowed, for the purpose of engraving, some twenty-five of the portraits that had been shown at the National Portrait Exhibition of that year. These portraits were sent to various engravers after the close of the exhibition. There remained, however, six of them in Messrs. Graves' galleries before being sent home. As they were to have been delivered the next day, they were not insured, in spite of their enormous monetary value, four of them have been estimated as worth at least £50,000. Amongst these six Gainsboroughs was a half-length of Lady Ligonier, which then belonged to General Pitt-Rivers. They stood in one of the galleries belonging to the firm, which ran parallel with the Opera House, and the fire, which broke out shortly before midnight, soon spread from the burning theatre, and destroyed the contents of the place. Mr. Algernon Graves was fortunately on the premises, and by superhuman exertions, rescued these huge canvases and carried them, through a shower of falling glass and burning embers, across the road to the United Service Club House opposite.

There is also a portrait of Lady Ligonier seated, half-length, after T. Wilson, engraved in mezzotint by J. Western, which, according to Challoner-Smith, is the only work known by that engraver.

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CHAPTER VI.

The XIX Century.

IN the preceding chapter an interesting tribute to the character of Lady Susan O'Brien and her husband was quoted from the pen of Mary Frampton. This lady writer has more than local claim to our notice and was the authoress of a journal containing a good deal of correspondence with people who were prominent in the social history of her time, especially those connected with Dorsetshire.

She was the daughter of Mr. James Frampton of Moreton, and was born in 1773. She was thus in her girlhood when George III and his family visited Weymouth. The Framptons entertained Royalty when they came into Dorset, and, as we have seen, the journal affords interesting glimpses of "Farmer George" and his numerous family. Miss Frampton lived on to the middle of the XIX Century, dying in 1846.

William Barnes was born at Rushay, near Pentridge, in the Vale of Blackmore in 1800 or 1801;* he lived for eighty-five years, and, it would seem, hardly quitted his dear native county the whole time.

The outer, greater world seems to have had but little attraction for, and no hold whatever on Barnes, his hopes, fears or pursuits. The result was a certain narrowness, if you will—but also a concentration which made for the perfection of his life-work. And what was that work?—a rendering in poetic form of the impressions made on him by rustic life and its surroundings in those days, which already seem so far removed, before the shriek of the railway engine was heard in the land, and when the "Road Hog" was unknown.

According to his daughter, who, under the pseudonym of "Leader Scott," wrote a sympathetic life of her father, "Philology was Barnes's most earnest study," and those who will peruse the list of his publications which she gives (it extends from 1822–1886) will see how her father wrestled with Philology all those years. But his work in that direction lacks scientific value and has never won recognition. It has been said of it that "it is too much governed

* "Leader Scott," daughter of the Poet, gives the latter date. Thomas Hardy, in an obituary notice contributed to the *Athenæum*, in October, 1886, observes that "the earlier date is said to be the correct one."

by imagination and bias, too theoretical" ; and in truth his Philology already seems to be in a fair way to be forgotten. But although, according to the same authority, the making of poems was but a small part of his intellectual life, poetry was his real *métier*, and sympathy with honest labour impelled him to give utterance to its sorrows and its joys as realised by him from his close and life-long acquaintance with them.

Barnes's poetry, with its charm, and truthful rendering of rural nature, is now so fully recognised as to have become classic. The first volume was issued in 1844, in the Dorset dialect. This was followed by " Poems, partly of Rural Life (in National English)." In this last work the medium employed was ordinary speech, but the superiority of the dialect made itself felt. It was, as his daughter has remarked, " the basis of his fame—the speech which most easily clothed his poetic thoughts."

It was when he wrote in his mother tongue that he was at his best ; in it he was able fully to deal with the simple life he portrays. He was so entirely the Dorset farmer's son, that anything which came from his heart, as his writings about the scenery round Gillingham did, was bound to be, and is, amongst the freshest, brightest work, of its own idyllic kind, in our language—with which well deserved praise we may now turn to trace the author's origin and career.

The mother of William Barnes was Grace Scott, born at Fivehead Neville—" A woman," says her grand-daughter, " of refined tastes," possessing an inherent taste for poetry and art, and, there is no doubt, most tenderly beloved by her husband.

Barnes was educated at " Tommy Mullet's " School at Sturminster. From thence, about 1814 or 1815, he passed into the office of a local Solicitor, Mr. Dashwood ; and in 1818, he entered the employment of Mr. Coombs, Solicitor, Dorchester. When he was but eighteen years of age he saw, springing lightly down from a stage coach at the " King's Arms," in the High Street of Dorchester, a child who, he felt at the time and rightly felt, was destined to be his wife. Her name was Julia Miles, the daughter of an Excise Officer ; she was of slight and graceful figure, with blue eyes and wavy brown hair. Barnes' first poem was dedicated to her, and published in the " Weekly Entertainer," in 1820. Three years after we find him moving to Mere, in Wiltshire, at the instance of his friend, Mr. Carey, where he took over the school of a Mr. Robertson. And here, he records in his diary, he " took up in turn Latin, Greek, French, Italian and German." He practised drawing and engraving too, and in 1826, as we learn from the same source, he cut some little blocks for Mr. Barter, a printer in Blackmore, and was mostly paid in " book-binding and cheese," Again, in 1827 and 1828, he records having engraved some blocks for Mr. John Rutter of Shaftesbury—most of them were for " Delineations of Somerset," published in 1829. He had also a

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH

[after *Sir Peter Lely*]

From an engraving in the British Museum

little copper-plate press, and " dreamed," he says, " for a week or a fortnight of trying my fortune as an Engraver at Bath." He was moreover a musician ; and played the organ and other instruments.

In 1835, yearning for a wider sphere than Mere afforded, he decided to move to Dorchester, where he settled in a house in Durngate Street. *Apropos* these scholastic days, an old pupil, the Rev. J. B. Lock, Bursar and Senior Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, has given in Leader Scott's book a picture of his master's methods of teaching. He concludes his account by observing : " these lectures of my old master were as wonderfully adapted to his audience, as they were clear and accurate in substance."

On the other hand Sir Frederick Treves has given a different version of the value of Barnes's manner of teaching in some amusing recollections which he contributed to the Year Book of the " Society of Dorset Men in London " in 1915–16, a few lines from which may be quoted :—

> " My vague recollection of William Barnes is of an old clergyman of great courtliness, ever gentle and benevolent, who bore with supreme simplicity the burden of a learning which was almost superhuman . . ."
>
> " About once a week Barnes opened the school by a lecture on some subject of practical interest. On the day of my first appearance at school there was such a lecture. It was on Logic. I was required to write from dictation the following sentence : ' Logic is the right use of exact reasoning.' This is the first important contribution to the sum of human knowledge that I ever received. For a boy of seven it was undoubtedly ' strong meat.' It was, I am hardly ashamed to say, wholly unintelligible. The lecture that followed only served to add mystery to the text. I formed the idea that logic was some kind of medicine ; physic—as administered in those days to the young . . ."

Although I knew William Barnes almost from my earliest days I cannot as a pupil claim any knowledge of the value of his teaching. But, judged by ordinary standards, and the notes for lectures which he reprinted in such works, for example, as the " Ancient Britain and the Britons," and " Early England and the Saxon English " his methods might, it is true, excite an interest in the minds of studious boys, but, I think, do little more.

By this time his poems in the Dorset dialect had appeared—that is to say, after his thirty-fourth year. They were first issued in the " Dorset County Chronicle " with classical titles ; thus, the well-known humorous Eclogue, " A bit o' sly Coorten " was styled " Rusticus Procus " (which, being interpreted, is " the Rustic Wooer ").

The reasons which led Barnes to adopt, and finally to adhere to the Dorset dialect in preference to modern English, have been discussed by a master of the subject, a Dorset man himself and the highest authority that could be quoted, Mr. Thomas Hardy. He says : " It may appear strange to some, as it did to friends in his lifetime, that a man of insight who had the spirit of

poesy in him should have persisted year after year in writing in a fast-perishing language, and on themes which in some remote time would be familiar to nobody—a language with the added disadvantage by comparison with other dead tongues that no master or books would be readily available for the acquisition of its finer meanings He himself simply said that he could not help it, no doubt feeling his idylls to be extemporisation, or impulse, without prevision or power of appraisement on his own part. Yet it seems to the present writer that Barnes, despite this, really belonged to the literary school of such poets as Tennyson, Gray and Collins, rather than to that of the old unpremeditating singers in dialect. Primarily spontaneous, he was academic closely after ; and we find him warbling his native wood-notes with a watchful eye on the predetermined score, a far remove from the popular impression of him as the naif and rude bard who sings only because he must, and who submits the uncouth lines of his page to us without knowing how they come there."*

But the reasons have also been given by Barnes himself. They are interesting to philologists, and will be found set forth in the Preface to his " Philological Grammar," a remarkable work to which we shall shortly recur.

Resuming his life story, we may note that in 1837, he removed to a more commodious house in South Street, Dorchester, exactly opposite that ancient foundation—the Grammar School. In the same year his name was put on the books of St. John's College, Cambridge, as " a ten years' man."

His degree of B.D. was not conferred until October, 1850.

Archæologists may note with interest that the name of William Barnes is closely associated with the foundation of the Dorset County Museum. A house was taken in 1845, in Back South Street, and here the Rev. Charles Bingham, and Barnes, who were appointed honorary secretaries, set to work on the foundation of a collection which has now grown into such importance in some respects—especially in relation to Geology and Pre-historic Antiquities—as to make it one of our most important provincial Museums. In 1847 Barnes, having been offered the " Donative " of Whitcombe, was ordained as deacon at Salisbury, and priest about a year later. This tiny parish is an adjunct to the living of Came, and it was at the instance and through the offer of Captain Damer of Came House, that Barnes accepted it.

In 1852 he was overwhelmed by the loss of his beloved wife, whose memory he cherished to the close of his life with deep and constant devotion, thus up to the time of his death, the word " Giulia " was written, " like a sigh " says Leader Scott, at the end of each day's entry in his Diary.

The following year (1853) saw the manuscript of Barnes's " Philological Grammar," in the hands of his publisher, Mr. J. Russell Smith. The author

* " Select Poems of William Barnes." Preface by Thomas Hardy, pp. viii and ix.

SIR GEORGE JEFFREYS

[after *Sir G. Kneller*]

From an engraving in the British Museum.

accepted five pounds for the copyright of this remarkable book, which aimed at being a Universal Grammar, and is described by his daughter and biographer as being "one of the most extraordinary works a man has ever conceived." It was, I believe, a failure. About this time trouble came upon the poet. His literary works did not pay—he had family expenses to meet, his sons to provide for—one entering at Cambridge (St. John's). The numbers of his pupils diminished, and grave anxiety resulted. His daughter records his bitterly exclaiming, "They might be putting up a statue to me some day when I am dead, while all I want now is leave to live—I asked for bread and they gave me a stone."

The heavy clouds of debt and disappointment which undoubtedly overshadowed the life of William Barnes during the years at which we have arrived, were destined to pass away early in 1862—for then Captain Damer redeemed his promise, and at the end of this year Barnes took up residence in the picturesque cottage rectory, which was destined to be his home for three and twenty years—until he passed away in November, 1885. Having known him well and personally for many years it was the present writer's good fortune to visit the poet in this delightful and reposeful spot, and to witness for himself the serene happiness in which he spent the close of his career in his dear Dorset home, surrounded by friends, of whom Thomas Hardy was one of his nearest and most intimate. It may be noted here, as evidence of the affection borne him by all who knew him, that not only were literary and "great folk" his admirers, but that his poorer neighbours, and his parishioners were always glad to see him, and to pour into his sympathetic ear their troubles and their joys. One of them is reported to have said "We do all o' us love the passon, that we do; he be so *plain*." Thus we see in this good man, not only love of Nature, but love of Humanity, and it was this precious quality which called out his poetry. He was, as some one has said, "Theocritus by conviction as well as by birth," yet we must not forget that, as Mr. Hardy has pointed out, whilst his poems mean inspiration, they mean art as well, with all their seeming simplicity; and are drawn from fountains of poetic lore in other languages.

One curious feature in his work remains to be noticed, and that is the total absence of any reference whatsoever to the sea in all his poems and writings, so far as I know. It is very remarkable, seeing that for so many years he lived almost within sound of the sea, and for the last twenty-five years of his life, a walk of a mile or two from his rectory would bring him in sight of it, say from Culliford Tree or the Ridgeway. But no, born and brought up "in the Vale," he seems unconscious, as it were, of the existence of the sea.

To sum up then, Barnes was a man and a writer of whom Dorset may be rightly proud. His poems were the pure expression of a true and gentle mind, seeing Nature through a poet's eyes. And, though his head was stored with the lore of a sage, his heart remained in his old age as simple as that of a child.

A few personal details about the Poet may be offered in conclusion. Amongst my many recollections of Barnes, one of the most vivid is that of a spring afternoon spent in the little study at Came Rectory, looking out over Conquer Barrow, in the company of Barnes and the writer of the "Introductory Note" to this book. These philologists compared lists of Dialect words, which they discussed with infinite zest. It is a scene the charm of which still lingers in the writer's memory.

The letter of which a facsimile is given is interesting with its strongly marked character. Mr. Tennant says of his writing "He didn't dot his 'i's,' nor cross his 't's,' and it took him (Mr. Tennant) two days to make out the word 'Cincinnatus.'" But he adds, "I like your hand-writing; it is unlike anybody else's. It puts me in mind of a fly escaped from drowning in a bottle of ink, and crawling over your paper."

In the photograph of Barnes here reproduced, he is well advanced in years. It is a very faithful portrait; nor are the picturesque details of dress, familiar knee breeches and buckles wanting.

Another and most interesting portrait is the statuette by the late Roscoe Mullins. This figure, whilst it does not show the head so well as in the photograph of Barnes seated, is an eminently characteristic one of the general appearance of the Poet, and represents him as he was so often seen and so well known in the streets of Dorchester. It was prepared as an alternative design by Mr. Mullins, but the existing statue in front of St. Peter's Church, also his work, was chosen in preference to it. "De gustibus non disputandum est," but, in the present writer's opinion, the figure in the statuette seems at least as faithful as that which was chosen for the existing statue, and certainly more artistic in treatment.

"But now I hope his kindly feace
Is gone to vind a better pleace.
But still, wi' vo'k a-left behind
He'll always be a-kept in mind."

In John Angell James we have a divine of a different category to those noted in the preceding pages—neither a classical writer like Pitt, nor a poet of nature as Crowe has been claimed to be, and as Barnes undoubtedly was. On the testimony of Hutchins, John Angell James was an able and voluminous writer, and published a multitude of tracts, addresses and sermons, which have enjoyed a great reputation among Dissenting denominations. James was one of the most esteemed ministers of the Independents, and was born at Blandford in 1785. Having received a plain commercial education, he was apprenticed to Mr. Bayley, a draper of Poole. Leaving that town, after some preparatory training at Wareham, he became a student at Gosport College, and, subsequently, minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham. His ministry

was marked by unchanging success and acceptance up to his death in 1859, four years previous to which time, at his Jubilee, he received tokens of respect from eminent ministers of many denominations. His well-known "Anxious Enquirer" is probably his most popular work, and has been often translated.

George Roberts was a native of Lyme Regis, of which town he was Mayor more than once. He is honourably known as an Antiquarian and a local historian. His first work was a "History of Lyme Regis," published in 1823, and the editors of Hutchins acknowledge their indebtedness to a second edition, published some thirteen years later, in what they say about Lyme. Moreover, Lord Macaulay is indebted to Roberts' "Life, Progress and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth" for a good deal of information, more perhaps than he has fully acknowledged. It is said that Roberts enjoyed the friendly regard of the historian, who occasionally consulted with him upon the original documents he had collected. Roberts was also the author of other works connected with the Southern counties. He died at Dover in 1860.

Another name, one which I owe to Mr. Thomas Hardy, is that of William Knapp, who certainly deserves mention, albeit his claims to be remembered can be stated in a few words. He was the composer of the beautiful old hymn tune "Wareham," which, in the words of the writer of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has gone all over the world. Knapp was parish clerk of Poole for thirty-nine years. He died in 1768.

There is a name which to Durnovarians is as familiar as "household words." It is that of Moule. The family, on the testimony of a distinguished member of it, is of French extraction.*

The Rev. Henry Moule, the first with whom we have to do in this connection, was the sixth son of George Moule, Solicitor, of Melksham in Wiltshire, where Henry Moule was born in 1801. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1826, and was presented in 1829 with the living of Fordington, Dorchester, which he held until his death in 1880. The memory of his devotion and self-denying labours in that parish is still fresh; and especially the services rendered during the cholera epidemic of 1849 and again in 1854, when the disease was brought by convicts who were housed in the barracks of Dorchester. But besides the zealous discharge of his clerical duties, the Vicar of Fordington was known in another sphere of usefulness of a different kind; one of enormous sanitary utility, *viz.*, the introduction of the "dry earth system," of which he was the first to advocate and to demonstrate the importance. It was adopted in India, and is now an indispensable part of sanitary organisation, especially in hot climates.

* *Vide* "Memories of a Vicarage," by Handley C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham.

Mr. Moule had six sons of whom Henry Joseph Moule, M.A., was the eldest. As an enthusiastic Antiquary and an Author, Mr. Henry Moule will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of his acquaintance and friendship. He was born at Gillingham, near Shaftesbury, in 1825, and died at Dorchester in 1904, in the house in which for many years the County Museum had been accommodated. From the late Bishop of Durham's deeply interesting little book we may glean some idea of Henry Moule's "large range of gifts and force of character . . . For several years he worked as private tutor and secretary in more than one noteworthy house, at one time for the Earl Fitzwilliam of that day, at another for the then Duke of Abercorn, and he won the warmest friendships in those circles. For a long time, from 1862, he managed an estate in Galloway with great energy and capacity. The long happy close of his life was spent in Dorchester, where he was the zealous and efficient guardian of the excellent County Museum." His work on the antiquities of the county, entitled "Old Dorset," is admirably written, and was originally prepared for a school of artisans. It contains a mass of valuable information on the subject which he was always ready to impart personally. Mr. Moule was also an amateur Artist.

The second son of the Rev. Henry Moule was George E. Moule, D.D., born at Melksham in 1827. He was Missionary in China in 1858, and Missionary Bishop in 1880. It is a far cry from Fordington Vicarage to China, but the "Flowery Land" was destined to be the field of the labours of this devoted missionary and scholar. From a paper read by him at a meeting of the Hangchow Missionary Association entitled a "Retrospect of Sixty Years," I am able to present a few details of this great Chinese Missionary's career. In 1846 he went to Cambridge where his elder brother, Henry, was just then commencing his third year, and he took his degree in 1850. He remained for the next seven years curate to his father at Fordington, for the last two years of which time he was Chaplain to the County Hospital at Dorchester; in July of that year he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, by whom, after some hesitation on the grounds of health, he was despatched to China, arriving at Ning-po in 1858. There the Mission emerged safely from the Taiping Rebellion, with all its dangers of massacre and pillage. Twenty-three years after his first arrival at Shanghai he was made Bishop of Mid-China. The closing years of his life were spent in the house of his brother, the Bishop of Durham, and there he died, aged 84.

Whilst this book has been in progress, Dr. Henry Carr Glyn Moule, Bishop of Durham, has passed away in his seventy-ninth year. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Henry Moule, Vicar of Fordington, whose life I have already touched upon. At the age of eighteen he went to Cambridge, and graduated at Trinity College. He was Browne's Classical medallist in 1863; was made

a fellow of Trinity in 1865, from which year to 1867 he was Assistant Master at Marlborough. He was appointed Dean of Trinity College in 1873; Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1880, and first Principal of Ridley Hall the following year. In 1898 he was appointed Hon. Chaplain to Queen Victoria, and Chaplain in Ordinary to King Edward VII two years later. From being a Professor of Divinity at Cambridge he passed, in 1901, to the important See of Durham. Dr. Moule's tact, urbanity, and deep piety were well-known qualities which endeared him to all who came in contact with him. He is also credited with having been an able administrator. His literary productions were largely of a devotional or doctrinal character, and included Commentaries on the Epistles in the Cambridge Bible. His latest work was published only two years before his death. He also was a hymn writer. It is said that the Clare family depicted in Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was drawn from the Moule family.

Dr. Moule evinced much interest in the contents and preparation of this book, and the present writer is, therefore, able to speak from personal knowledge of the courtesy and sympathy natural to the late Bishop, as is shown by several letters which passed between them on the subject of "Wessex Worthies" during the progress of the work. Two of these are printed in the Appendix.

Charles Warne is justly reckoned as a distinguished Antiquary, and is especially associated with the county of Dorset. The family came originally from Hampshire, but he was born at Moreton, and educated at Weymouth and Wimborne. For years his parents lived at the Manor House of Pokeswell. Warne himself first resided in London until ill-health compelled him to leave it. He died at Brighton in 1887. In the neighbourhood of Pokeswell, and of Milborne St. Andrews, he opened many barrows, and made discoveries the result of which are preserved in the Dorset Museum; the collection is especially rich in Celtic funeral urns and such-like objects. Warne deserves the gratitude of all Antiquaries for his exertions in conjunction with the Rev. William Barnes and Mr. Roach Smith in rescuing the Roman Amphitheatre, locally known as Maumbury Rings, from the destruction threatened by the Great Western Railway Company. Mr. Warne has left also, besides the very important collection bearing his name, a valuable map of Ancient Dorset, a work on the Celtic Tumuli, and a folio volume on "Ancient Dorset," published in 1872.

Mr. H. J. Moule, who was as we have seen Curator of the Dorset Museum for many years, in a memoir from which these particulars have been gleaned, has paid a hearty tribute to Warne, of whom he says "As long as any account is made of Archæology so long will Warne be an honoured name on the lips, in the heart, of every lover of the relics of the olden time."

Edward Cunnington, born at Devizes in 1825, belonged to a well-known Wiltshire family, associated for more than one generation with the study of Antiquities, his grandfather having collaborated with Sir Colt Hoare in the great work on "Ancient Wiltshire." The zeal for Archæology which distinguished the colleague of Sir Colt Hoare in that classic work, descended in full measure to Edward Cunnington. Taking up his residence in Dorchester, he devoted many years to pursuing researches amongst the Barrows and Earthworks which abound in its neighbourhood. The fruit of his labours may be seen in the remarkable collection of objects, now in the Dorset County Museum, all of which were found by him and are the result of his own digging. Some of these are remarkable, not only for their intrinsic interest, but for their importance as being almost, if not quite, unique. Edward Cunnington died in 1916.

Closely associated with the Dorset County Museum should be named the Reverend Charles Bingham, a descendant of the old family of Binghams so long associated with the history of the county, more than one member of which is mentioned in this work, commencing with Sir Richard Bingham. He was not born in Dorset, but comes under the heading of those connected with the history of the county—dealt with in the second part of this work.

Reginald Bosworth Smith was a schoolmaster and an Author. He was the second son of Canon Reginald S. Smith, for many years Rector of West Stafford, and grandson of Sir John Wyldbore Smith, Bart., of the Down House, Blandford, and thus belonged to a family which has been associated with Dorset for a great number of years.

This popular Harrow master and Naturalist was born at West Stafford, near Dorchester, in 1839, and nearly attained the allotted age of man, dying in 1908. He is thus strictly "a Victorian," and inherited from his parents many of the virtues which have come to be recognised as belonging to that once-depreciated age. Bosworth Smith was five years at Milton Abbas School under the Rev. James Penny, and in 1855 went to Marlborough where he was head boy under Dr. Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and Dr. Bradley, afterwards Dean of Westminster. Leaving Marlborough, after three years, with a scholarship for Corpus Christi, Oxford, he graduated in 1st class classical honours. In 1862 he was made President of the Union, and a year later elected to a fellowship at Trinity, Oxford, and made lecturer to that college, and to Corpus Christi. He took his degree as B.A. in 1862, and became an assistant master at Harrow, where, in 1864, Dr. Montagu Butler appointed him "a small House." A few years later he built "a large House," and therein he remained until 1902. All the thirty-eight years that he was a schoolmaster at Harrow he exercised an unusual influence on the formation

THE CAPTURE OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR JEFFREYS

From an engraving in the British Museum.

of his boys' characters. His daughter, Lady Grogan, thus writes of this aspect of his character : " His House was always one of the most distinguished in the School, . . . and the devotion of generations of pupils to their master never failed. His firm, but tolerant, government, the example of his enthusiasm and simplicity, his own wide interest, and his ready sympathy with the tastes of boys, bound to him his pupils with ties of affection, which lasted long after they had passed from the School . . ." He never failed to make annual expeditions with selected pupils to such places as the Norfolk Broads, to observe, but not to rob, birds' nests. He travelled in Tunis, Egypt, Greece, Spain and Italy, and thus, there can be no doubt, enriched his mind and equipped himself for his labours as a writer. His literary career may be dated from 1874 when his four lectures on Mohammed and Mohammedanism, delivered before the Royal Institution, were published. This work gave rise to much controversy, into which we cannot enter. It was translated into several native languages, and was regarded as a defence of the Prophet's character, as may be gathered from the fact that Bosworth Smith was prayed for in the Mosques of Western Africa for many years. Four years later, his valuable " Carthage and the Carthaginians " appeared. In 1879 he was approached by the family of the first Lord Lawrence, and asked to write the biography of this famous Viceroy of India. The arduous task was accomplished by three years labour, and by 1885 this important work had reached its sixth edition. Both in the British Empire, and in the United States, the book was hailed as a " magnum opus." Bosworth Smith was a noted controversial-letter writer, and a great champion of Church and State.

The closing years of this strenuous life were spent at Bingham's Melcombe, at the beautiful old Manor House, the home of the Binghams for so many generations. He had retired from Harrow in 1901, but, as a Magistrate for Dorset ; a member of the County Council for Education ; as a Vice-President of the Dorset Field Club ; as a member of the Salisbury Diocesan Synod, Bosworth Smith continued to serve his generation.

In addition to the biographical and historical works referred to above, Bosworth Smith was the author of a delightful book on birds, viz., " Bird life and Bird-lore," which has endeared his name to a wide circle of readers outside the scholastic world in which he played a prominent part for so many years.

The present writer is able through the personal knowledge of a friend who was in Smith's form at Harrow to add a final testimony (if indeed any such be needed) to the remarkable influence wielded by Bosworth Smith as a teacher. He writes :—

" R. Bosworth Smith was one of the most popular of the masters at Harrow in his day. His form was the most interesting to be in—the only drawback being that the boys never stayed in it long, as his intelligent methods of

teaching encouraged them to work, and to get up the subjects for themselves—so that in class one or two of the boys talked about the subject first, and then he discussed it and talked about it himself. . . . . He was popular in and out of school."

With such names to show as Hutchins, Granger, Charles Warne, Henry Durden, Dr. Wake Smart, H. J. Moule, and last, but not least, General Pitt-Rivers, Dorset must be deemed as undoubtedly fortunate in the number and high attainments of its Antiquaries.

Augustus Henry Lane Fox Pitt-Rivers will always rank as a most distinguished Anthropologist and Archæologist, the four magnificent volumes recording the excavations made by him in the Romano-British village at Rushmore on the borders of Wilts and Dorset, would alone secure him fame. In this monumental work the innumerable objects found are tabulated, described in minute detail, and figured in hundreds of plates, in a manner which, on the high authority of Sir E. B. Tylor, "raised English archæology to a new and higher level."

General Pitt-Rivers was great nephew of George Pitt, second Baron Rivers, and was born in 1827. When eighteen he received a commission in the Grenadier Guards, and served with that regiment in the Crimea, where he made a magnificent collection of anthropological objects. These were shown for some time by the Government in London, and subsequently presented by their owner to Oxford University, and are now placed in the Pitt-Rivers Museum. On his estate at Farnham in Dorset he built a Museum, in which models of sites and many other interesting objects are placed. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries. He was also the first Inspector of Ancient monuments, an office to which he was appointed in 1882. He died in 1900.

The Artistic record of the county for this century is, as before, very slight, but the exception, namely Alfred Stevens, is that of a great, though perhaps little appreciated artist. In proof of this somewhat bold statement we have but to recall the fact that his monument of the Duke of Wellington, at length erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, one of the finest works of its kind in modern times, in England at any rate, was allowed to remain unfinished so many years.

Stevens was born at Blandford in 1818, and was the son of a house-painter in that town. Private liberality enabled him to study hard in Italy for some nine years, and he was employed by Thorwaldsden in Rome at the end of that period. Coming to London he became a teacher in a School of Design and was employed by Hoole and Co., of Sheffield. In the Great Exhibition of 1851 he gained first prize for designs in Metal Work, and in the Victoria

and Albert Museum there may be seen a large collection of designs and drawings which show that his studies in Italy left a deep impression upon his style, and helped to make him an artist of high aims, whose ability was, as we have said, not fully recognised in his own time, if indeed he be ranked even yet as high as he deserves to be. The style of the great masters of Italy is markedly impressed upon the noble monument to Wellington to which reference has been made. Alfred Stevens died in 1875.

The records of Science, strictly so called, are but scanty in connection with Dorset at this period but the name of Mary Anning is immortalised in the annals of Geology by her discoveries in the cliffs of Lyme Regis.

The following particulars relating to her are gleaned from an account by Mr. Horace B. Woodward, F.G.S., of an "Excursion to Lyme Regis" in 1889, published in the "Proceedings of the Geologists' Association," vol. XI.

Mary Anning, the daughter of Richard Anning, a cabinet-maker at Lyme Regis, was born in 1799. Her father, who had been also a vendor of fossils, died in 1810, and from that date Mary Anning devoted herself to the collection and sale of these objects. In 1811 she discovered bones of a "crocodile" projecting from one of the ledges of Lias. Obtaining aid, the remains were exhumed, and the specimen was afterwards described by Sir Everard Home, under the name Proteo-saurus. In 1821 Mary Anning obtained remains of another new Saurian, the Plesiosaurus; and in 1828 she obtained (for the first time in this country) the Pterodactyl (of which the species is now known as Dimorphodon macronyx). As remarked by De la Beche, this enthusiastic collector exhibited great skill in discovering the remains of Saurians. She died in 1847.

Fruits of this remarkable discovery by a young girl, may be seen in the terrifying monsters now exhibited in the British Museum (Geological Section) at Kensington.

A stained glass window to the memory of Mary Anning has been erected in Lyme Regis Church by the Geological Society.

The story of the burning of the troopship, *Sarah Sands*, in 1858, is probably known to many readers outside Dorset inasmuch as it is told in one of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers." Then, as now, the two regiments, *viz.*, the 39th Foot and the 54th Foot, were linked together, and formed the Dorsetshire Regiment; so it will be seen that the story belongs strictly to the Annals of the county of Dorset. It is hard to say on reading it whether more praise should be given to the soldiers or to the sailors, who displayed such heroism and such splendid discipline under the most trying circumstances. "No person," says the captain, "can describe the manner in which the men worked to get the fire back." Thackeray's account of it, interest-

ing in itself, and appropriate in a work dealing with Wessex Worthies, will be found in Appendix III.

In the edition from which the account was taken (1863), there is an illustration taken from a photograph showing the fearful state in which the ship arrived at Mauritius. The illustration here given is from a picture painted by Thomas M. Hemy, brother of the well-known marine painter, Napier Hemy, R.A. (for Dickinsons, of New Bond Street), and is now the property of the 39th Regiment.

Those who have lived through the days of trial of the Great War, in which the submarine peril has been so imminent and so deadly, threatening the very subsistence of the people of these islands, will realise the justice of Thackeray's tribute to our merchant seamen which he gives in this "Round-about Paper." He says: "The Nile and Trafalgar are not more glorious to our country, are not greater victories than those won by merchant seamen," and what was true in those days is equally true in these times.

As the record of Artists belonging to this period is scanty, so it must be admitted is that of Statesmen, inasmuch as there are only two names which come into this category, namely, W. E. Forster and the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, whilst the latter is perhaps more justly distinguished as a philanthropist than as a politician.

"The strong, honest, manly and upright integrity, and courageous purpose which were Forster's first characteristics, never departed from him to the last. It was impossible not to admire the man whose life was an epitome of the noble, pure and patriotic principles by which he was invariably influenced. Two virtues stood out conspicuously in his life, both very dear to Englishmen —strength and conscious sincerity. He was a man of unflinching courage, who never deviated from the straight path he marked out for himself." In those words Sir Frederick Young described the character of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., a man who, although born in Dorset, is generally connected more especially with Yorkshire in the early part of his career. His services in Ireland as Chief Secretary, are well known, as are his exertions in the passing of the Education Act, which, according to a writer in "The Times" of the day, "gave England the first system of really National Elementary Education at all worthy of the name." We claim him for Dorset because he was born at Bradpole near Bridport. His father was William Forster, member of an old Quaker family which had long been settled at Tottenham. His mother was Anna Buxton, sister of the first Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. Both father and mother were people of strong character, and the father a fine example of the "Spirituality" which has characterised the Society of Friends. For many years he travelled over Great Britain confirming the churches, for he had devoted himself to the life of a preacher. Anna Buxton was also a

member of the Society, and her parents lived near Weymouth. It is said that George III when a visitor in those parts distinguished Anna with special notice. The Forsters were married in 1816 at the Friends' Meeting House at Shaftesbury, and settled at Bradpole in a cottage, in which place William Edward was born two years later. He was educated at Tottenham, and on leaving school was put into business, and became a manufacturer at Bradford, where he was afterwards joint owner of the great worsted mill at Burghley-in-Wharfedale. Four years later he accompanied his father to Ireland, a country with which he was destined in after life to have a close connection. Here he served as distributor of relief funds collected by the Quakers, and he writes striking accounts of the result of the famine in Ireland in the following year. In the year 1850 he left the Society of Friends on his marriage with a daughter of Dr. Arnold, and eleven years later he was elected Liberal M.P. for Bradford, a post which he held until the time of his death, a period of five and twenty years. We need not follow him in all his political career which culminated in his being appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland by Mr. Gladstone in the year 1880. After two years' struggle with political opponents he resigned office, but the Phœnix Park murder led him to offer his services again, which were not accepted.

A memorial was unveiled to him at Bradpole in 1888 on which occasion Sir Frederick Young paid a glowing tribute to the character of William Edward Forster—from which an extract has been given above.

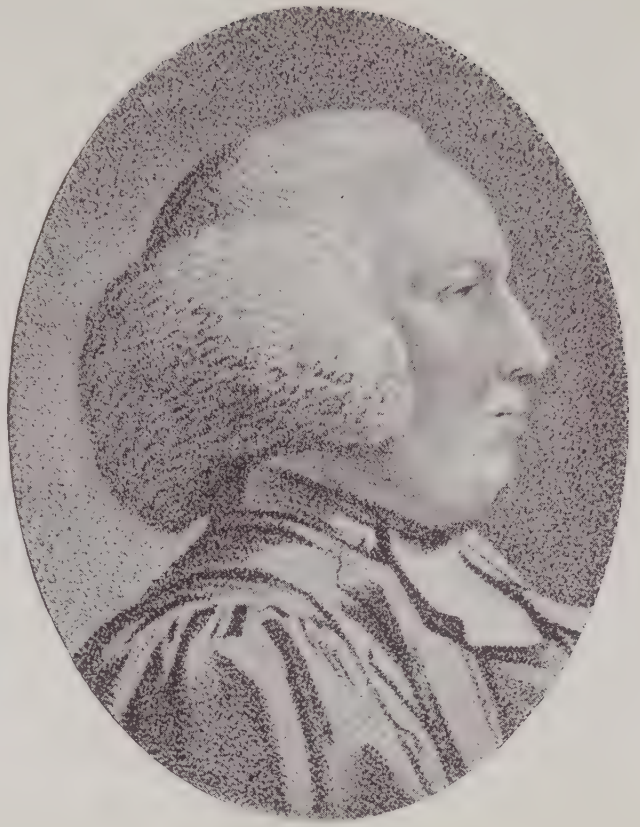
There seems something appropriate in concluding our remarks upon the Worthies of Dorset with so distinguished a name as that of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. We have seen in the preceding pages how the name of Anthony Ashley Cooper occurs again and again in the annals of the county; and in the person of the seventh Earl we have a man of whom we may be proud as a statesman, and above all, and it is upon this that his fame will probably rest, as a philanthropist.

He was born at the beginning of the century (in 1801) and lived near on to its close, dying in 1885. Lord Shaftesbury was the eldest son of the sixth Earl, educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford. He entered Parliament when five-and-twenty years of age as member for Woodstock, and devoted himself to an energetic promotion of factory legislation, to improve the condition of children, and to relieve them from overwork. In 1844 the "Ten Hours' Bill" was passed. Probably this, and the exclusion from mines of female labour and of boys under thirteen, with unceasing exertions on behalf of homeless and destitute children, constitute the great work of his life. His appeal for the education of children in the manufacturing districts was responded to by the establishment of the Ragged School Union. He was President of the Bible Society, of the Pastoral Aid Society, and other mis-

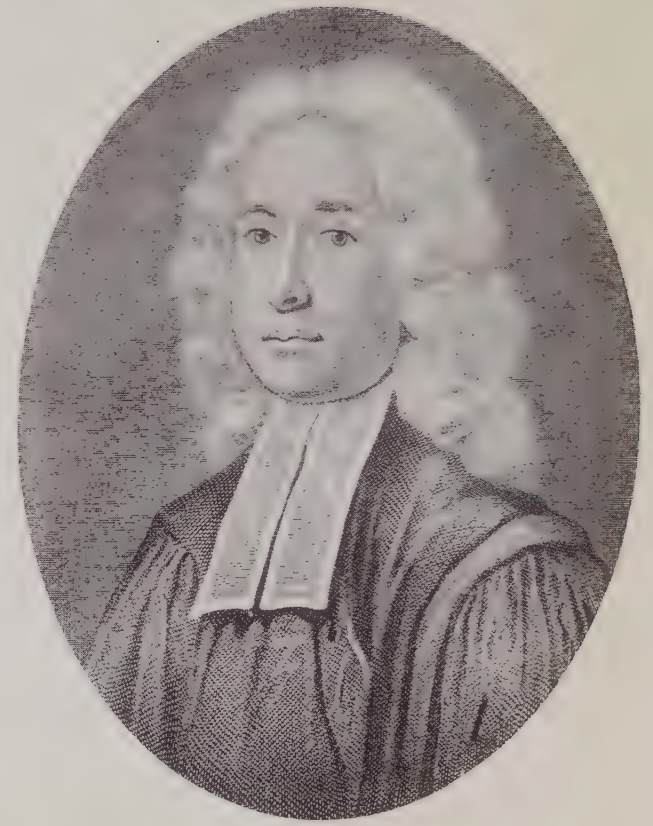
sionary undertakings. In fact his life may be said to have been devoted to activity in religious improvement, and to beneficent labour for a social advancement.

There is a portrait of him by George Frederick Watts, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery, and also a plaster bust modelled by Boehm in the same collection. In Westminster Abbey he is commemorated by a full-length figure, wearing the robes of a Knight of the Garter, and on the base of the statue are inscribed these words :—" Endeared to his countrymen by a long life spent in the care of the helpless and suffering. Love—Serve."

With regard to the appearance of this distinguished Wessex Worthy, the present writer has a vivid recollection of seeing him on horseback in the capacity of Lord Lieutenant of the County of Dorset, and on hearing him address the Volunteers at an inspection of them at Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, in the " sixties," when the plainness of his uniform and the austerity of his strongly marked features, combined with the Biblical language he employed in his intense and glowing address, left an impression analagous to that which might have been made by one of the Puritan leaders of the Commonwealth in the Great Rebellion.



The Rev. JAMES GRANGER
[after *P. Falconet*]



The Rev. JOHN HUTCHINS
[after *C. Bestland*]

PART II.

(On some personages connected with the history of Dorset).

CHAPTER VII.

Margaret of Anjou.

WE may now proceed to treat of certain personages without mention of whom no survey of the history of Dorset would seem to be complete. The first of these in point of date is Margaret of Anjou. Royalty may be said to be exotic in Dorset, and notwithstanding that there are thousands of acres of land in the county belonging to the Crown, as Demesnes of the Duchy of Cornwall, there is no royal residence in Dorset, and the connection of Royalty with the County is slight, casual and infrequent.

The Royal personage with whom we have now to deal is no exception to the rule. Her connection with Dorset was but a passing one, a mere incident in the tragedy of her stormy life, the scene of which was mostly laid in the Midlands, where many bloody battles of the Wars of the Roses where fought. I shall not attempt to follow in detail the tragic events which crowd the annals of Henry VI and his Queen, but inasmuch as Margaret, with her handsome and ill-fated son Edward, was in Dorset at the very height of her misfortunes, some account of her may be of interest.

Stow, quoting from a contemporary chronicler says of her :—" This woman excelled all others as well in beauty and favour as in art and policy, and was in courage inferior to none."

" Her story," says Miss Strickland, " is a tissue of the most striking vicissitudes, and replete with more powerful interest than is to be found within any imaginary career of any heroine of romance."

Margaret of Anjou was a queen who undoubtedly inherited some of the extraordinary qualities of her race. The House of Anjou has been dwelt upon at length by J. R. Green in his " Short History of the English People," wherein he speaks of the shameless wickedness of the men, but at the same time bears witness to their ability and faculty for statesmanship.

Margaret's father was René, Duke of Anjou, titular King of Sicily, whose love of learning and taste for poetry and the arts she inherited.

René was, in his thirteenth year, espoused to Isabella, the heiress of Lorraine, who was only ten years old at the period of her nuptials. This lady, who was the direct descendant of Charlemagne, in addition to her princely patrimony, brought the beauty, the high spirit, and the imperial blood of that illustrious line, into the family of Anjou. Her youngest daughter, Margaret, was in all respects a genuine scion of the Carlovingian race.

Hume says of her "She was an admirable Princess, but more illustrious by her undaunted spirit in adversity, than by her moderation in prosperity. She seems neither to have enjoyed the virtues, nor been subject to the weaknesses, of her sex; and was as much tainted with the ferocity as endowed with the courage of that barbarous age in which she lived."

In 1443 Margaret was already famous for her precocious charms and talents. Barante, who wrote the chronicles of the Dukes of Burgundy, says of her, "There was no princess in Christendom more accomplished than my Lady Margaretta of Anjou. She was already renowned in France for her beauty, and wit, and all the misfortunes of her father had only given her an opportunity of displaying her lofty spirit and courage."

King Henry VI, who was then in his twenty-fourth year, is described as being at this time "beautiful in person, of a highly cultivated and refined mind, holy and pure in thought and deed, resisting with virtuous indignation every attempt made by the unprincipled females of his court."

The want of energy and decision in Henry's character pointed to the choice of a consort who, like Margaret, united beauty, eloquence, and every feminine charm with masculine determination and courage. The match was really due to Cardinal Beaufort, great uncle of the King.

In January, 1444, the commissioners of England, France and Burgundy met at Tours, to negotiate a peace with France, and to arrange a treaty for a marriage destined to prove a most ill-fated one. In connection with this treaty the King thus addressed Suffolk, who was his proxy: "You have engaged in our name and for us the excellent, magnificent and very bright Margaretta, the serene daughter of the King of Sicily."

It is significant of the morals of the time that Agnes Sorel, the mistress of Charles VII, attired as an Amazon in a suit of fanciful armour blazing with jewels, was present at the tournament, lasting eight days, which René gave in honour of the match.

The war with France had made the English Crown nearly bankrupt, and poverty was the plague which pursued Margaret all her life. After long delays, due to the King's empty exchequer, and the difficulty of getting money, Henry and his young bride were married on 22nd April, 1445, at Tichfield Abbey, she being then fifteen years and one month old, and they were crowned at Westminster on the 30th of May following.

At the age of eighteen we find Margaret left alone, Henry being busy with the building of Eton College, and such-like pursuits.

Later the unhappy King was seized with madness, like his grandfather, Charles VI of France. On recovering from his malady, we read of his being wounded at St. Albans, where he remained alone under his banner, and then walked quietly into a baker's shop!

But all this pertains to the changing fortunes of the Wars of the Roses.

Returning to the personal history of Margaret, it is rather surprising to find Hutchins throwing doubt upon her visit to Cerne. The writer speaks of it as a tradition, and of her being entertained at the abbey as "a circumstance not noticed by any historian."

In Dr. Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," the visit is described, and we see the unhappy queen at the lowest ebb of her fortunes. This year of 1471 was indeed one fatal to her hopes. Early in April Henry VI was again a captive in the Tower, Edward entered London, and was received with acclamation. Three days later, on Easter Sunday, the bloody battle of Barnet was fought, in which the all-powerful Earl of Warwick, "the King-maker," was slain, and the Yorkists were once more triumphant. Immediately after this disaster, Morton hurried to the south coast "to convey the sad tidings to Margaret and to the Prince (Edward)." He found them just landed at Weymouth, "seeking the repose which a tempestuous passage of thirteen long hours seemed to demand. Morton took the poor broken-hearted queen to Cerne, and its monks dared the wrath of the conqueror and offered her an asylum. Morton had to announce to her that the Lancastrian party, though not extinct, was without a leader, unless Queen Margaret were herself prepared to take the command.

The visit of Margaret to Cerne Abbey was doubtless owing to the suggestion of Morton, due probably to the fact that he was educated there, and that this secluded Benedictine monastery, nestling under the hills of Dorsetshire, afforded a safe place of refuge. But it was not reckoned as safe as Beaulieu, which had right of Sanctuary and enjoyed privileges equal to those which had been granted to St. Peter's, Westminster—whither the unhappy Queen Elizabeth of York resorted later with her two sons, to escape the tyranny of Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

Those who know the beautiful Gate House with its two-story Oriel window —all that is left of the once stately Abbey of Cerne—can picture the queen coming forth with a cavalcade on her way to Beaulieu, whither she was removed after a short while. There is another reason which may have inclined her to seek this remote part of the country, far from the scene of the conflicts which had taken place between the houses of York and Lancaster, namely that the manors of Portland, Wyke and Weymouth, and also of Gillingham in another part of Dorset, were included in the dower given by Henry to his queen in the early days of their married life.

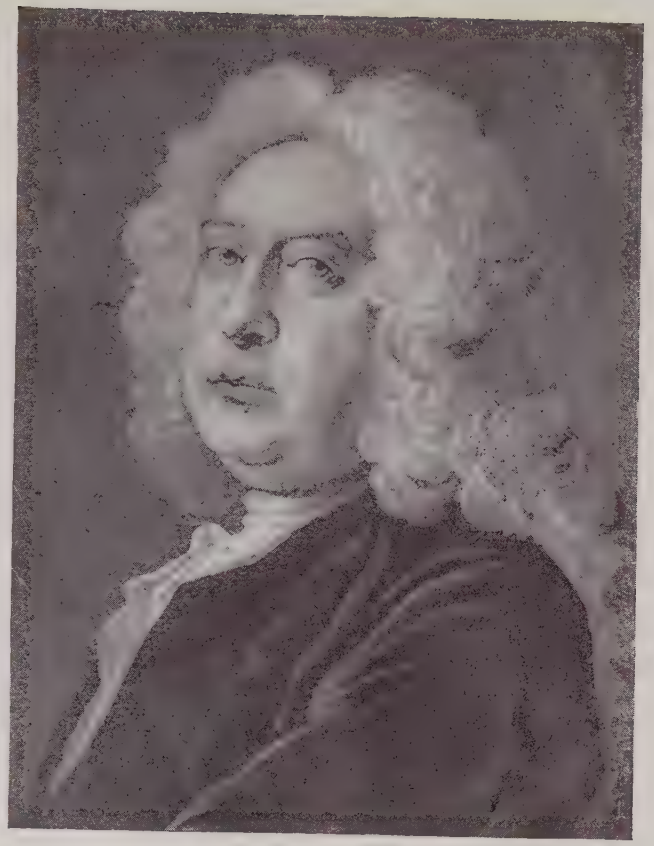
The battle of Tewkesbury in May, 1471, less than three weeks after the

crushing defeat at Barnet, was a final blow to the hopes of the house of Lancaster, and the sovereignty of Edward was received with acclamation. One important result followed from it, namely, that Morton was released from his allegiance to the Lancastrian party. Both Henry VI and his son Edward, Prince of Wales, had been killed; Queen Margaret was a prisoner of state, and remained such until she was ransomed by France; hence there was no one who could claim the allegiance of the English people as Edward IV did. His right of birth was indeed indisputable. This being so, a change of party by Morton becomes not only comprehensible but excusable. No good was to be gained by holding to the allegiance which he had hitherto given so whole-heartedly to the house of Lancaster. We are told that the new King, Edward, listened graciously to petitions for pardon, and that he had the attainder of Morton reversed in the ensuing Parliament. From that time forth honours were showered upon him in profusion.

The young Prince Edward was a child of singular promise and beauty, and was betrothed when eight years old to the Lady Margaret of Scotland, sister to the young King James III. Not the least tragic of the events of the horrible struggle between the nobles of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, was the fate of this young Edward of Lancaster, Prince of Wales, then only eighteen years of age. That he perished at Tewkesbury there is no doubt, but whether he died in battle, or whether he was killed in the presence of Edward IV by the Duke of Gloucester and others, has been deemed "a question upon which the opinions of men are even at the present time divided." According to the generally received account, the unhappy Prince, when the fortunes of the day were lost for the Lancastrians, begged for mercy of King Edward, who answered by smiting him in the face with his iron gauntlet, whereupon the King's brothers fell upon the youthful victim of their hate, and stabbed him to death—in other words, murdered him in cold blood.

"This child of sorrow and infelicity," as Stow calls him, was loved by Margaret with passionate fondness. Dr. Hook says that "all the historians agree in stating that at this sad time her brave heart was crushed, the spirit had died within her." We shall see that later her dauntless courage revived, and she became a veritable Amazon, so that the feelings with which she was regarded were expressed in such epithets as "the foreign woman" and the "she-wolf."

The personal appearance of Margaret, whose beauty in her youth was so famous, is a matter upon which, at this date, it is difficult to offer any reliable evidence, since no unquestioned, genuine portrait of her appears to exist, unless that which was once in the stained glass window of the Église des Cordeliers at Angers be taken as such, and this church was destroyed in the French Revolution. The portrait has been engraved in "Montfaucon" and also in "Le Recueil de Gaignières." A reproduction of the figure of the



SIR JAMES THORNHILL
[after *Joseph Highmore*]

GILES HUSSEY
[*From a drawing by himself*]
In the British Museum.

Queen taken from this window is here given. It shows her wearing a "cote-hardi." She is represented as young, and certainly attractive. The terrible Civil War which was to destroy her youth and happiness had not then begun.

Another representation of the Queen is to be found in the Department devoted to Missals and illuminated MSS. in the British Museum. It is contained in a magnificent folio volume, written in French, which was presented by John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, to Margaret of Anjou, about the year 1445. This is full of illuminations, and on the first page we see the Earl, attended by a little white dog (his "Talbot"), kneeling and presenting what is doubtless this book to the Queen. She sits upon a throne; with her right hand she grasps the left hand of Henry VI, and in her left she holds a sceptre with which she touches the volume that is being offered to her. Henry is also enthroned; a gold crown is on his dark hair, and he holds a sceptre in his right hand.

The illumination is one of much beauty, full of interesting detail, and the elaborate costumes of the royal pair, the courtiers, and their attendants form a study in themselves.

Miss Strickland describes this magnificent folio, still in the finest preservation, as "a surviving monument of Talbot's exquisite taste in the fine arts," and says that "he was one of the few out of the many warrior peers of England, at that rude era, who possessed a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate the learning and accomplishments of the fair Provençal queen."

The scene, she surmises, "probably took place in some hall of the destroyed apartments in the Tower, or Westminster Palace. Margaret's hair, of a pale golden colour, is most gracefully flowing from under her diadem, and falls in profusion down her back and shoulders, and over her regal mantle, which is pale purple, and fastened round the bust with bands of gold and gems. The dress beneath the mantle is the furred "cote-hardi," similar to that worn by her in the painted window of the church at Angers, already described. "She is exquisitely lovely, and very majestic in this carefully finished portrait which does not represent her older than in her twentieth year . . ." The King wears a blue robe. We find the emblem of Margaret everywhere—"Daisies are seen growing in the garden of the Palace; daisies with their little red buttons, are arranged in profusion up the side of the title page; daisies swarm in clusters round her armorial bearings, and flourish in every corner of the illuminated pages . . . The Queen's ladies are seen behind the royal seat, attired in heart-shaped caps, which were a graceful modification, at Margaret's Court, of the monstrous horned cap of the preceding half century; they were formed of a stuffed roll, wreathed with gold and gems, and fixed in a fanciful turban shape, over the close caul of gold cloth or net-work, brought to a point, low in front, and rising behind the head. Henry's nobles are assembled in crowds to the right of the royal seat; they

are clothed in full surtouts, like the beef-eaters' dresses, but of whole colours, and trimmed with fur. They either wear round black caps, or their hair is cropped close to the head,—a fashion always prevalent in the time of war, when the helmet prevented the growth of hair." Behind them is an arras, a cloth-of-state with heraldic insignia worked upon it: the Lion of England and the Fleur-de-lis of France in alternate squares.

In the figure of the Queen in this illumination, there is nothing to suggest masculinity; she sits with a golden crown upon her hair, which itself is of pure gold colour. Her face is delicate and gentle, and her whole appearance feminine and refined.

This is also the character of another alleged portrait to be found at Coventry. In St. Mary's Hall in that city there hangs a piece of tapestry thirty feet long by ten feet wide, said to contain portraits of Henry VI and his Queen. Without entering upon a minute description of this elaborate and beautiful needlework, we may point out that the figure alleged to be Margaret is seen in the right-hand panel, kneeling at a prie-dieu, with ladies in their voluminous dresses standing in attendance behind. On the opposite side of the central panel we see the King, in rich robes and ermine cape, also kneeling.

The character and features of every figure in this work are so markedly individual that they give the impression of each being a portrait, and are comparable in this respect with the representation of Edward III and his court in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster.

The connection of Henry and Margaret with Coventry was close. They both visited it frequently, and this ancient city was conspicuous during the Wars of the Roses for its steady adherence to the House of Lancaster. As it was not uncommon in those days for royalty to do, they belonged to the confraternity of the "Guild of the Holy Trinity" at Coventry, and were enrolled as brother and sister in 1450. Henry VII and Elizabeth of York were similarly admitted in 1499. Thus the tradition that the tapestry was made to commemorate one of these occasions is probably based on fact.

In "Archæologia" (Vol. XXXVI) the late Sir George Scharf, assisted by Mrs. Jameson, gave a detailed account of what he justly terms "this very interesting monument," to which some judicious remarks by Mr. John Gough Nichols, F.S.A., were appended. From these we learn that Henry kept Christmas in the year 1436 at Kenilworth. In 1450 he lodged in the Priory at Coventry, and attended High Mass at St. Michael's church, when he gave the church a gown of gold tissue, in which he is supposed to be represented in the tapestry. It is a gorgeous robe, with the familiar pine-apple ornament. On Whit Sunday, 1456, Henry and Margaret, wearing their crowns, walked in procession from the Priory into St. Michael's churchyard, and thence to the Cathedral, where the Bishop of Hereford performed High Mass. Nichols gives a description and the names of various noblemen, who bore the royal

train, cap of State, sword, etc., and similarly of the ladies attending the Queen on this occasion, gathered, we believe, from the municipal records of Coventry. One point of interest in connection with our subject is the identity of a Cardinal kneeling behind the King, who has been assumed to be Cardinal Beaufort, or, perhaps, Bourchier or Morton. Much as one would like to find a portrait of the last named, it is clear that if the tapestry represents Henry VI and his consort, the Cardinal cannot be John Morton, since Morton did not receive the red hat until 1493, twenty-two years after the death of Henry VI. Near the kneeling Cardinal will be noticed a prominent full-length figure of a man, wearing a most elaborate dress, and holding a large bag or purse. He is followed by a "talbot," the badge of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Talbot, talbots being also supporters of their coat of arms. My conjecture is that this represents John Talbot, second Earl of Shrewsbury, who was Treasurer of England in 1456, the year of the visit of Margaret and Henry to Coventry, as described above. He held other offices later, was Chief Butler in 1458, and was therefore closely associated with the Court. The introduction of this dog by way of identification of the figure has special significance when we find a corresponding feature in the beautiful illumination on the first page of the volume presented by John Talbot, the first Earl of Shrewsbury, to Queen Margaret already described. This figure is of some importance with regard to date. If it be admitted to represent the Talbot, who died in 1453, it is further evidence that the Cardinal who kneels behind the King is not Morton.

On the authority of Mr. Sutton, Town Clerk of Coventry, we learn that St. Mary's Hall was commenced in 1394, finished in 1414, redecorated in 1580. The earliest entry in the Guild accounts referring to the tapestry occurs in 1519, when 26*s.* 8*d.* was expended on repairing it. Mr. Sutton states that "the tapestry is of Arras manufacture, and was probably made in the XVth or early in the XVIth century."

We may contrast the account given of the beauty of Margaret when young by Champchevrier, with that of her in her last days, when, from Villeneuve, we learn of a fearful change made in her appearance by her passionate regrets for the bereavements she had undergone. The agonies of these had "turned the whole mass of her blood; her eyes, once so brilliant and expressive became hollow, dim and perpetually inflamed from excessive weeping, and her skin was disfigured with a dry, scaly leprosy, which transformed this princess, who had been celebrated as the most beautiful in the world, into a spectacle of horror." The language of this terrible description may be exaggerated, but there is little doubt that, after her return to her own country, she lived in the deepest seclusion, and that, by her own wish, she ended her days in profound retirement. How she cherished the memories of her murdered husband, bereft, though he sometimes was, of his reason, and of her handsome son, whose bodies she was never able to recover, is shown by the fact recorded by

Miss Strickland that till the last day of her life, she "employed some faithful ecclesiastics in England to perform at the humble graves of her loved and lost ones, those offices deemed needful for the repose of their souls." The above named writer concludes her notice of Margaret of Anjou by a line taken from a breviary which was possessed by Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon. This was said to have belonged to Margaret of Anjou, the younger —niece of the Queen of England. Therein is a sentence, supposed to have been written by the unhappy daughter of René herself, the outline of whose stormy life we have traced in these pages, and it runs thus—

"Vanité des vanités, tout la vanité."

From the death of Cardinal Morton to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh is a long interval during which Dorset men do not appear to have left many marks, or at any rate there is very little to be written about them. An exception to this, however, is the case of Sir Christopher Hatton, who was undoubtedly an eminent man and, as we know, a great favourite of his royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth. His intimate association with the politics of her reign, his part in the affairs relating to Mary Queen of Scots, and, finally, his post as Lord Chancellor, are of themselves quite sufficient to give him prominence in any account of the times in which he lived. His connection with the county arose through the purchase of Corfe Castle in the fourteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, when, according to Mr. Thomas Bond, "Corfe Castle, with its Lordship, demesne lands, liberties, and privileges, was granted or rather sold to Christopher Hatton, one of Elizabeth's pensioners, afterwards Sir Christopher Hatton and Lord Chancellor." The active part that he took in opposition to Mary Queen of Scots led to his being on the committee for the trial of Babington (1586), and he was one of those who advised Mary's execution in the following year. In 1588 he was made Knight of the Garter, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

The Duke of Rutland owns an interesting miniature of Sir Christopher, which is ascribed to Nicholas Hilliard in Lady Victoria Manners' catalogue of the Belvoir collection. This hardly bears out the reputation Hatton enjoyed of being the handsomest man of his time, but such he was reputed to be. It represents him full-length, with the Great Seal on the table, and a small dog by his side and is here reproduced. A replica of this miniature was in the Propert collection and was known as a portrait of Lord Burleigh. Hatton is said to have attracted the notice of Elizabeth by his graceful dancing at a Masque. Of his being a prime favourite of hers there can be no doubt, indeed Mary Stuart roundly accused him of being the paramour of her cousin the English Queen.

Although he does not figure as an author himself, he was a patron of men

CAPT. CORAM

[after *William Hogarth*]

of learning, and Spenser dedicated a sonnet to him. He died comparatively young in 1591.

The Earl of Winchelsea owns a portrait of him in a white, gold-laced doublet, and short black cloak sewn with pearls.

The XVI Century was rich in naval and military commanders, not to speak of other men of action and of distinction. Amongst them, conspicuous by his talents, by the romance of his life, and the tragedy of his death, stands the picturesque figure of Sir Walter Raleigh, that "accomplished and much to be lamented man." No attempt is made in these pages to set forth fully the varied incidents of his career; but, as a man who spent a good deal of time on his estate in Dorsetshire, building what Mr. Coker calls "a most fine house," formerly known as Sherborne Lodge, and now as Sherborne Castle, some reference to him should be made.

The perplexity that Anthony Wood found as to "under what topic to place him," as he terms it, must be felt by all who attempt to deal with the story of a man of so many accomplishments as Sir Walter Raleigh, so that it is a question "whether the age he lived in was more obliged to his pen or his sword, the one being busy in conquering the new, the other in so bravely describing the old world." The "lives" of him are numerous, but a few particulars of his career may not be deemed out of place in this volume.

Sir Walter Raleigh, then, was the second son of Walter Raleigh, by his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir William Champernoun, and was born in 1552 at Hayes in the parish of East Budleigh. His father was eighth in descent from Sir Hugh Raleigh of Smallridge in the parish of Axminster. The young Walter Raleigh became a Commoner at Oriel College, Oxford; after three years, he removed to the Middle Temple. In 1569 he betook himself to a military life, and first served in France as a volunteer, under his kinsman Henry Champernoun. About this time he made several voyages—the first with that most distinguished man, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his mother's son by her first husband. In 1580 he held a command in Ireland, and on his return, went to Court, and became a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth. In 1584 he discovered Virginia, was knighted, and was elected Knight of the Shire for Devon; in 1586 he was made Lord Warden of the Stanneries; in 1600 Governor of Jersey and Virginia. He was an officer in the fleet that defeated the Armada. In 1592 he captured a rich caraccas, worth half a million of money, and took part in several expeditions to the West Indies, and the coast of Spain. His connection with Dorset appears to have begun in 1592, when by royal favour he obtained a grant of the manor and castle of Sherborne, and many other lands belonging to the see of Sarum. As to this, Hutchins observes that Raleigh "seems to have effected his design not without some fraudulent, or perhaps violent means, being charged with

having persuaded Bishop Coldwell to pass it to the Crown on his election to the see of Salisbury; after which Sir Walter Raleigh obtained a grant of it. This was one of the greatest blemishes in his character, and was probably one cause of his misfortunes. These rich possessions raised the envy and avarice of his fellow courtiers, who waited for, and soon after found, an opportunity to deprive him of them."

In 1594 followed the discovery of Guiana in South America, and in 1596 Raleigh held an admiral's command at the taking of Cadiz. On the accession of James I he was, with Lord Cobham, accused of high treason, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, which sentence was afterwards changed to confinement in the Tower, where he continued fourteen years. "No one but my father," said Henry, Prince of Wales, "would keep such a bird in the cage." Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower must not be regarded quite in the light of an ordinary imprisonment, as it is evident that he had certain privileges extended to him: he was allowed to have Lady Raleigh to share his apartments,—she joined him voluntarily in 1605,—and was permitted to receive his friends, and to take exercise on a part of the Tower battlements known to this day as "Raleigh's Walk." The citizens of London used to congregate below to see the famous prisoner, and in such crowds that the privilege had to be withdrawn.

The statement that he wrote his "History of the World" in a dungeon-like hole in another part of the Tower, which used to be shown as the place where this literary work was done, may be dismissed as fiction. As to the above named great work, it is much to be regretted that he published only the first part, having, a little while before his death, destroyed the second part, which, as Hutchins says, "was a great loss to the learned world, to be repaired by no hand but his own." The unfortunate expedition to Guiana, in which his son Walter was killed, was in 1616, and on Sir Walter's return his former sentence was put in force, and this "statesman, seaman, soldier and historian," the "scourge, terror and triumph of Spain, whom the whole nation pitied and several princes interceded for, Queen Elizabeth's favourite," perished by the axe of the headsman in the Old Palace Yard, Westminster, on the 29th of October, 1618, a victim to the fears of James and the animosity of Spain, by whose Ambassador his punishment was demanded when the news arrived of the destruction of San Tomas. He was interred in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

A few words may be added respecting Lady Raleigh. She was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth. In 1592, when Sir Walter was nearly forty years of age, and she some twenty years younger, the Queen's discovery of an intrigue between them, led to Raleigh being sent to the Tower. Upon his release he married Elizabeth Throgmorton, "and made her the best of husbands," says Kingsley.

By her he had two sons, one of whom, as we have seen, was killed in the attack upon San Tomas. The other, Carew, was born in the Tower; he was Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King Charles I, and was made Governor of Jersey in 1659.

The affection that existed between Sir Walter and his wife, "Besse" as he terms her, is shown by the letter which he addressed to her in December, 1603, written on what he believed to be the eve of his execution; and also in letters written by Lady Raleigh to her husband. These affecting letters are here subjoined.

"You shall receave, deare wief, my last words in these my last lynes. My love I send you, that you may keepe it when I am dead; and my councell, that you may remember it when I am noe more. I would not, with my last Will, present you with sorrowes, deare Besse. Lett them goe to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this lief, beare my destruccion gentlie and with a hart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks my hart cann conceive, or my penn expresse, for your many troubles and cares taken for me, which—though they have not taken effect as you wished—yet my debt is to you never the lesse; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondlie, I beseich you, for the love you bare me living, that you doe not hide yourself many dayes, but by your travell seeke to helpe your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poore childe. Your mourning cannot avayle me that am but dust. . . . If you can live free from want, care for no more; for the rest is but vanity. Love God, and beginne betymes to repose yourself on Him; therein shall you find true and lastinge ritches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts on all sorts of worldly cogitacions, you shall sit downe by Sorrow in the end. Teach your sonne alsoe to serve and feare God, while he is young; that the feare of God may grow upp in him. Then will God be a husband unto you, and a father unto him; a husband and a father which can never be taken from you. . . . Remember your poore childe for his father's sake, that comforted you and loved you in his happiest tymes. . . . I cannot wright much. God knowes howe hardlie I stole this tyme, when all sleep; and it is tyme to separate my thoughts from the world. Begg my dead body, which living was denyed you; and either lay itt att Sherborne if the land continue, or in Exiter church, by my father and mother. I can wright noe more. Tyme and Death call me awaye.

The everlasting, infinite powerfull, and inscrutable God, that Almightie God that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true lief and light, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and teach me to forgeve my persecutors and false accusers; and send us to meete in His glorious kingdome. My true wief, farewell. Blesse my poore boye; pray for me. My true God hold you both in His armes.

Written with the dyeing hand of sometyme thy husband but now (alasse!) overthrowne.

Your's that was; but nowe not my owne,

W. Ralegh."

" *Septr.* 1597.

SUR,

I knoo not what to thinke. Thes gentellmen that ar com from the Flit can tell me no newes of Sir Watter, but that he is goon befor me Lord Ginerall. His shipe the Gueano is cast away. This littell pinnes, 'The Darling,' which this gentellman cam in, was the unly shipe hee had left him, and is com away unknoon to him,—apointed so by me Lord Generall.

For God sake, let me heer from you the trewth; for I am much trobled. Pardon my hast and skrebbling. This Thursday.

Your poore frind,

E. RALEGH.

Addressed: To the most honnarabell Mr. Sekretari."

" *October* 30*th* (*?*), 1618.

I desiar, good brother, that you will be plessed to let me berri the worthi boddi of my nobell hosban, Sur Walter Ralegh, in your chorche at Beddington, wher I desiar to be berred. The Lordes have geven me his ded boddi, thought they denied me his life. This nit hee shall be brought you with two or three of my men. Let me here presently. God hold me in my wites.

E. R.

Addressed: To my best brother, Sur Nicholas Carew, at Beddington."

A pleasing view is here given of the home of the Raleighs in Dorset, where they lived some seven years. It is taken from a drawing by J. Buckler, F.S.A. Alexander Pope in a letter to Miss Blount has left a most interesting account of this mansion and its beautiful situation. The house, it will be observed, is in the form of an "H." James I took it away from Raleigh and gave it to his unworthy favourite, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. Upon his conviction, with the Countess of Essex, for complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, the property reverted to the Crown, and was granted by James to Sir John Digby, who was made Earl of Bristol in 1618, and was twice Ambassador to Spain. It is still a residence of a member of the Digby family.

Portraits of Raleigh are numerous, among the most interesting known to me being two miniatures which represent him and his elder son. These are reproduced in my work upon "British Miniature Painters." They belong to the Duke of Rutland, who also owns the enamel case in which they once hung, bearing the entwined initials "W. E. R." (Walter and Elizabeth Raleigh) a heart and other emblematic ornaments. The whole doubtless formed a treasured souvenir worn by Lady Raleigh in memory of her son and husband. In these deeply interesting miniatures at Belvoir, we see Raleigh as a grey-haired man, and his son in the flush of manly vigour. In vignettes at the foot of the miniatures are represented the assembling of the fleet, and the

attack on the Spanish settlement of San Tomas, when, as already related, young Raleigh was killed. Another picture of great interest, showing the younger Raleigh when a boy, standing by the side of his handsome father, belongs to Sir H. A. H. F. Lennard, Bart., and is reproduced in this work. Another noteworthy portrait is by Zucchero, in the collection of the Marquis of Bath, and represents Sir Walter in the prime of life, in a very rich and somewhat fantastic costume—his doublet is white, and he wears a red embroidered scarf tied in a huge bow upon his right shoulder; in his hat is a large plume of feathers. The accessories introduced in this picture are suggestive of Sir Walter Raleigh's career. He stands, holding a pair of compasses in his right hand, by a table on which is placed a globe, significant of the discoveries made by him in the New World.

Aubrey in his letters described Sir Walter as having "a most remarkable aspect, an exceedingly high forehead, long faced, and sour eie-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie."

Raleigh is reported to have lived at enormous expense, no man of his time having surpassed him in magnificence. According to Lodge he "tilted in silver armour, wearing a sword and belt set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; appeared at Court on solemn occasions, covered with jewels, nearly to the value of seventy thousand pounds; and his retinue and table were maintained with proportionate splendour."

CHAPTER VIII.

The XVII Century.

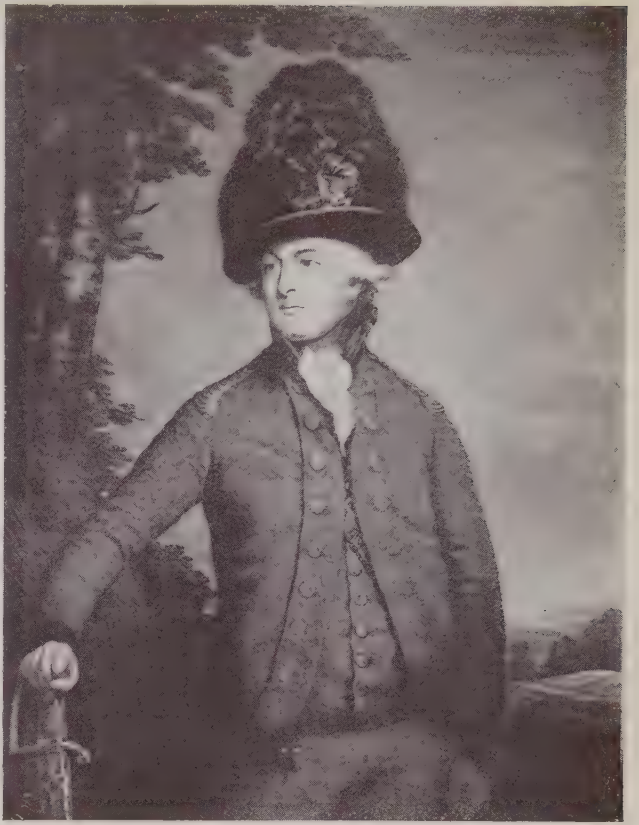
King Charles II and the Duke of Monmouth.

THE early and shadowy association of Royalty with Dorset has already been dealt with, and we have seen that, with a few exceptions, such as King John's visits to Corfe, and the passing of the unhappy Margaret of Anjou from Weymouth to Cerne, and thence to Beaulieu, Royalty had but little to do with Dorset up to this time. The " most learned fool in Christendom " as James I was styled, had a passing connection with Dorset, for in the year 1616 he went to Lulworth Castle in order to escape the ravages of the plague in London. The portrait of this monarch here shown is from a miniature painted by Hoskins, after the characteristic likeness by Van Somer in the King's Collection at Windsor.

Six and thirty years later we meet with James's grandson, Charles II and the Duke of Monmouth, neither of whom can, of course in any sense, be claimed as " Wessex Worthies," although at the same time both of them were associated in a romantic way with the history of the county. It is indeed a remarkable fact that a King of England was a fugitive, in hiding and in fear of his life, for nearly three weeks in Dorset ; whilst, but a few years later, his favourite son, the unhappy Monmouth, was a wanderer in the same county, on whose coast he landed within a few miles from the spot (close to Lyme Regis) where his father lay waiting for ship and tide to carry him to France, and on the borders of which he was captured, after the abortive rising of his misguided followers, and hurried away to the scaffold on Tower Hill.

As we have remarked in the preceding chapter, the XVI Century was a time of discovery and development, full of mental ferment and unrest. In this country Feudalism had been shattered, and upon the ruins of the old power of the nobility arose a new fabric of kingly supremacy, wrested by the sovereign, after many bloody struggles of the nobles amongst themselves, for the intrigues and butchery which form the gruesome story of the Wars of the Roses, were the outcome of the endeavours of the two factions—York and Lancaster—to get this power into their own hands. So long as it rested in the hands of the astute Edward IV, and of Henry VII, who had the good fortune to combine the interests of the warring factions by his marriage,—so

The Hon. Mrs. DAMER
[after *Sir J. Reynolds*]
From an engraving in the British Museum



LORD MILTON
[after *Thomas Beach*]
From an engraving in the British Museum.

long as strong rulers like Henry VIII, and his daughter Elizabeth with her genius for state-craft wielded the supreme power, the conflict between the spirit of the age and the monarchical principle was postponed. Nevertheless the struggle was destined to come, and it drew rapidly to a head when a pedant like James I sat on the throne, with his creed of the Divine Right of Kings, and his total want of any real sympathy with his subjects. And it may be said to have become inevitable, when the sceptre passed to the hands of a weak man like Charles I, who not only was out of sympathy with his subjects, but in his dealings with them added duplicity to bigotry, and an obstinacy which culminated, as we know, in the Great Rebellion.

This event, with its subversion of society, with its ranging of father and son often in different camps, affected the local history of all England more or less. Nevertheless the Civil War does not seem to have made any very deep mark in our county. Dorset was not the scene of any great conflict—there was plenty of marching and counter-marching ; Dorchester was fortified, and was considered a place full of Malignants ; but, as one scans the list of those who played their part in the drama of those times, one sees that there were comparatively few Dorset men who had much to do with this struggle. Exceptions there are, such as Sir William Portman on the one side, and Colonel Giles Strangways on the other, and there is one more notable exception, namely the heroine of the defence of Corfe Castle—Lady Bankes.

To return to the connection of Royalty with the county, in the middle of the XVII Century, Charles II, in his wanderings after the battle of Worcester, was fain to lie hid in a Dorset manor house for nineteen days, and had some hairbreadth escapes in his efforts to get safely away to the coast of France.

The map which accompanies this work was drawn by the late J. F. G. Foster, and shows the course of the royal fugitive through ten counties before he reached Shoreham ; also the way in which he doubled back at Broad Windsor, which, without doubt, saved his life.

Charles himself was extremely fond of relating the story of his adventures, and Pepys has recorded how " almost at their first meeting," that is to say when the King came aboard ship to take his passage into England at the time of the Restoration—in May, 1660,—" all the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down . . . upon the quarter-deck. He fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories he told, first his adventures that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot every step up to his knees in dirt," etc. This account, as has already been remarked, was taken the Diarist tells us, " from His Majesty's own mouth," and he (Pepys) was at great pains to possess himself of " all the memorials " as he terms them. Letters are extant in which the Duke of York in 1681 asks Pepys to send him a copy of the relation of His Majesty's escape, so that there is no doubt that it was

accepted as accurate, after allowing for some small discrepancies which may have crept in, considering that the narration did not take place until nearly thirty years after the event.

The story as taken down by Pepys is printed in the Boscobel Tracts, and being the King's personal description of his experiences, those passages relating to his stay in Dorsetshire may be given in full.

"Accordingly the next morning we went directly to Trent to Frank Windham's house, and lay that night at Castle-Cary, and the next night came to Trent, where I had appointed my Lord Wilmot to meet me, whom I still took care not to keep with me, but sent him a little before, or left to come after me.

When we came to Trent, my Lord Wilmot and I advised with Frank Windham, whether he had any acquaintance at any sea-town upon the coast of Dorset or Devonshire; who told me that he was very well acquainted with Gyles Strangways, and that he would go directly to him, and inform himself whether he might not have some acquaintance at Weymouth or Lyme, or some of those parts.

But Gyles Strangways proved not to have any, as having been long absent from all those places, as not daring to stir abroad, having been always faithful to the King; but he desired Frank Windham to try what he could do therein, it being unsafe for him to be found busy upon the sea coast. But withal he sent me three hundred broad pieces, which he knew were necessary for me in the condition I was now in; for I durst carry no money about me in those mean cloaths, and my hair cut short, but about ten or twelve shillings in silver.

Frank Windham, upon this, went himself to Lyme, and spoke with a merchant there, to hire a ship for my transportation, being forced to acquaint him that it was I that was to be carried out. The merchant undertook it, his name being ———, and accordingly hired a vessel for France, appointing a day for my coming to Lyme to embark. And accordingly we set out from Frank Windham's, and to cover the matter the better, I rode before a cousin of Frank Windham's, one Mrs. Judith Coningsby, still going by the name of William Jackson.

Memorandum, That one day, during my stay at Trent, I hearing the bells ring (the church being hard by Frank Windham's house) and seeing a company got together in the churchyard, I sent down the maid of the house, who knew me, to enquire what the matter was; who returning came up and told me, that there was a rogue a trooper come out of Cromwell's army that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on. Upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it.

This merchant having appointed us to come to Lyme, we, viz. myself, my Lord Wilmot, Frank Windham, Mrs. Coningsby, and one servant of Frank Windham's, whose name was Peter, were directed from him to a little village hard by Lyme, the vessel being to come out of the cobb at Lyme, and come to a little creek that was just by this village, whither we went, and to send their boat ashore to take us in at the said creek, and carry us over to France, the wind being then very good at north.

So we sat up that night, expecting the ship to come out, but she failed us. Upon which, I sent Frank Windham's man, Peter, and my Lord Wilmot to

Lyme the next morning, to know the reason of it. But we were much troubled how to pass away our time the next day, till we could have an answer. At last, we resolved to go to a place called Burport, about four miles from Lyme, and there stay till my Lord Wilmot should bring us news, whether the vessel could be had the next night or no, and the reason of her last nights failure.

So Frank Windham, and Mrs. Coningsby and I, went in the morning, on horse-back, away to Burport; and just as we came into the town, I could see the streets full of red-coats, Cromwell's soldiers, being a regiment of Colonel Haynes', viz. fifteen hundred men going to embark to take Jersey, at which Frank Windham was very much startled, and asked me what I would do? I told him, that we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done; because we should otherways miss my Lord Wilmot, in case we went any where else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horses thought it the best way to go blundering in among them, and lead them thro' the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did; and they were very angry with me for my rudeness.

As soon as I came into the stable I took the bridle off the horses, and called the hostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the hostler was helping me to feed the horses, 'Sure, Sir,' says the hostler, 'I know your face?' which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him, where he had lived? whether he had always lived there or no? He told me, that he was but newly come thither; that he was born in Exeter, and had been hostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain in the time of war: so I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, Friend, certainly you have seem me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year. Oh! says he, then I remember you a boy there; and with that was put off from thinking any more on it; but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together; which I excused, by saying, that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him. But told him, that my master was going for London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lye there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him.

As soon as we had dined, my Lord Wilmot came into the town from Lyme, but went to another inn. Upon which, we rode out of town, as if we had gone upon the road towards London; and when we were got two miles of, my Lord Wilmot overtook us, (he having observed, while in town, where we were) and told us, that he believed the ship might be ready next night; but that there had been some mistake betwixt him and the master of the ship.

Upon which, I not thinking it fit to go back again to the same place where we had sat up the night before, we went to a village called ———, about four miles in the country above Lyme, and sent in Peter to know of the merchant, whether the ship would be ready. But the master of the ship, doubting that it was some dangerous employment he was hired upon, absolutely refused the merchant, and would not carry us over.

Whereupon we were forced to go back again to Frank Windham's to Trent, where we might be in some safety till we had hired another ship.

As soon as we came to Frank Windham's, I sent away presently to Colonel

> Robert Philips, who lived then at Salisbury, to see what he could do for the getting me a ship; which he undertook very willingly, and had got one at Southampton, but by misfortune she was, amongst others, prest to transport their soldiers to Jersey, by which she failed us also.
>
> Upon this, I sent further into Sussex, where Robin Philips knew one Colonel Gunter, to see whether he could hire a ship any where upon that coast. And not thinking it convenient for me to stay much longer at Frank Windham's, (where I had been in all about a fortnight, and was become known to very many) I went directly away to a widow gentlewoman's house, one Mrs. Hyde, some four or five miles from Salisbury."

Other accounts of the romantic adventures of Charles after the battle of Worcester are graphically told in the "Boscobel Tracts," but they are mainly repetitions of the foregoing. Without attempting to deal in detail with the whole story, there are two other books which should be mentioned in this connection, *viz.* "Miraculum Basilicon" or "The Royal Miracle," a work of great rarity, of which, according to the late Mr. A. M. Broadley, only two copies are known to exist (both in the British Museum) and a little book entitled "Claustrum Regale Reseratum" (which may be translated as the King's place of retirement unlocked), published in 1681 by Miss Anne Wyndham, who has given an account of what she terms "God's wonderful mercy and providence in keeping and preserving our gracious Soveraign from the hands of his enemies."

This brings the story down to the close of Charles's nineteen days' stay at Trent,—"The Ark," as Anne Wyndham terms it, in which God shut him (the Prince) up, when the Floods of Rebellion had covered the face of his Dominions."

The royal fugitive, having at length safely arrived in Paris, was met by the queen-mother, and the most exciting episode in his life was thus concluded. Nor does Charles appear again in association with Dorset.

A few words may be said in regard to the views of Trent given in this volume. The house is an old seat of that staunch Royalist family, the Wyndhams, and one of the views shows the interior of the room occupied by Charles, which is called his bedroom, but more probably was that in which he took his meals. We learn from the "Boscobel Tract," No. II, that "His Majesties meat was (to prevent the danger of a discovery) for the most part dressed in his own chamber, the cookery whereof served him for some divertisement of the time." The room is said to be almost exactly as it appeared in Charles's time, and has a place of concealment adjoining of which, needless to say, no sign is apparent in the room itself. Another view shews the hiding place itself.

The portraits of Charles II are extremely numerous. One of the finest of all I should judge to be the half-length after Samuel Cooper, representing him in the robes of the Garter. It is a large and highly finished miniature he gave to Louise de Querouaille, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and which is

MRS. FITZHERBERT

From a miniature by R. Cosway, R A.

KING GEORGE III.

still in the hands of her descendant the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.* Of those showing Charles at this period of his life one of the most reliable is probably that drawn by William Faithorne—a threequarter-length, in doublet and half armour, wearing a scarf. Faithorne drew "ad vivum," and having enlisted, and fought for the King, was in good odour with the Royalists.

By the courtesy of the Duke of Northumberland, I am able to reproduce a miniature from the treasures of Alnwick Castle, which may be the work of Petitot, and is certainly that of an extremely clever enamel painter. It will be noticed that, like that by Faithorne, the portrait represents the king in half-armour, and wearing the scarf of the Garter, and was probably painted about the time of the wanderings that we have been describing, a period when portraits of Charles are rare.

The capture of "King Monmouth" is the last event of historical importance to be recorded in connection with Dorset; it was, moreover, the last invasion of England, barring the Jacobite Rebellions of 1710 and the "Forty-five." As regards the last-named episode Prince Charles Edward Stuart can hardly be termed an usurper, for he was the rightful heir to the throne, but no such claim can be put forward in respect of the ill-fated son of Lucy Walters. This being so, the Proclamation which was issued in Monmouth's name at Taunton on the 20th of June, 1685, reads like a piece of bravado, and such no doubt it was. It runs thus: "Whereas, upon the decease of our Sovereign Lord Charles the Second, late King of England, &c., the right of succession to the Crown of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, with the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, did legally descend and devolve upon the most illustrious and high-born Prince James, Duke of Monmouth, son and heir apparent to the said King Charles the Second; but James Duke of York (taking advantage of the absence of the said James Duke of Monmouth beyond the seas) did first cause the said late King to be poysoned, and immediately thereupon did usurp and invade the Crown, and doth continue so to doe: We therefore, the nobelmen, gentlemen, and Commons at present assembled, in the names of ourselves and of all the loyal and Protestant noblemen, gentlemen, and Commons of England, in pursuance of our duty and allegiance, and for the delivering of the Kingdome from popery, tyranny, and oppression, do recognise, publish, and proclaim the said high and mighty Prince James Duke of Monmouth, our lawful and rightful sovereign and king, by the name of James the Second, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. God save the King."

As we have seen, the connection of Charles II with Dorset was purely ephemeral, and not of his own choosing; he came into it for concealment, and

* Reproduced in "Samuel Cooper and the English Miniature Painters of the XVII Century," by J. J. Foster.

got out of it as quickly as possible. The connection of Monmouth with the county was of an equally passing nature. It was on the 11th of June, in 1685, that he landed at Lyme and, kneeling down on the shore, thanked God for having preserved "the friends of liberty and pure religion from the perils of the sea." On the 15th he reached, at Axminster, the borders of Devon and Somerset. By the 21st he had arrived at Bridgwater, where he had some 7,000 men under him, thence passing to Taunton; by the 5th of July all was lost on the fatal field of Sedgemoor. Thus we see that, barring the short while in which he was endeavouring to make his escape from his pursuers, his sojourn in Dorset was a matter of a few days at the most.

His capture took place on the Woodlands estate at Horton, in a field still called "Monmouth's Close," and here also still stands the ash tree under which, partly concealed by fern, he was captured. He very nearly escaped his pursuers, though they had searched the previous day diligently till nightfall. But the next day, just as they were departing, a soldier discovered him in a ditch. He was seized and taken before Anthony Ettricke, a magistrate of Holt, by whom he was sent, strongly guarded, to Ringwood and thence to London.

We may here glance at Monmouth's early days, before ambition and ill-advice caused his downfall. "King Monmouth" was the son of Lucy Walters, whom the grave John Evelyn met in August, 1649, when on his way to St. Germains to kiss His Majesty's (Charles II) hand. She was with him in my Lord Wilmot's coach, and he speaks of her as "Mrs. Barlow; the King's mistresse—a browne, beautifull, bold and insipid creature." This Lucy Walters was born of a gentleman's family in Wales, but having "little means and less grace," came to London to make her fortune. After being kept by Algernon Sidney, and later by his brother, Colonel Robert Sidney, she went to Holland, where her relations with the King led to his owning the boy of whom we are now treating.

Whether the King ever married Lucy Walters (or "Mrs. Barlow" as she was known) is a matter of dispute. Monmouth disavowed the marriage when he begged for mercy from James II; but for years it was expected, or at least thought possible by many about the Court, that Charles might name this attractive youth, on whom, says Samuel Pepys, "he doated," as his successor.

In the pages of the famous Diary are frequent allusions to this matter, which seems to have been a favourite subject of gossip. We get a glimpse of Monmouth when thirteen years of age, in the year 1662, when, in one of his visits to Whitehall, Pepys records "the Duke of Monmouth is in so great splendour at Court, and so dandled by the King, that some doubt that, if the King should have no child by the Queene (which there is yet no appearance of), whether he would not be acknowledged for a lawful son; and that there will be a difference follow between the Duke of York and him; which God

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS HARDY

[*From the painting by R. Evans*]

Greenwich Hospital.

prevent!" In this forecast the worthy Secretary of the Admiralty appears to be almost prophetic, because, before very many years had passed, a "difference" grave indeed, arose between the Duke of York (James II) and Monmouth, destined to result in the execution of the latter upon Tower Hill.

Another significant utterance occurs in the Diary, under April 20th, 1663: "the little Duke of Monmouth was marryed at White Hall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing Cross. I observed his coate at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland and France, quartered upon some other fields, but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not." Here we have an omen of what was to follow, for although Monmouth was not yet fifteen, his pretensions to royalty are evinced by his having the arms of England, Scotland and France painted on his coach. The jealousy so likely to arise in the mind of any man in the position of the Duke of York, as James then was, and particularly in one of such a nature, is shown in another reference, hardly a month later, in which Pepys shrewdly suspects "that all is not kind between the King and the Duke, and that the King's fondness to the little Duke do occasion it; and it may be that there is some fear of his being made heire to the Crown."

But others, besides the diarist, had misgivings about what might happen with regard to the succession, and the pretensions already being made on the part of Monmouth; for Pepys tells us that he met More, "and with him to an ale-house in Holborne; where in discourse he told me that he fears the King will be tempted to endeavour the setting the Crown upon the little Duke, which may cause troubles; which God forbid, unless it be his due!"

The absence of any legitimate heir to the throne—Catherine of Braganza being childless—gave the matter an importance which may not in these days at first be realised.

Elsewhere we hear of the Duke of Monmouth wearing the Order of the Garter; and in 1667 we find a notice of his being given the command of the King's Guards. It is evident that Charles showered honours upon him, as, in addition to the foregoing, he was made Baron Tyndale, Earl of Doncaster, Duke of Monmouth, Captain of the Life Guards in 1668, Privy Councillor and Captain General in 1670. Nor were the Universities behindhand, for the honorary degree of M.A. was conferred on him by Cambridge in 1662, and the like by Oxford a year later. Monmouth was also made Chancellor of the former University in 1664, he being then only fifteen years of age!

The course of events in the career of this misguided young man is reflected in the pages of Evelyn, who, writing at the end of 1679, speaks of the Duke coming from Holland "unexpectedly to his Majesty whilst the Duke of York was on his journey to Scotland. The bells and bonfires of the city at this arrival of the Duke of Monmouth publishing their joy, to the no small regret

of some at Court. This Duke, whom for distinction they call'd the Protestant Duke (tho' the sonn of an abandon'd woman), the people made their idol."

The favour shown by Charles to his illegitimate son was extended to Mrs. Barlow's family, and we hear of Lucy Walters' brother having a place at Court, and stating that Monmouth was the legitimate offspring of Charles. But the Duke of York had other grounds, so it is said, for jealousy, and these are told in a letter from Lady Chaworth to Lord Roos, in the Belvoir Manuscripts, and also in Buckingham's Memoirs. The reference is to an intrigue between John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, and Mary Kirke, Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York. It would seem that the Duke of York was enamoured of Miss Kirke, when, according to the account he gives in his Memoirs, Lord Mulgrave was paying successful court to her, and while Monmouth was also paying attentions in that quarter. Lady Chaworth says, " the Duke of Monmouth, being jealous of Lord Mulgrave courting his newest mistress, Mary Kirke, watched his going thence late four or five nights ago, and made the Guards keep him amongst them all night." The Duke of York also visited his displeasure on his rival, by preventing the Earl from taking command of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards.

As to the life of Monmouth at Whitehall we get a glimpse in Lord Brouncker's statement that " he (Monmouth) spends his time the most viciously and idle of any man, nor will be fit for anything ; yet he speaks as if it were not impossible but the King would own him for his son, and *that there was marriage between his mother and him.*"

We have proof of Monmouth's attractive appearance in the miniature of him as a youth by Samuel Cooper, which is one of the finest pieces in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle. Numerous portraits of him exist, the Duke of St. Albans possesses one of him at the age of fifteen, and Granger describes over a dozen different engravings. There is also an excellent picture by Sir Peter Lely, showing him wearing long hair, and looking at the spectator with large, soft, brown eyes. Another and somewhat curious portrait of him by Lely is in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch, representing him as St. John the Baptist ! At Dalkeith is a large canvas by Wyck, representing him on horseback, in a very rich dress, attended by an esquire, his horse covered with gorgeous trappings. Another most attractive painting, and this, again, by Lely, is in the National Portrait Gallery—a half-length, in which he stands with his right hand upon a globe, and his left hand upon a sword. Finally mention may be made, although it does not exhaust the list, of a portrait after Sir Peter Lely, engraved by Blooteling, showing him in the robes of the Garter, which is reproduced in this work. In this last named, a mole upon the cheek is apparent. This feature is mentioned because it was alleged that the Duke was not the son of Charles

at all, but of the handsome Colonel Sidney, who, as we have seen, had to do with Lucy Walters before she met with Charles, and who had, it is notorious, a mole on the cheek in the same place as that of Monmouth. This, if only a coincidence, is certainly a most remarkable one.

John Evelyn's record of the last scenes in the tragedy of Monmouth's career is extremely interesting, and is graphically told; under date of July 15th, 1685, he writes:—

> "Monmouth was this day brought to London and examin'd before the King, to whom he made greate submission. . . . He was sent to the Tower, had an interview with his late Dutchesse, whom he receiv'd coldly, having liv'd dishonestly with the Lady Henrietta Wentworth for two years. He obstinately asserted his conversation with that debauch'd woman to be no sin, whereupon, seeing he could not be persuaded to his last breath, the divines who were sent to assist him thought not fit to administer the Holy Communion to him. For the rest of his faults he profess'd greate sorrow, and so died without any apparent fear; he would not make use of a cap or other circumstance, but lying downe bid the fellow do his office better than to the late Lord Russell, and gave him gold; but the wretch made five chopps before he had his head off; which so incensed the people, that had he not been guarded and got away, they would have torn him to pieces. . . .
>
> Thus ended this quondam Duke, darling of his father and the ladies, being extreamly handsome and adroit; an excellent soldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, debauch'd by lusts, seduc'd by crafty knaves who would have set him up only to make a property, and took the opportunity of the King being of another religion, to gather a party of discontented men. He fail'd & perish'd. . . . His mother, whose name was Barlow, daughter of some very meane creatures, was a beautiful strumpet, whom I had often seen at Paris; she died miserably without any thing to bury her; yet this perkin had ben made to believe that the King had married her; a monstrous and ridiculous forgerie! . . ."

As regards the two women referred to above, the one was his lawful wife, and daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, whom Evelyn describes as "a vertuous and excellent lady that brought him greate riches"; the other, Henrietta Maria, Lady Wentworth, was his mistress and his evil genius.

Both of them were frequently painted, and in the Duke of Buccleuch's collection, as may be expected, the Duchess of Monmouth is repeatedly represented. Mr. Vernon Wentworth possesses an attractive picture of the other lady, after Lely, which shows her fondling a favourite dog. Another portrait of her was engraved by Williams, after Sir Godfrey Kneller.

CHAPTER IX.

The XVII Century.

(*continued*).

INDISSOLUBLY bound up with the story of the ambitious, weak, and unhappy Monmouth, is the name of George, Lord Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor. Stories of the wicked judge are still heard in Somerset and Dorset, and no name is more execrated in the West of England than that of this man, whose depravity, says Macaulay, "has passed into a proverb." Jeffreys was educated at Westminster and Cambridge; knighted in 1677; made Recorder of London, 1678; Lord Chief Justice in 1682; presided at the trial of Titus Oates; held the "Bloody Assize" in the West in the year after Sedgemoor (1685), and was appointed Lord Chancellor in the same year. Three years after, when King James had fled, Jeffreys was arrested in disguise at Wapping, and was thrown into the Tower.

Macaulay has drawn a highly coloured and, one might almost say, terrifying picture of the brutality of Jeffreys. "Impudence and ferocity," he declares, "sate upon his brow . . . His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the Judgment day." His behaviour struck terror into the populace of the Western counties through which Monmouth passed and left indelible memories. Jeffreys was "a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. Tenderness for others and respect for himself were feelings alike unknown to him. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fishmarket or the beargarden."

A comparison of the estimation in which this judge was held by Charles II and his brother reflects some light upon the character of these two monarchs

themselves. Whilst, as we know, Jeffreys was advanced at an early age by James to the very important post of Lord Chancellor, Charles has left this opinion of him on record: "That man," said he, "has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers."

The "Bloody Assize" is a topic of tragic interest in itself, and is, moreover, the last happening of any historical importance which disturbed the even flow of events in the West of England. In Macaulay's graphic pages we may read how "Jeffreys reached Dorchester, the principal town of the county in which Monmouth had landed; and the judicial massacre began. The court was hung, by order of the Chief Justice, with scarlet; and this innovation seemed to the multitude to indicate a bloody purpose. It was also rumoured that, when the clergyman who preached the Assize sermon enforced the duty of mercy, the ferocious mouth of the Judge was distorted by an ominous grin. These things made men augur ill of what was to follow. More than three hundred prisoners were to be tried. The work seemed heavy; but Jeffreys had a contrivance for making it light. He let it be understood that the only chance of obtaining pardon or respite was to plead guilty. Twenty-nine persons, who put themselves on their country and were convicted, were ordered to be tied up without delay. The remaining prisoners pleaded guilty by scores. Two hundred and ninety-two received sentence of death. The whole number hanged in Dorsetshire amounted to seventy-four."

In the High Street of Dorchester still stands the house, with its old-fashioned timber façade, where this ferocious judge lodged, and in the Town Hall, close by, is shown the chair in which he sat, and from which he pronounced his wholesale sentences, "with a boast," says Macaulay, "that he (Jeffreys) had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors together since the Conquest."

The authority just quoted gives instances of the Chief Justice's method of conducting a trial. Take for example his language at the trial of Alice Lisle, whom he sentenced to be burned alive at Winchester, and who, in spite of all the efforts made to plead her cause and obtain a respite, was beheaded on a scaffold in the Market Place a few days later, and who, as we know, underwent her dreadful fate with serene courage. Or, again, when Jeffreys exclaims "There is not one of those lying, snivelling, canting Presbyterians but, one way or another, had a hand in the rebellion . . . Show me a Presbyterian; and I'll show thee a lying knave." Another time he cries out "I can smell a Presbyterian, forty miles." When the jury retired and remained long in consultation, "he sent a messenger to tell them if they did not instantly return, he would adjourn the court and lock them up all night"; and in Somersetshire, which he reserved for the last and most fearful vengeance, two hundred and thirty-three persons were in a few days hanged, drawn and quartered. "On the green of every large village which had furnished Monmouth with soldiers, ironed corpses clattering in the wind, or heads and

quarters stuck on poles, poisoned the air, and made the traveller sick with horror. In many parishes the peasantry could not assemble in the house of God without seeing the ghastly face of a neighbour grinning at them over the porch." Well may these dreadful proceedings be termed the "Bloody Assizes," and yet, according to Macaulay, through it all Jeffreys' spirits rose higher and higher as the work went on. "He laughed, shouted, joked, and swore in such a way that many thought him drunk from morning to night. But in him it was not easy to distinguish the madness produced by evil passions from the madness produced by brandy. A prisoner affirmed that the witnesses who appeared against him were not entitled to credit. 'Thou impudent rebel,' roared the Judge, 'to reflect on the King's evidence! I see thee already with the halter round thy neck.'" Such is a specimen of Jeffreys' method of administering "justice."

After a recital of such monstrous deeds as these, the Chief Justice's monetary extortions appear almost venial, yet in forming an estimate of his character his practice in this respect should not be omitted. He accumulated, we are told, "a fortune out of the plunder of the higher class of Whigs. He traded largely in pardons," and in one case, that of Edmund Prideaux, the amount paid was no less than £15,000, "which great sum," says Macaulay, "was received by Jeffreys. He bought with it an estate, to which the people gave the name of Aceldama" (the Field of Blood). No wonder, then, that when his time came, and vengeance fell upon him, the rabble congregated before his deserted mansion, and read on the door with shouts of laughter the bills which announced the sale of his property. This took place in 1689, when William and Mary were on the throne. By this time Jeffreys had been thrown into the Tower, where "he at first accepted with thanks and blessings the protection which those dark walls, made famous by so many crimes and sorrows, afforded him against the fury of the multitude."

There is a description extant of a visit paid to the Chief Justice when in the Tower by a Dorchester man named John Tutchin, which is so graphic a picture of the state of mind to which the quondam judge was reduced, that it must be given. Jeffreys had sentenced this Tutchin to be flogged every fortnight for seven years, but now the latter made his way into the Tower and presented himself before the fallen oppressor . . . Jeffreys, humbled to the dust, behaved with abject civility, and called for wine. 'I am glad, sir,' he said, 'to see you.' 'And I am glad,' answered the resentful Whig, 'to see your Lordship in this place.' 'I served my master,' said Jeffreys, 'I was bound in conscience to do so.' 'Where was your conscience,' said Tutchin, 'when you passed that sentence on me at Dorchester?' 'It was set down in my instructions,' answered Jeffreys fawningly, 'that I was to show no mercy to men like you, men of parts and courage. When I went back to court I was reprimanded for my lenity.'

A "HARDY" JUG
In possession of the Author.

JUDGE JEFFREY'S CHAIR
From a photograph by W. Pouncy.

King James called the Western Circuit "Jeffrey's Campaign." He is termed by Granger "a murderer in the robes of a Lord Chief Justice." According to the same writer, when taken in disguise at Wapping, December 12th, 1688, it was with difficulty that the mob were restrained from tearing him to pieces. The illustration given in this book was published at the time, and may be taken as an index of the feeling of the populace towards the erstwhile Lord Chancellor.

"Disease assisted by strong drink and by misery, did its work fast . . . He dwindled in a few weeks from a portly and even corpulent man to a skeleton," and on the 18th of April, 1689, he died in the forty-first year of his age. The great historian from whom I have quoted in sketching the career of this infamous man, for such he must be deemed to be, sums up the story by saying that "in the whole history of the English Bar there is no other instance of so rapid an elevation, or of so terrible a fall." And he mentions the fact, which is not without a certain grim historical interest, that the emaciated corpse of Judge Jeffreys was laid next to the body of Monmouth in the Chapel of the Tower.

In appearance Jeffreys was rather above the average height, with marked but by no means disagreeable features, a fair complexion, piercing eyes, bushy eyebrows and a commanding forehead. He was a man of considerable talents and some social gifts, and is reported to have been a great judge of music; but neither his judicial brutality nor his political profligacy admits of palliation. Devoid of principle, drunken and extravagant, a master of scurrilous invective, he could be pleasant and agreeable enough when he liked.

There is a full-length portrait of him, holding the Great Seal, in the Earl of Tankerville's collection, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The portrait contained in this volume is also *after* Kneller, and represents him in the robes of Lord Chief Justice. It is a good example of R. White's ability as an engraver.

A far greater name, famous not only in his profession, but in Philosophy, and indeed in the history of European literature, is that of another lawyer, Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, who was born in 1561, and died nearly eighty years before Jeffreys saw the light.* Bacon comes under the section of this book dealing with eminent men who were connected with Dorset, inasmuch as he was member for Melcombe Regis in 1584 when he was only twenty-three years of age. The recognition of his ability may be said to date from 1603, when he was made King's Counsel, and knighted by James I. The production of his great philosophical works belongs to the XVII Century. Bacon's life and character are so well-known that it would be superfluous to dwell at length upon either, especially as his connection

* The foregoing account of Judge Jefferys has been inserted after the portion relating to Monmouth, from its close connection with him, but it is at variance with the chronological sequence pursued elsewhere in this work.

with the county is so slight, but a note upon the appearance of "the greatest and meanest of mankind," as he has been called, may be of interest. This is taken from Arthur Wilson's "History of Great Britain," published in 1653: "He was of middling stature, his countenance had indented with Age before he was old, his Presence grave and comely; of a high flying and lively Wit, striving in some things to be rather admired than understood, yet so quick and easie where he would express himself, and his Memory so strong and active that he appeared the Master of a large and pleanteous storehouse of Knowledge! . . . This poor Gentleman," adds Wilson, "mounted above pity, fell down below it." Dr. William Rawley, his chaplain and panegyrist, who wrote his life, and edited his works, says of him: "He was ever acceptable to the House of Commons when he was a member thereof. Being the King's Atturney (*sic*), and chosen to a place in Parliament, he was allowed and dispensed with, to sit in the House; which was not permitted to other Atturneys."

Conspicuous amongst the Authors of this period is Sir Kenelm Digby, a man of many accomplishments, and a figure with whom we are well acquainted from the numerous portraits of him by Isaac Oliver, and the fine group of himself and family by Vandyck.* Born in 1603, Sir Kenelm was a distinguished soldier, a scholar, and a courtier of handsome appearance and extraordinary strength. He was the only son of Sir Everard Digby, who was executed for his share in the Gunpowder Plot. Having renounced Romanism, he was entered at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, but went abroad early. On his return in 1623, he was knighted by James I. He successfully commanded a small squadron in the Mediterranean in 1628, and during the Civil War retired to France. At the Restoration he returned and lived at his house in Covent Garden till his death in 1665.

His wife, Lady Venetia Anastasia Digby, was the youngest daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, and was born at Tong Castle, in Shropshire, in 1600. She is mentioned by Clarendon as a lady of extraordinary beauty, and of as extraordinary fame—rumour, or perhaps slander, having been at one time busy with her name. Sir Kenelm is said to have invented many strange cosmetics for her. She was found dead in her bed in 1663 and is so represented in the remarkable miniature by Peter Oliver, the property of Mr. Digby, now at Sherborne. She is said to have been more frequently painted than most people of her time, for example, Walpole had six portraits of her at different ages. Of their two sons, one, Kenelm, was killed in the

* Several of these are reproduced in the present writer's "Miniature Painters—British and Foreign."

Civil War in a skirmish at St. Neots, and the other, John, was disinherited by his father, but ultimately succeeded to a portion of the property. I may mention that the two sons here spoken of are seen in the large miniature by Oliver after Vandyck, now in the possession of Mr. Burdett-Coutts. Horace Walpole, from whose collection it came, describes this as "the most beautiful piece of the size that I believe exists . . . . with several others I purchased (it) at a great price, but they are not to be matched."

To write a book about "worthies" and not to mention Thomas Fuller would be like talking of "Hamlet" without speaking of the Prince of Denmark. This most original writer is not, to be sure, a Dorset man proper, for he was not born in the county, but he held a living in Dorset—Broadwindsor to wit, and there he married a wife and had a son. His name is well known in English literature by reason of the quaintness of his style. Fuller was born at Aldwinkle St. Peter, in Northamptonshire, in 1608. At the early age of twelve years he was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree in 1628. Six years later he was made Rector of Broadwindsor, Dorset. Tiring of life in the country, he went to Oxford in 1643, and at the outbreak of the Civil War served as a chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton, and at Exeter as chaplain to the infant Princess Henrietta for a couple of years. On the surrender of Exeter he returned to London. At the Restoration he went with Earl Berkeley to the Hague to meet Charles. Subsequently he was made Lecturer at the Savoy, and Chaplain Extraordinary to the King, and died the following year.

Fuller's sermons exhibited the same peculiarities of style which render his other writings so remarkable. It has been said that he throws "such a number of new and unexpected lights, and introduces in illustration . . . such a number of ingenious remarks, that the attention of the reader is incessantly kept alive." We glean that Dr. Fuller "was a man of pleasant and jovial, as well as an ingenious turn of mind." Moreover, "his learning was very extensive and very minute, and he drew, from out-of-the-way and neglected corners of reading, illustrations which give the mind a pleasant shock of novelty. He is said to have possessed an almost supernatural quickness of memory." Finally "he has shown that wit and ingenuity may be rendered compatible with lofty morality and deep feeling."

The distinguished architect and mathematician, Christopher Wren, can not be claimed as of Dorset origin, having been born in Wiltshire, but he was M.P. for Weymouth in 1701, and his professional duties brought him in connection with the county during the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire of 1666, he having been appointed Surveyor-General and principal architect for rebuilding the whole city. This resulted in his paying frequent visits to

the Island of Portland, in order to select stone for the new Cathedral and for the rebuilding of so many of the city Churches, and, doubtless, to arrange for its shipment to London. He is credited with having been the first to draw attention to the Roman Amphitheatre at Dorchester. This, by the way, was evidently recognised as an ancient monument in 1669, inasmuch as in that most interesting book, the "Travels of Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany, through England, during the Reign of King Charles the Second," Cosmo speaks of the Amphitheatre in connection with his visit to Dorchester, and thus describes it:—"A little more than two musket shots from the place is seen an elevated mound of earth, more than twice the height of a man, of an oval form, which served for a theatre, as the inhabitants have a notion, judging not only from the shape as before mentioned, but from its having an inclination or declivity similar to that of theatres. It appears rather that this might be an advanced post, it being betwixt the camp and the town, and having, as they say, a subterraneous passage, by which it communicates with it; moreover, another similar enclosure of a circular form, situated in another direction with respect to the larger fortification, appears to favour this supposition."

Returning to Wren, he was born in 1632 at East Knoyle, of which his father was then Vicar, though afterwards he became Dean of Windsor and Chaplain to Charles I. Being of delicate health, the young Christopher at first studied under a private tutor; he subsequently became a pupil at Westminster School, whence he proceeded to Wadham College, Oxford.

John Evelyn met him at the University in 1654, Wren being then only twenty-two years of age, and relates how, "after dinner, I visited that miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew of the Bishop of Ely." And elsewhere in his account of this visit to Oxford he speaks of Wren as "that prodigious young scholar."

Ten years later Evelyn records how he went "to the new Theater (Sheldonian) . . . The foundation had ben newly laied and the whole design'd by that incomparable genius, my worthy friend Dr. Christopher Wren, who shewed me the model."

Wren was one of the original founders of the Royal Society, of which he was President in 1681, and this also brought him in contact with Evelyn, who was on terms of intimate friendship with him. Thus the diarist, in 1679, speaks of being god-father "to a son of the Surveyor of His Majesty's buildings, that most excellent and learned person"; and, again, "came to dine with me Sir Christopher Wren, now building the Cathedral of St. Paul and the column in memory of the city's conflagration . . . and fifty Parish Churches—a wonderful genius had this incomparable person." Here we may mention how Wren, in addition to all this, designed Chelsea Hospital, and gratuitously furnished the general design for the completion of Greenwich Hospital, of which Evelyn laid the foundation stone with him in June, 1696.

In connection with Evelyn's association with Wren it is interesting to note that on the 27th of August, 1666, he went "to St. Paul's Church with Dr. Wren," as he then calls him, "the Bishop of London, and others and several expert workmen surveying the general decay of that ancient and venerable Church and to set down in writing particulars of what was fit to be don." Within a week of this visit that "ancient and venerable Church" was utterly destroyed, and the next entry but one in Evelyn's Diary is this short but significant record:—"2 September. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire neare Fish Street in London."

Sir Christopher Wren lived to the ripe age of ninety-one (he died in 1723), having been a contemporary of Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Anne, and George I.

A portrait of him by Sir Godfrey Kneller is in the National Portrait Gallery. St. Paul's Cathedral stands, a noble monument to Wren, wherein visitors may read the brief but eloquent epitaph: "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

Although the Hon. Robert Boyle was born at Lismore, in Ireland (1626–7), he was partly educated at Stalbridge in Dorset, which was a seat of his father, the Earl of Cork, of whom he was the youngest son. Boyle was a very eminent man of science. He has been described as "superior to titles and almost to praise, illustrious by birth, by learning and by virtue."

After leaving Eton, Boyle travelled through France, Switzerland and Italy. He was not only deeply versed in philosophy, but was a distinguished chemist and physicist, and made many experiments in connexion with the weight and elasticity of air. The "Law" called after him is familiar to all students of science. In 1654 Boyle took up his residence at Oxford, and was instrumental in forming the Royal Society, of which he was one of the earliest members, though, in 1680, he declined its Presidency.

Boyle's interests were not confined to philosophy and natural science. He gave much time to the study of the learned languages, and to theology, and at the Restoration was urged by his friends to take orders with a view to being made a bishop. He was greatly interested in Christian apologetics and in missionary work, and we find him causing 500 copies of the Gospels and Acts to be printed in the Malayan tongue for distribution by the East India Company, of which he was a director, while, in 1662, he was appointed Governor of the Corporation for Propagating the Gospel in New England. Under his will he left a sum of money to provide for an annual lecture "in proof of the Christian religion," and it is interesting to know that the first lecture under this foundation was delivered by Bentley.

We can imagine that Boyle was a man entirely after the heart of John Evelyn, both men having scientific tastes, and, there is little doubt, sympathy in one another's pursuits. Thus we find the diarist speaking in April, 1656,

of "Mr. Robert Boyle, that excellent person and greate virtuoso" dining at Sayes Court with others.

Three years later, in September, he records that he "communicated to Mr. Robert Boyle, son to the Earle of Corke my (his) proposal for erecting a philosophic mathematic college."

Again, in the year of the Restoration, he speaks of going to Chelsea, "to visite Mr. Boyle and see his pneumatic engine performe diverse experiments." And in March of the next year another visit to Chelsea is recorded, where he saw "divers effects of the Eolipile for weighing aire."

In November, 1680, Evelyn refers to the anniversary election of the Royal Society as bringing him to London, when, he says, "was chosen President that excellent person and greate philosopher Mr. Robert Boyle, who indeede ought to have been the very first, but neither his infirmitie [he had an incurable stammer] nor his modestie could now any longer excuse him. . . . . The Society, according to costome dined together."

Finally, in 1692, on the 6th of January, he gives a summary of the eulogy pronounced by Dr. Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury, at Boyle's funeral, which he had attended at St. Martin's on that day. The preacher testified that Boyle "made God and Religion the scope of all his excellent talents in the knowledge of nature." He spoke of his exemplary charity on all occasions, how he gave £1000 yearly to the distressed refugees of France and Ireland, etc., and how his private charities were extraordinary. The Bishop dilated on his (Boyle's) learning in Hebrew and Greek . . . "He spake of his wonderful civility to strangers, the greate good which he did by his experience in medicine and chemistry, and to what noble ends he applied himselfe to his darling studies; the works both pious and universal which he published; the exact life he led, and the happy end he made."

Prominent amongst the group of statesmen stands Denzil, Lord Holles, second son of John, Earl of Clare, who was born in 1597, and created, after the Restoration, 1st Baron Holles of Ifield in Sussex. He was, when young, a companion and bed-fellow of Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. In all his long career—he lived till 1680—he was a statesman and parliamentary man *par excellence*. He was Member for Dorchester in 1628. He sat in the Long Parliament, and was one of those members who held the Speaker in his chair in 1629. In 1640 he was chosen a second time Member for Dorchester, when he became more obnoxious to the Court than ever. Holles was imprisoned and fined, but escaped abroad. For all this he was compensated by the Long Parliament in 1641. In the following year he was one of "the five members" impeached. In 1643 he led a regiment at Edgehill, and was made Lieutenant of Bristol by Parliament. Nevertheless, he was an enemy to Cromwell, and advised the Earl of Essex to divest him of his command in the army.

After varying fortunes he was impeached by the Parliamentarians in 1647. In the next year he escaped to France, threatened by another impeachment. He favoured the Restoration, and was appointed to the Council of State through the influence of Monck, but he was against bringing in the King without conditions. In the following year he was made Privy Councillor and a Peer. Afterwards he was sent as Ambassador to France, where he kept a noble table furnished with dishes made after the English fashion and in contempt of the French mode. He is said to have refused the magnificent presents offered him by Louis XIV.

His memoirs, dealing with some years of the Civil War, were printed the year before his death. As may be gathered from the portrait of him in "Thane's Autography," he was a man of great courage, "a faithful but rough friend, and a severe but fair enemy. He had a true sense of religion and was a man of unblameable course of life, and of a sound judgment when it was not biassed by passion."

There is an imposing marble monument to Holles in St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, in the style of the period, in which he is represented reclining in Roman classical costume and a full bottomed wig! whilst marble cherubs stand at his feet shedding tears, with a semblance of grief which would melt a heart of stone.

In dealing with the illustrious house of Russell, mention must be made of William Russell, 5th Earl of Bedford, whom Granger thus describes:— "William, earl of Bedford, son of Earl Francis, was a distinguished member of the house of Peers, and a general of the horse in the service of the Parliament, in the beginning of the Civil War. But he resigned his commission, and offered his service to the King when he perceived that the Republican party were more inclined to destroy the regal power, than to reduce it within bounds. He heartily concurred in the restoration of Charles II, as he did afterwards in the Revolution. He was created duke of Bedford the eleventh of May, 1694, and died the seventh of September, 1700, in the eighty-seventh year of his age." He comes within the limits of our subject inasmuch as it was he who besieged Sherborne Castle in September, 1642.

There is a tradition that his sister, "the wife of George, Lord Digby, son of the Earl of Bristol, was then at the Lodge. He sent a message to desire her to quit it, as he had orders from the Parliament to demolish it. She immediately went on horseback to his tent, at the camp now called Bedford's Castle, and told him, 'if he persisted in his intention, he should find his sister's bones buried in the ruins,' and instantly left him; which spirited behaviour in all probability preserved it."

There is a pamphlet extant entitled "Exceeding joyfull Newes from the Earl of Bedford's Army, brought to London by Captain Johnson, Sept. 6,

the said army consisting of 5,000 foot, 700 horse, and 28 ensigns, now ready to give battle against the Marquesse of Hartford and Collonell Lunsford's forces being in Sherburn Castle."

"In the Catalogue of the Parliament's Victories under Sir Thomas Fairfax, 1645, is enumerated the 'taking of the strong castle of Sherburn by storm, with all the ordnance, arms, and amunition therein.'"

"In the castle were taken Sir Lewis Dives, colonel and governor, and his lady; Sir John Strangways; Colonel Giles Strangways; one of the Lord Paulet's sons; Sir John Walcott; Sir —— Cotton, knt.; Colonel Thornhill; Colonel Fussel an attorney, once sub-governor of Weymouth for the King; three members of the House of Commons; several commissioners of array; nine captains, 11 lieutenants, three cornets, five colours, 55 gentlemen of Wilts and Dorset, 10 clergymen, 600 common soldiers, 1,400 arms, 30 horses, 18 pieces of ordnance, a mortar piece, and a murtherer, 60 barrels of powder, much plunder, provision, and rich household stuff."

William Russell, the 5th Earl, was painted by Vandyck, and his picture is in the Althorp Collection. It has been engraved by Houbraken.

His wife was Anne, daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by Frances, "the wicked countess" of Essex, and the two were the parents of William, "the patriot" Lord Russell, executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1683. Reference has already been made to the extremely fine picture by Vandyck, representing the 5th Earl standing with George Digby, Earl of Bristol, the original of which is in the collection of Earl Spencer.

There is one very famous name connected with Dorset, although the most distinguished member of the family is not usually claimed as a Dorset man, and that is Churchill. The fame of Sir Winston Churchill, politician, is eclipsed by the greater renown of his son, John, first Duke of Marlborough, who was born in Devonshire. Speaking of the descent of the "great Duke's" family, Hutchins says it is certain that a family of this name was seated in this county (Dorset) at the beginning of the XV Century, but the first from whom we can trace the Duke's descent with accuracy is John Churchill, his grandfather.

The career of Sir Winston Churchill was a chequered one. He was born in 1620, and matriculated, when sixteen years of age, at St. John's College, Oxford. On the death of his father he quitted the University without taking a degree. The part he played in the Civil War led to his great impoverishment, so much so that his lady, who was a daughter of Sir John Ashe of Devon, lived for some time at her father's seat. He was present at the battle of Roundway Down, near Devizes, where the Royalists were victorious. Churchill was fined very heavily by the Parliament when they obtained the upper hand. He was elected Member for Weymouth in 1661, and two years

later was knighted. He was made Commissioner of the Court of Claims in Ireland, and on his return thence became Comptroller of the Board of Green Cloth. Sir Winston Churchill was the author of "Divi Britannici." He died in 1688, by which time his son had established a great military reputation.

It may be considered as an accident consequent upon the impoverishment of his father, Sir Winston Churchill, that John, the great Duke of Marlborough, was born in Devonshire, instead of in Dorset. The reason was that, as we have seen, his mother was temporarily an inmate of her father's house in Devonshire, and it was there that John Churchill was born in 1650. But he undoubtedly belongs to Dorset by paternal descent; moreover, he lived at Minterne, in "the manor house of round chimneys," as Sir Frederick Treves describes it in his "Highways and Byways of Dorset."

The career of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, as well as that of his imperious wife, Sarah Jennings, is so well known that it would be superfluous to enter into detail regarding it in this work. Nevertheless, a few of the salient points in his remarkable life may be noted. He was educated at St. Paul's School, became page to James, Duke of York, through the favour of the Duchess of Cleveland, and received a commission in the Foot Guards in 1667. He married Sarah Jennings in 1678, and about the same time was made a colonel. He was a confidential agent of the Duke of York, and was made Baron Churchill of Aymouth in the Scottish peerage in 1682, and Baron Churchill of Sandridge in the English peerage three years later, when he took a prominent part in crushing the Monmouth Rebellion. Although he entered into negotiations with the Prince of Orange in 1687, he vowed fidelity to James on the landing of William, and was in command of the Royal forces at Salisbury, whither they had advanced to meet the invader. After intrigues extending over several years from the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay in 1688, we find Marlborough establishing his reputation as one of the greatest generals in history by his successful campaigns on the Continent, where he joined Prince Eugene in June, 1704. Within a few weeks of this time he crushed the French and Bavarian troops at Blenheim, and was rewarded a little later by the gift of Woodstock Manor and Blenheim Palace. The years 1708-9 saw him victorious at Oudenarde and Malplaquet, but through the ill-temper of his Duchess, and his impatience to be made Captain-General for life, he lost his influence with Anne, and was dismissed from all his offices at the close of 1711. Returning to England in 1714, he was made Captain-General and Master of the Ordnance, and, consequent upon a paralytic stroke, fell into senile decay and died in 1722.

It is obvious that the Churchills were well to the fore in the history of their time, since we find that three at least of Sir Winston Churchill's children made

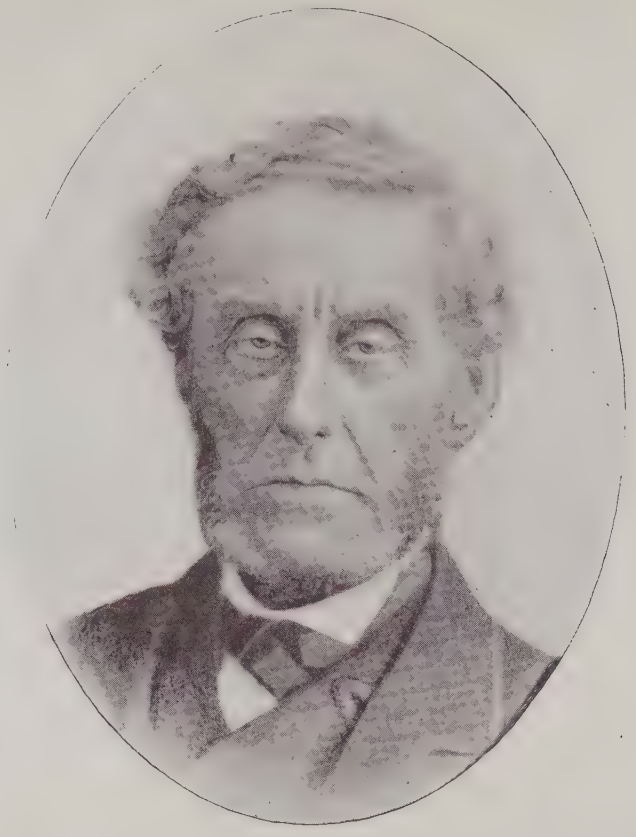
their mark. John, the eldest son, we have already alluded to. His younger brother, Charles, born in 1656, entered the Army, and obtained a post, no doubt through the influence of his brother, in the Royal Household of Denmark, and was attached to the service of Prince George, who married the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen Anne. Charles Churchill took part in the Irish campaign against James II in 1690, which ended in the victory of the Boyne in July of that year. He was a Major-General at thirty-eight, and served in the Netherlands, and at Blenheim. In 1701 he was chosen Member for Weymouth, and retained the seat for some ten years, during which period he was also elected Governor of Guernsey. General Churchill died in 1714, some eight years before his elder brother.

There is yet another Churchill, of whom it cannot be said that she is entitled to rank as a Dorset Worthy, but, as Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, which led to her becoming the mistress of King James II, and mother of four children by him, and as sister to the greatest soldier of his age, namely John Duke of Marlborough, we may make mention of her. One of her sons was the famous James, Duke of Berwick, who attained a great military reputation. Born in France, his services were confined to the Continent, and the story of his life has no connection with this work. His mother, Arabella Churchill, lived to the age of eighty-two, dying in 1730. She had been pensioned many years before that time, and married Colonel Charles Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household, by whom she had two daughters.

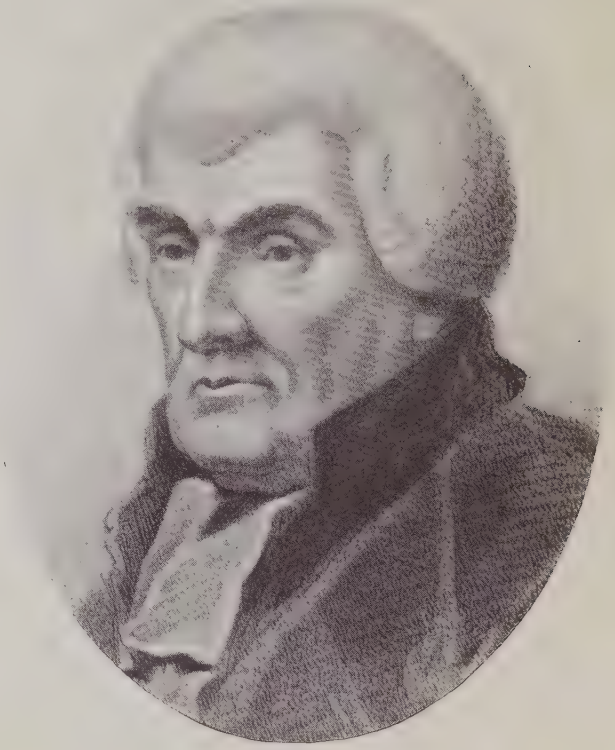
There is one other Churchill to be mentioned (but I am not able to trace a connection with the Winston Churchills), namely Awnsham, who died in 1728. This man acquired property in Dorset, and was Member for the county town from 1705—1710. His money would appear to have been acquired as a bookseller and publisher in partnership, with his brother John, at the Black Swan, London, where he was established from 1665.

In my sketch of the story of Corfe Castle, and its heroic defence by a Royalist lady, mention was made of the siege of Lyme Regis. There is this difference between the two episodes, namely that, in the case of Lyme, the town was held by the Parliament against the King, whereas Corfe was a Royalist stronghold held against the Roundheads. Lyme successfully withstood a siege which is described as one of the most important of the time, and " the failure of which greatly tarnished the military reputation of Prince Maurice," says Murray. This was in the year 1644, and from the same authority we learn that the siege lasted from the 20th of April until the 15th of June, when the town was relieved by the approach of the Earl of Essex.

It may be remarked that the disparity in the loss of life on either side



The 7th EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.
By courtesy of the 9th Earl of Shaftesbury



LORD ELDON

was very great, as the defenders are said to have lost no more than 120 men, whilst the losses of the besiegers reached nearly 2000. It has been suggested that sickness in the Royalist camp accounts for this great mortality.

We are told, however, that the defence was maintained with the utmost heroism by the inhabitants. Even women took part in it, and "a maid who had one hand cut off, professed her readiness to lose not only her other hand, but her life also, in the cause." Vicars says: "such admirable courage it pleased the Lord to infuse into the hearts of all the inhabitants during all the time of this long and sharp siege."

A well-known name appears in connection with the defence of Lyme, to wit, Robert Blake—Admiral Blake as he afterwards became.

Hutchins describes him as "the famous Admiral who humbled the arrogance of France, broke the Naval force of Holland, suppressed the rivals of Barbary, and twice triumphed over Spain." Here, then, we have a distinguished man indeed; moreover, a Wessex man, although not born in Dorset. Blake saw the light at Bridgwater in Somersetshire in 1599, and was educated at the Grammar School of that town. Going to Wadham College at Oxford, he was a candidate for a fellowship at Merton, but failed because the Warden, Sir H. Savile, did not consider him tall enough! When the Civil War broke out, he raised a troop of dragoons on the Parliamentary side. His defence of Taunton was a very notable episode in the Rebellion.

The story of the siege of Lyme has been told by Mr. Roberts. He had the good fortune to discover a manuscript in 1786 in a house at White Lackington—a diary of the siege written by someone in the town, and in the pages of Hutchins extracts from this will be found. Blake's fame as a successful soldier being thus established, we find him taking his first naval command in 1649. The rest of his career is well known, and it seems unnecessary to enter into particulars further than to mention that he died in 1657, after destroying the Spanish West Indian fleet at Santa Cruz. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey, but was removed after the Restoration.

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CHAPTER X.

The XVIII Century.

IN this retrospect we have now arrived at the period of the XVIII Century when George III was King. Following our rule, we may take Royalty first, with the once very familiar figure of "Farmer George," who may be said to have made the reputation of Weymouth, or rather Melcombe Regis, as a watering place, since he visited it with his numerous family some ten summers in succession.

To those who are not acquainted with the locality it may be remarked that Weymouth is the old town nestling under the hill called the Nothe, and Weymouth proper never was, and never can be a fashionable place. There is neither space nor accommodation for visitors, no beach nor any bathing facilities. Old Weymouth owes its existence to the little harbour formed by the Wey, which runs into the sea under the above-named Nothe, now-a-days turned into a huge fort, which has restricted all growth of the town in that direction. With Melcombe Regis, however, the case is different, and on the shore of the beautiful Weymouth Bay are sands unrivalled for their smoothness and extent.

It was to the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III, that Melcombe Regis owed its introduction to Royal favour. The Duke left the house that he had long possessed there, and in which he had derived so much benefit from the amenities of the place and its sea-bathing, to the King, who in the summer of 1789 came thither with all his family to recover his health after his illness. The visit was repeated several times, and the King took all the lodging houses adjoining Gloucester Lodge. The grateful Weymouthians put up a statue to him, which stands upon the Esplanade. Moreover, they carved his outline, upon a prancing steed with a tail of abnormal proportions, on the chalk hill which stands behind the Bay, and above the village of Preston. But we find no record of the Duke of Gloucester other than the house which he built and lived in and the perpetuation of his title in the terrace of houses adjoining. Gillray drew him, back and front view, in his caricatures,

Those who desire to learn more of the life of George and his family in Dorset will find it graphically described in the pages of Fanny Burney, who went with them as one of the ladies-in-waiting, and who relates, *apropos* the loyalty of the Weymouth people, how they pursued his Majesty everywhere with the strains of "God save the King." Thus when the royal visitor took his first sea-bath, they stationed a band in the adjoining bathing machine, and the moment the royal head appeared from out the door at the back of his machine, the band struck up again "God save the King!"

George III was at Weymouth periodically from the year 1789 to 1802. The King's constant and lengthy visits, accompanied by his family, his suite and ministers, and all the paraphernalia of Royalty, had a permanent effect upon the fortunes of the little Dorset watering place, and we have seen how conscious the Weymouth people were of their indebtedness to him.

In Mary Frampton's "Journal" (published London, 1885) we get a pleasing picture of the homeliness of the Royal family, in a description of an unexpected visit that they paid to her mother at Dorchester in 1789, when she was living at Wollaston House. Mrs. Frampton writes:—

> "We were sitting at work in my little room with Mrs. Drax, I happened to look out, and actually saw the King and Princess Sophia with their attendants, at my garden gate. I screamed out, threw down everything about me, and flew out to them.
>
> Mr. Damer met me, and told me the Queen and three of the Princesses and their suite were following.
>
> Mr. D. helped to put the drawing room in order, and bespoke mutton chops. I ran through the house to meet them at the front door. The King called out 'Well run, Mrs. Frampton.' They then proposed walking, and we all went through my fields to the Walks round great part of the town, and they seemed much pleased. After the repast, the female part went into all the bedrooms, and looked at everything everywhere.
>
> We went yesterday to Weymouth and stayed to the Play, which is the right etiquette. We are to go on Sunday evening to the Rooms again."

How numerous was the family of George and Charlotte is perhaps hardly realised at this date, but it may be gathered when we look at an interesting engraving of the Exhibition of the Academy of 1788, in which the portraits were drawn by P. Ramberg. Here we see the King and the Queen with their seven sons and six daughters—"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." The heads in this plate are engraved with much delicacy, and great care has been taken to preserve the likeness. The contrast between the "petite" figure of the Queen and her fine sons and buxom daughters is very marked. It is interesting, too, in connection with our subject to observe that this Exhibition was held exactly one year before they went to Weymouth.

Queen Charlotte at this time had been married some twenty-seven years, and, looking at Ramberg's portrait of her Majesty, we may recall the description given in one of Walpole's letters to the Hon. H. S. Conway of the impression made by the Queen when she arrived in London in September, 1761 :—

> " Yesterday at a quarter after three (she) arrived at St. James's. In half-an-hour, one heard of nothing but proclamations of her beauty : everybody was content, everybody pleased. At seven, one went to Court. The night was sultry. About ten, the procession began to move towards the chapel, and at eleven they all came up into the drawing-room. She looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel. Her tiara of diamonds was very pretty, her stomacher sumptuous ; her violet-velvet mantle and ermine so heavy. . . You will have no doubts of her sense by what I shall tell you. On the road, they wanted her to curl her toupet : she said she thought it looked as well as any of the ladies sent to fetch her ; if the king bid her she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. When she caught the first glimpse of the palace, she grew frightened and turned pale. The duchess of Hamilton smiled—the princess said, ' My dear duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me.' Her lips trembled as the coach stopped, but she jumped out with spirit, and has done nothing but with good-humour and cheerfulness. She talks a great deal—is easy, civil, and not disconcerted. At first, when the bride-maids and court were introduced to her, she said, ' Mon Dieu, il y en a tant, il y en a tant ! ' . . . While they waited for supper she sat down, sung, and played. Her French is tolerable, she exchanged much both of that and German with the king, the duke, and the duke of York. They did not get to bed till two."

Walpole's description of the King as he appeared at that time may also be given. He says :—

> " The young King, you may trust me, who am not apt to be enamoured with royalty, gives all the indication imaginable of being amiable. His person is tall and full of dignity ; his countenance florid and good natured ; his manner graceful and obliging ; he expresses no warmth nor resentment against anybody ; at most, coldness. . . . The King is good and amiable in everything he does, and seems to have no view but of contenting all the world."

Walpole's portrait of Queen Charlotte as she presented herself to society on her arrival in England may be contrasted with that given by Lord Macaulay in his " Essays," in which, *apropos* of what he calls " the slavery worse than that of the body " undergone by Fanny Burney, he draws a graphic picture of the Queen, which may be truthful, but is hardly complimentary, as we think a few extracts will show. He says, in his Essay on " The Diary and Letters of Madam D'Arblay,"—" Frances uniformly speaks of her Royal mistress and of the Princesses with respect and affection. The Princesses seem to have well deserved all the praise which is bestowed on them in the ' Diary.' They were, we doubt not, most amiable women. But the ' sweet queen,' as she is constantly called in these volumes, is not by any means an

object of admiration to us. She had undoubtedly sense enough to know what kind of deportment suited her high station, and self-command enough to maintain that deportment invariably. She was, in her intercourse with Miss Burney, generally gracious and affable, sometimes, when displeased, cold and reserved, but never, under any circumstances, rude, peevish, or violent . . . But she seems to have been utterly regardless of the comfort, the health, the life of her attendants, when her own convenience was concerned. Weak, feverish, hardly able to stand, Frances had still to rise before seven, in order to dress the sweet Queen, and to sit up till midnight in order to undress the sweet Queen."

In recalling the family of George III and his wife our thoughts naturally turn to and dwell upon the principal member of it, the heir to the throne. But, for reasons we need not go into, George IV's connection with Dorset would seem to be of the slightest. There is, however, one link, and a very interesting one which connects him, indirectly it is true, with the annals of the county, that is his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

This famous and beautiful woman was born in the county of Durham and became the widow of Mr. Edward Weld, of Lulworth Castle. She belongs to the larger history of her time from her association with " the first gentleman in Europe," whose wife she became, after occupying a very prominent place in society for several years. These facts, coupled with the bad treatment she received at the hands of the Prince Regent, the sweetness of her disposition, and her great personal beauty, made her the cynosure of all eyes in her day.

As the newly-wedded wife of Edward Weld, she doubtless may often have been seen at Lulworth, standing by the old oak door brought from Bindon Abbey, studded with nails and of immense thickness, which now forms one of the entrances to the Castle. Here we can picture her on a summer's morn looking across the park to the white cliffs of Arish Mill, and the blue waters of the Channel, flecked with sunlight and shadow, such as her own experiences were destined to be in her chequered after-life. The story of her later career has recently been told by Mr. Wilkins.

The following particulars are taken from Mary Frampton's " Journal " :—

> " Mary Anne, daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq., second son of Sir John Smythe, Bart., of Eske, Co. Durham, born 1756. She married 1774, Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth, Co. Dorset, who died 1775. Her second husband, Thomas FitzHerbert, Esq., of Swinnerton and Norbury, Co. Stafford (married 1778), also died (*s.p.*) at Nice in 1781. Mrs. FitzHerbert was married to George Prince of Wales at her own house in London, by a Protestant clergyman, December 21, 1785. The certificate of the marriage is still extant, signed, by the Prince and herself. Mrs. FitzHerbert died at Brighton, March 29, 1837, and was buried in the Roman Catholic Church at that place.
>
> 1845. March 4—The following curious anecdote was related to me by the Honourable Mrs. George Dawson Damer, *née* Seymour, who on the death of her parents (Lord and Lady Hugh Seymour), was adopted and educated by

Mrs. FitzHerbert. She was dining with me at Dorchester, and my brother James Frampton, and Major Horatio Shirley were also present. On the death of George IV in 1830, some jewels and trinkets were directed to be given to Miss Seymour (then Mrs. Damer); amongst others was the counterpart of a kind of brooch, containing a miniature of George IV, set with a diamond instead of a glass. The diamond had been cut in half, and the other part, set in the same way, contained a miniature of Mrs. FitzHerbert herself. Great search was made at Windsor for this valuable jewel, but without success. Rundell and Bridge, who had the setting of the two articles, were employed with others to examine, but in vain, and all hope of regaining the lost treasure was at an end. Some time afterwards the Duke of Wellington, when one evening sitting next to Mrs. Damer, said to her, with some hesitation, 'I dare say you may like to know something of the lost jewel'; but added, 'perhaps I had better not tell you.' She pressed him however to continue, when the Duke proceeded to state, with some confusion, that in his office as First Lord of the Treasury it had been his duty to remain till the very last with the body of the King, who had given him strict injunctions not to leave it, and had desired to be buried with whatever ornaments might be upon his person at the time of his death. The Duke was quite alone with the body, then lying in an open coffin, and his curiosity being excited by seeing a small jewel hanging round the neck of the King, he was tempted to look at it, when he found that it was the identical portrait of Mrs. FitzHerbert covered with the diamond for which the unsuccessful search had been made. The Duke added, 'I leave it to you to communicate this or not to Mrs. FitzHerbert, as you may think it best for her.' As Mrs. FitzHerbert scarcely ever alluded to her former connection with George IV, Mrs. George Dawson Damer doubted as to the propriety of naming this to her; but one day, when the conversation between them led that way, she ventured to tell the discovery. Mrs. FitzHerbert made no observation, but some large tears fell from her eyes.'

Mrs. Damer showed us the corresponding portrait of the Prince of Wales, which she was wearing at the moment, and which appeared very like him when he was a young man. This is a strong proof of how sincerely George IV continued attached to Mrs. FitzHerbert to the end of his life."

Miss Frampton continues: "She long held out against him (the Prince of Wales) and went on the Continent, and did not consent until a marriage ceremony, at least according to the Roman Catholic religion to which she belonged, had been performed. She ought, however, to have been sensible that the ceremony in the eyes of the English law was perfectly nugatory. Mrs. F. had known my mother well when she lived in Dorset. She was then very beautiful. She dined at Moreton on the day she was eighteen, perfectly unaffected and unassuming in her manners. If ever the Prince loved any woman it was she. I certainly thought her very handsome, though too fat; a very mild benignant countenance, without much animation, and rather heavy than brilliant in conversation. Her chariot was without any armorial bearings nor has she ever worn any, since her liveries by accident resembled the Royal ones, being red turned up with green. A year or two after this, when Mrs. FitzHerbert was living in Pall Mall, within a few doors of Carlton House, we were at one of the assemblies she gave, which was altogether the most splendid I was ever at. Her own manners ever remained quiet, civil and unpretending, and, in the days of her greatest influence, she was never accused of using it improperly."

The Rev. W. BARNES

Lady Hester Stanhope, in some of her amusing remarks about the famous people of her day with whom she associated, has observed of Mrs. Fitzherbert that she had a "beautiful skin, at sixty it was like a child's of six years' old. I knew her well, having passed when a child, six years in the same house with her." After making some very plain-spoken remarks about her personally, she goes on to say that Mrs. Fitzherbert "had a great deal of tact in concealing the Prince's faults. She would say: 'Don't send your letter to such a person, he is careless and will lose it'; or, when he would start talking foolish things, she would tell him: 'You are drunk to-night, do hold your tongue.'"

Mrs. Fitzherbert lived, greatly respected, at Brighton for many years, and there, as we have seen above, she died in 1837.

Richard Cosway, R.A., who was appointed Miniature Portrait Painter to the Prince of Wales, drew Mrs. Fitzherbert's portrait repeatedly.

Amongst what may be termed the "learned professional" group of our subject, Jeremy Bentham occupies a commanding position. This well-known writer on Jurisprudence was the son of a London solicitor, and was educated at Westminster and at Queen's College, Oxford, to which latter he was admitted at the early age of thirteen. His connection with Dorset is, it must be admitted, but slight, but some of his most important works were written at Ford Abbey, which now belongs to the county of Dorset, although in his time it lay in Somersetshire. Bentham was a voluminous writer, and it is not necessary to give any detailed account of his contributions in the various fields of Jurisprudence, Logic and Political Economy. It is claimed for his "Introduction to Principles of Morals and Legislation" that he expounded many schemes which since his time have been applied to the amendment of the administration of justice, and that "his influence on jurisprudence and ethics can hardly be over-estimated." He died in 1832, and in the National Portrait Gallery will be found two portraits of him, one presented by his friend, Sir John Bowring, representing him life-size, in academic gown; the other showing him at the age of eighty-one, painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. George Frederick Watts, R.A., also painted a picture of him, in crayons, which shows him seated in a landscape.

Analogous in a sense to the labours of Bentham may be regarded those of Dr. Andrew Bell, who was instituted Rector of Swanage in 1801. Six years afterwards he published a work on Education under the title of "Analysis of the Experiments in Education made at Egmore near Madras." Hutchins says of him that "this gentleman eminently distinguished himself as the introducer into this country of the Madras system of education," which may be briefly summarised as a system of mutual instruction by the scholars. Its

author says of it that it is alike fitted to reduce the expense of tuition, to abridge the labour of the master, and to expedite the progress of the scholar.

Andrew Bell was born in 1753, and was educated at St. Andrews. For some years he was a tutor in Virginia. When about thirty-four years of age, he sailed for India, where he became superintendent of the Madras Male Orphan Asylum, and it was here that he introduced his system. In 1809 he was made Master of Sherburn Hospital, Durham; later on, he travelled abroad to propagate his ideas on education, but without much success. He died in 1819, and was buried at Westminster, of which he had been made Prebendary.

"The prose Homer of human nature" as Lord Byron has called Henry Fielding, was born in Somersetshire at Sharpham Park, in 1707, but he had family associations with Dorset, inasmuch as he was a grandson of Dr. John Fielding, Archdeacon of Dorset. His father removed to East Stour, where four of his children were born, and here Fielding spent his early days, receiving part of his education from Mr. Oliver, the curate of Motcombe, who has been identified by some with Parson Adams in the novelist's "Joseph Andrews." Henry Fielding is not claimed as a Dorset worthy, but the prototypes of some of the characters which appear in his novels are believed to have been neighbours of his in Dorsetshire. Moreover, he was a resident in the county for some little time, as, on the death of his mother in 1718, he came into an estate yielding some £200 a year, and here he lived with his first wife, but in so extravagant a fashion that in less than three years he dissipated his whole fortune—it was "devoured by hounds, horses and entertainments." He then removed to London and practised at the Bar.

Returning to the characters in Fielding's books, William Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," is said by others to have been the man from whom Fielding drew his Parson Adams. Hutchins asserts that "it is certain most of Mr. Fielding's friends thought so, although Young himself resented the imputation so highly, that he threatened to knock down a gentleman for addressing him by that name." According to Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," this good man appears to have had some curious qualities of his own; he supported an uncomfortable existence by translating from Greek for the booksellers, and if he was not his own friend, was at least no man's enemy.

Before leaving Fielding, we may note the opinion of him expressed by a contemporary, namely Horace Walpole. Those familiar with the character of the owner of Strawberry Hill (and what reader is not?) can realise how very different the two men were, and this divergence may perhaps account for, though it hardly excuses, the language that Walpole uses about Fielding. For example, in a letter to George Montagu in 1749, he draws a picture of Fielding at home. He describes Rigby and Peter Bathurst carrying a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding, "who, to

all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttleton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper, that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man, a woman, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilised." It must be added that the blind man was Fielding's half-brother—afterwards Sir John, and Chief Magistrate of Westminster. This unfavourable opinion of Fielding did not lessen with the lapse of time, for in a letter to Mr. Pinkerton some thirty-six years later, we find Walpole saying that "Fielding had as much humour perhaps as Addison, but having no idea of grace is perpetually disgusting." However the fame of Fielding as an author may be left to take care of itself, despite the depreciatory remarks of Horace Walpole.

Frances Burney, born at King's Lynn in 1752, left Norfolk when she was eight years old for London, where she lived with her father, Dr. Burney, author of "A History of Music," in Poland Street, which was fashionable in Queen Anne's time, and "genteel" enough in the days of which we are now speaking. Dr. Burney's musical parties brought some of the best people in London to this modest dwelling, at which Garrick was a frequent visitor. The family afterwards moved to St. Margaret's Street, on the south side of Leicester Square, to a house which was Sir Isaac Newton's, and had a turret. It has since been re-built.

The prodigious success of Fanny Burney's first novel "Evelina" is well known. We hear of Burke sitting up all night to read it, and Johnson pronounced the authoress to be superior to Fielding. "Cecilia," published in 1782, was not less successful.

Macaulay has described Miss Burney's introduction to royalty in December, 1785—she was then on a visit to Mrs. Delany at Windsor. "Dinner was over. The old lady was taking a nap. Her grand-niece, a little girl of seven, was playing at some Christmas game with the visitors, when the door opened, and a stout gentleman entered unannounced, with a star on his breast, and 'What? what? what?' in his mouth. A cry of 'The King!' was set up. A general scampering followed. Miss Burney owns that she could not have been more terrified if she had seen a ghost. But Mrs. Delany came forward to pay her duty to her royal friend, and the disturbance was quieted. Frances was then presented, and underwent a long examination and cross-examination about all that she had written and all that she meant to write. The Queen soon made her appearance, and his Majesty repeated, for the benefit of his

consort, the information which he had extracted from Miss Burney . . . In a few days the visit was repeated. Miss Burney was more at ease than before. His Majesty, instead of seeking for information, condescended to impart it, and passed sentence on many great writers, English and foreign. Voltaire he pronounced a monster, Rousseau he liked rather better. 'But was there ever,' he cried, 'such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?'"

We need not dwell upon the sequel, which resulted in what was practically the slavery of Fanny Burney for five years—"the most popular writer of fictitious writings then living, with competence, if not opulence within her reach," says Macaulay. She replaced a German lady named Haggerdorn, as a "Keeper of the Robes," at which Dr. Burney was transported with delight, and remained wearing out her existence in the wretched monotony of her duties about the person of "Snuffy Charlotte," and following the court in its movements from Kew to Windsor and back from Windsor to Kew. Her life was made the more insupportable by her colleague, Madam Schwellenberg—"a hateful old toad-eater, as illiterate as a chamber-maid, as proud as a whole German Chapter, rude, peevish, unable to bear solitude, unable to conduct herself with common decency in society"—it is a melancholy story told with great force and picturesque detail by Macaulay.

Lyme Regis, though but a little town, has interesting memories associated with history and literature. Indeed, one may say that, although the county does not rank amongst its sons and daughters many celebrated in literature, yet, amongst its occasional residents there are the distinguished names of Henry Fielding, the poets Wordsworth and Browning, and Jane Austen.

The last-named, who was born in 1775, and died in 1817, lived for some time at Lyme. It is recorded of Thackeray that, visiting Lyme on one occasion, the mayor, acting as his guide, offered to show him the spot where Monmouth landed, to which he replied "Take and show me first the house where Jane Austen lived"; and this recalls another testimony to the literary standing of Miss Austen. There is an entry in the Diary of Sir Walter Scott in which he says:—"That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!"

In the face of such a tribute as that given by Sir Walter Scott, further eulogium on Miss Austen as an authoress would be superfluous. Many of

the scenes in "Persuasion," which was not published until the year after her death, were laid at Lyme, and the house in which she lived is still standing near the Cobb.

The connection of William Wordsworth with Dorset is only that of residence, as Wordsworth was born in 1770 in Cumberland, being the son of an attorney at Cockermouth. In his twenty-fifth year, he, with his sister Dorothy, settled at Racedown Lodge, on the north-west slope of Pillesdon Hill. Here he wrote "The Borderers." It was a house belonging to Mr. Pinney of Bristol, a friend of Basil Montague. The spot was without society and so retired that the post came but once a week. Nevertheless, Miss Wordsworth describes it as "the place dearest to my recollections upon the whole surface of the Island; the first home I had." She speaks with rapture of the meadows, the hills and the scenery from Pillesdon and Lewesdon, and Lambert's Castle and Blackdown Hill. It was at Racedown that Wordsworth received his first visit from Coleridge.

The late Dr. F. J. Furnivall, in a paper read before the Browning Society, has shown that the family of Robert Browning, the poet, kept a noted country inn on the London and Dorchester Road, in the very small hamlet of East Woodgates, Dorset, on the borders of Wiltshire, for some generations. The name of Robert Browning is mentioned here because of the close connection of his family with the county to the extent and in the way shown above.

We come now to one of the great names in English Art, though, indeed, John Constable's connection with Dorset must also be owned to be but slender. In Mrs. Heaton's continuation of Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters" the fact of his residence in Dorset is not even mentioned. But whilst we know that his heart was true to his native county, "dear, dirty Suffolk" as he called it, it is quite clear that he had an affection for Osmington, that charming spot on Weymouth bay. Thus in 1822 we find him writing to his friend, Mr. Fisher, who was incumbent of Osmington:—"How much I should like to be now at Osmington . . . If I recollect, the ashes have very beautiful mosses, and their stems are particularly rich at Osmington."

That he had a sympathetic friend in Fisher,* afterwards Archdeacon, is evident from a letter of the latter in which the painter is given a little word-picture of a bit of Dorset which may be familiar to some readers of this book. Fisher asks: "Did you ever look down the little wooded valley of Sutton and Preston from the spring heads in the little amphitheatre formed by the hills? It has the peep of the blue bay, with Portland in the distance, and

* The Rev. John Fisher was Chaplain to his uncle, the Bishop of Salisbury, and was the eldest son of Dr. Fisher, Master of the Charterhouse.

two old forlorn ash trees in the foreground. The place is very sequestered, and is frequented by king-fishers, and wood-cocks, but fellows from Weymouth with padded chests and vacant faces go there and let off guns and disturb the quiet genius of the place."

In the Victoria and Albert Museum may be seen a picture by Constable of this " peep of the blue bay, with Portland in the distance," which (or a similar piece) was one of those engraved in mezzotint by his friend John Lucas, who has left us such fine renderings of this great artist's work.

Since Constable was not only a resident in Dorset, but, as we have seen, a lover of the county and its scenery, a few remarks upon his career and art may be added.

The details of his life are few and uneventful. He was born in 1776 at East Dereham, a son of a well-to-do miller. In a portrait of him at the age of twenty by W. N. Gardiner, lithographed by Maguire, we see he must have been handsome ; he was " tall and well-formed, with good features, a fresh complexion, and fine dark eyes ; his white hat and coat (as a miller) were not unbecoming to him " ; and he was called in the neighbourhood the " handsome miller."

He long courted a Miss Maria Bicknell, whose grandfather, Dr. Rhudde, objected to him on the ground of his being an unknown artist without means. This lady, to whom he was tenderly attached, died after twelve years of married life, at Hampstead, of a decline, leaving him with seven children. " His fondness for children," by the way, " exceeded," says Leslie (who wrote a biography of him), " that of any man I ever knew." John Constable died at Hampstead in 1837, aged sixty-one.

Constable's own humble opinion of his work is not shared in the present day, when we see his pictures constantly advancing in value and appreciation both in this country and abroad.

" The Hay-Wain," then called " A Landscape, Noon," exhibited in Paris in 1824 created quite a sensation among the French landscape painters, who were struck by its wonderful freshness and truth to nature. He was awarded a gold medal by Louis Philippe ; and another in 1826 for " The White Horse," exhibited at Lille.

Mrs. Heaton is quite right, I think, in describing Constable as " distinctly an impressionist," and it is perhaps that quality in his art which has influenced the French school more than many people fully realise. One is constantly meeting with testimonies from French art critics and painters as to the important influence that Constable has had in this direction, and his fame may be said to be steadily growing across the Channel.

Constable dealt with the broad, simple aspects of nature rather than with her delicate minutiæ of flower and leaf. The qualities he chiefly aimed at, he says himself, " were light—dews—breezes—bloom—freshness—not one of

which," he adds, " has yet been perfected on the canvas of any painter in the world . . . My limited and abstracted art is to be found under every hedge and in every lane, and therefore nobody thinks it worth picking up."

I may give the true version of Fuseli's remarks about Constable's style of painting. In a letter to Fisher, May 9th, 1823, speaking of his pictures of that year, the artist says: " Fuseli came up to him (Wilkie) and said ' Vell, vat dis ? is dis de new vay, de Guercino style ? ' Speaking of me, he says, ' I like de landscape of Constable ; he is always picturesque, of a fine colour, and de lights always in de right places ; but he makes me call for my great coat and umbrella.' "

There is only one distinguished name in theatrical annals which has any connection with Dorset, and that but a slight one, viz. William Charles Macready, who was the son of William Macready, and was born in Mary Street, Euston Road, in 1793.

Although Macready acted in the provinces and at Newcastle with Mrs. Siddons as a player in his father's company, he belongs essentially to the XIX Century, and made his first appearance at Covent Garden, London, in the year after Waterloo. Three years later he seems to have taken the town by storm by his impersonation of " Richard III." His association with Drury Lane began in 1823, and he was manager of that theatre from 1841–43, when he went to America. Whilst there, a quarrel with the actor Forrest obliged him to leave the country. He retired from the English stage in 1851, his farewell performances being in " Macbeth." In that year he bought a house at Sherborne, where his wife died in 1852, and where he lost several children. In 1860 he married again, and died at Cheltenham in 1873.

To Mr. Thomas Hardy I am indebted for the mention of a very distinguished theatrical man, brought, in following his profession, into connection with Dorset, although not born therein. I refer to Edmund Kean, whose chequered career was remarkable. He was the son of an itinerant actress, and was deserted by his mother. He appeared as a child at Drury Lane in 1801, where he played, when only fourteen, with Mrs. Siddons and Kemble. At the same early age he recited before George III. When he was twenty-one he married Mary Chambers, and for six years underwent many hardships.

At the time of which we are speaking, namely the commencement of the XIX Century, he was, one may say, an unknown artist. In those days Dorchester could boast a theatre,* and Kean was announced to play the part

* There still remain two buildings which have been used as theatres at Dorchester. One of these is in what is now known as Trinity Street, and is conterminous with the back premises of the Antelope Hotel. It has been utilised for many years as a china warehouse by Mr. Godwin, and portions of the stage and fittings of the galleries, etc., still exist. The other theatre is by the entrance to Priory Lane, and is a large building now occupied, I believe, by the Salvation Army.

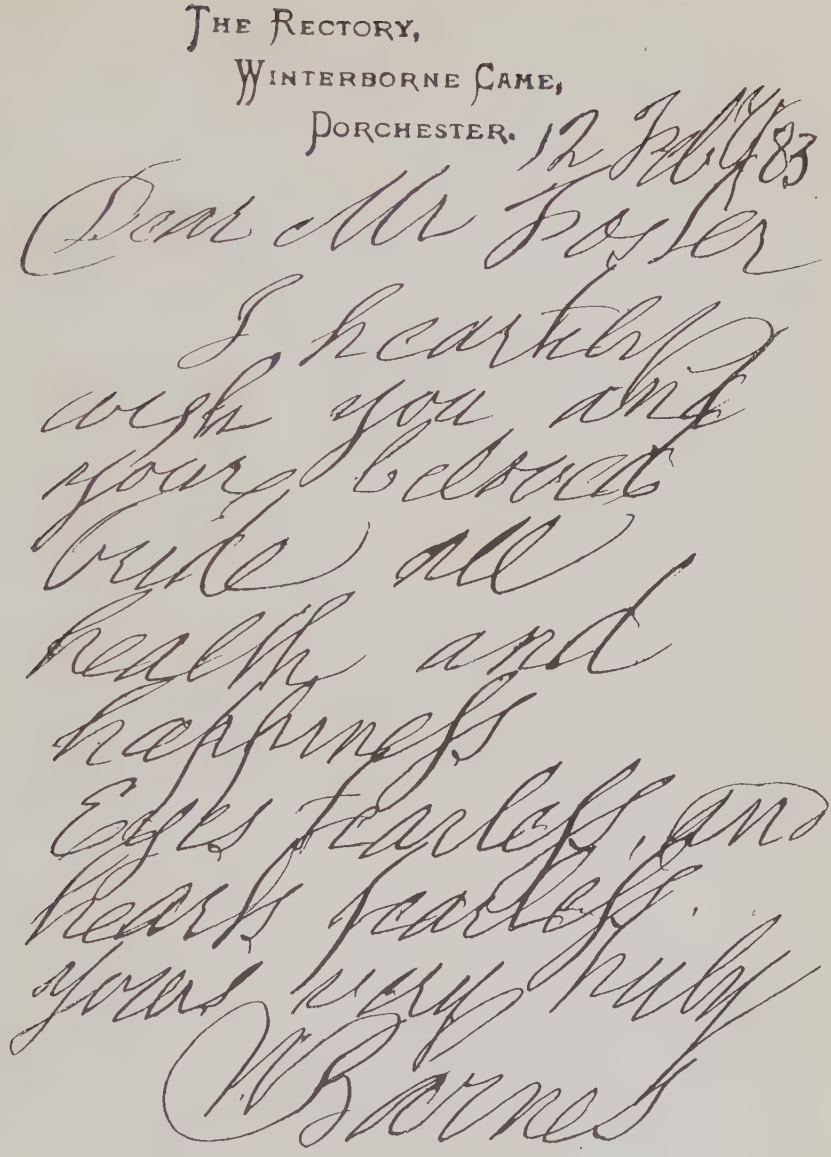
of (I think) Coriolanus. His performance made such an impression upon a great theatrical manager of the day, who came down from London to hear him, as to lead to his engagement for three years by the Stage Manager of Drury Lane. Kean's star was thenceforth in the ascendant, and he achieved, as we know, a great reputation on the stage. Details of his irregular life and theatrical triumphs abound.

The origin of John Scott, Lord Chancellor and Earl of Eldon, was comparatively obscure, his father having intended him for his own occupation of coal-seller. He was educated at the head school of Newcastle, where he was born in Love Lane in 1751. He went to University College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar when he was twenty-five. Eight years later we find him as King's Counsel, and member for Weobley. In five years' time he had risen to the post of Solicitor-General, and, subsequently was made Attorney-General, and Chief Justice of Common Pleas. At the beginning of the XIX Century he succeeded Lord Loughborough as Lord Chancellor, a post which he held until 1827. Six years prior to that he had been made Earl of Eldon, and died in Dorsetshire, where he had purchased an estate, in 1838. In his twenty-first year he made a runaway match with a Bessie Surtees of Newcastle, who appears, from a passage in Cyrus Redding's "Memoirs," describing Lord Eldon stealing into "The George" Coffee House at the top of the Haymarket to get a pint of wine, as Lady Eldon did not permit him to enjoy it in peace at home, to have been a lady of a character which the Lord Chancellor held in due respect. Redding did not like Eldon, "his words," he writes, "were no index of his real feelings. He had a sterile soul for all things earthly except money, doubts and the art of drawing briefs."

This depreciation of the character of Lord Eldon is not borne out by a passage in Hutchins in which, speaking of him as Attorney-General, the latter says, "If he acted with severity under a sense of duty, he yet retained a large share of personal good-will, and was the favourite alike of the Bar, the suitors and the public." Without pursuing this question further, it may be observed that to have held, as Lord Eldon did, the Great Seal for twenty-five years, which was a record at that time, (and may be still), points to the possession of sterling qualities, which justly entitled him to his reputation. He lived to the age of eighty-seven, and was buried at Kingston, having purchased the Encombe estate in Dorsetshire early in the century.

It is related that at one time a fire broke out at Lord Eldon's seat, and he took the precaution of burying the Great Seal; but, having forgotten where he placed it, the whole family were engaged the next day in digging to discover it.

There is a portrait of the Chancellor in his robes by W. Owen, R.A., and another, belonging to the Earl of Eldon, representing him when a Knight,



THE RECTORY,
WINTERBORNE CAME,
DORCHESTER. 12 Feb 1883

Dear Mr Foster

I heartily wish you and your beloved bride all health and happiness

Eyes fearless, and hearts fearless.

Yours very truly
W Barnes

AUTOGRAPH LETTER—W. BARNES

From the original in the possession of the Author.

painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. There is, moreover, a bust by Tatham in the National Portrait Gallery, in the catalogue of which it is remarked of Eldon that "among the many illustrious men who have held the Great Seal, none have left behind them a higher reputation for legal knowledge, discernment and integrity." There is also a striking engraving of him by E. Scriven, published by Dickinsons of New Bond Street in 1838, representing him in the year after his retirement, when he was seventy years of age. The last-named portrait is reproduced in this work.

One of the men connected with the history of the county of Dorset, although not a native thereof, is Richard Pulteney, who was born in 1730 and died in 1801. He took his degree as Doctor of Medicine in Edinburgh in 1764, and was physician to his kinsman, Sir William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. His association with the county arises from his having practised at Blandford for many years. He was a keen botanist, and made frequent contributions on this subject to the "Gentleman's Magazine." A portrait of him is possessed by the Linnean Society, and there are other engraved portraits of him extant.

The name of Fox has long been honourably associated with the county of Dorset in connection with that of Ilchester. Another branch of this family was ennobled in the person of Henry Fox, youngest son of Sir Stephen Fox, who was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Holland in 1763. As he is only indirectly associated with the county, a brief notice must suffice. He was born in 1705 and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. When thirty years of age he was elected M.P. for Huntingdon, and afterwards for Windsor, attaching himself to Sir Robert Walpole. He held various political offices, and was Secretary of State and Leader of the House of Commons in the Newcastle administration, as he was also seven years later when the Peace of Paris was signed. In this year he retired from office, and died in 1774, "the most unpopular of contemporary statesmen," says the "Dictionary of National Biography."

At Holland House is a portrait of him by William Hogarth.

Lord Holland has another claim to distinction in that he was the father of Charles James Fox, whose abilities and distinction require no comment. As in the case of his father, Charles James Fox's connection with the county of Dorset is but slight; nevertheless, he belongs, as we have shown, to a Dorset family, and his association with it is evidenced by the charming group by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing him as a youth in conversation with Lady Susan Strangways and Lady Sarah Lenox, who, then a girl of about seventeen, leans out of a window talking to him. She (Lady Sarah) was bridesmaid to Queen Charlotte, and Walpole speaks of her as "having all the glow of beauty peculiar to her family." Again, in the interesting letter written to the Hon.

H. S. Conway in September, 1761, describing the arrival of the Queen-to be, he declares Lady Sarah Lenox, although having "neither feature nor air," to have been, among beautiful figures at a Drawing room held before the Coronation, "by far the chief angel." The picture is described in the "Life of Reynolds" by Tom Taylor, as follows :—

> "The Holland-House picture of Lady Sarah Lenox (the third grace of this lovely group) and Lady Susan Strangways, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, with her cousin young Charles James Fox, was also begun this year (1761). Lady Sarah—whom George the Third had loved, and would have married, but for the negative put by his Council upon his proposition of such an alliance—leans, in a morning negligé, from a low window, in Holland House, to take a dove which Lady Susan holds up to her; while young Fox, with a paper in his hand (the part of Hastings, perhaps, in 'Jane Shore,' about to be presented in Holland House private theatre), urges his pretty cousins to come to their rehearsal. Horace Walpole (to Montagu, May 22nd, 1761) tells us how bewitching the two young beauties were in the play, Lady Susan dressed from Jane Seymour, and Lady Sarah in white, on the ground, with her hair about her ears, looking more lovely than any Magdalen of Correggio's. The fates of both girls were singular. Lady Sarah, in June, 1767, married Sir Joshua's friend, Charles Bunbury,—was subsequently divorced from him, and, marrying General Napier, became the mother of two illustrious sons, Sir William and Sir Charles. Lady Susan, three years after this, eloped with O'Brien, the actor, a man of good family and education, in whom she found a kind and worthy husband."

In addition to this, Sir Joshua painted Charles James Fox in at least two other pictures. One now belongs to Lord Denman, and another, at Holland House, a half-length, standing, was painted in 1784, and engraved by John Jones. This would represent Fox in his thirty-fifth year, but he looks much older in the picture. There is also a mezzotint, after Huck, which represents the statesman seated and declaiming from a book.

Joseph Hume is renowned as a politician and economic reformer, and, although born at Montrose in 1777, is linked on to the history of our county by virtue of his representation of Weymouth in Parliament, for which place he took his seat in 1812. He began his political life as a Tory; six years later we find him as Radical Member for Aberdeen, and he sat for Middlesex and other places from 1830 up to the year 1855. Whilst member for Middlesex he moved the repeal of the Corn Laws, and his services in the cause of political economy were recognised by all parties.

Before entering Parliament Hume had been a surgeon in India, in the Marine Service of the East India Company, having been admitted as a member of the College of Surgeons in Edinburgh when nineteen. He distinguished himself as a linguist, and during the Mahratta War acted as surgeon, interpreter and army paymaster of the forces.

There is a portrait of him by John Whitehead Walton in the National Portrait Gallery.

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CHAPTER XI.

The XIX Century.

THERE does not appear to be any specific connection of Royalty with Dorset in this century. We do, however, get a glimpse of a foreign royal personage, *viz.* Charles X, who, when driven from the throne of France, found, with his family, a temporary home at Lulworth Castle.

It was no doubt in consequence of the Welds being an old Catholic family that Charles X was led to seek refuge at Lulworth. Reference is made to him in her " Journal " by Mary Frampton, who speaks of " the fatal folly of the King of France, reprobated by all parties."

It was at the close of the summer of 1830. She says : " The whole Royal family were obstinate in their belief that there was no danger, although at St. Cloud where they were, they could hear the cannon and tumults of Paris. The King, Charles X, was obliged to be told that he *must* go, before he would at all credit the necessity of it. . . . They journeyed to Cherbourg with extreme slowness, and probably with the idea that they would still be recalled." At Cherbourg the Dauphiness and the Duchesse de Berri were robbed of their clothes, and on their arrival at Cowes were supplied by ladies with others for immediate use.

" Mr. Weld offered Lulworth Castle as a temporary asylum, and thither they removed in steam-vessels. Charles wished much to land at Lulworth Cove, but the wind did not permit this, which, however, he would not believe until Mr. Humphrey Weld was called to him to testify to the impossibility of it."

The French Royal family, which remained in Dorset until October, comprised the Duc de Luxembourg, Duc de Bordeaux, Duc D'Angoulême, and Duchesse de Berri. In Mr. Frampton's notes is an interesting account of a visit he paid to Lulworth Castle. He observes that the King spoke very bad English ; he terms the Duc de Bordeaux " a fine, interesting boy with very dignified manners," and speaks of " Mademoiselle " (Duchesse de Berri) as " lively." They discussed the country round Lulworth, George III at Weymouth, and so on ; and the King surprised his visitor by putting out his hand and shaking hands with him. The King he describes as a tall, thin, gentlemanly man. The Duc d'Angoulême was the reverse—" a very mean looking person. They were evidently pleased at my (Frampton's) having

called, and were very civil. The house seemed all of a bustle, with various people and servants in the entrance hall, moving things and giving directions, etc."

In contrast to the emotion which the exiled King's condescension seems to have excited in Mr. Frampton's breast, the following remarks from Thackeray may be quoted—they are taken from his "Meditations at Versailles":—

> "You shall be a king, but not die one: and shall leave the crown only; not the worthless head that shall wear it. Thrice shall you go into exile; you shall fly from the people, first, who would have no more of you and your race; and you shall return home over half a million of human corpses, that have been made for the sake of you, and of a tyrant as great as the greatest of your family. Again driven away, your bitterest enemy shall bring you back. But the strong limbs of France are not to be chained by such a paltry yoke as you can put on her; you shall be a tyrant, but in will only; and shall have a sceptre but to see it robbed from your hand."

Miss Frampton gives an entertaining account of the arrival of the Duchesse d'Angoulême and a lady attending her, Madame de St. Maur, on a visit to Moreton. The butler believed them to be ladies' maids from Lulworth Castle, who had come in a gig which they left at the gate. As far as he could make out they wished to see the flower garden, and he proposed to send the gardener to them. "In a short time we saw two house-keeper looking persons coming towards the house. Their dress was undoubtedly inferior to that of most housekeepers."

They proved to be the Duchesse d'Angoulême and Madame de St. Maur.

> "She was dressed in a black douillette with a worked pèlerine, the Duchesse in a shabby light brown, or rather yellowish shawl, cotton stockings, very short petticoats, and both wore coarse, weather-beaten straw bonnets. The Duchesse was much altered since I caught a glimpse of her, fifteen years ago, when passing through this town of Dorchester. She is grown old and plain, but not so cross-looking as it is said that her unparalleled misfortunes have made her. Lady Harriot said afterwards that she ought to have recognised the Duchesse from the peculiar redness of the whites of her eyes, having heard that this was occasioned entirely from the constant weeping during the years of their troubles."

In the middle of October the ex-Royal family of France departed from Lulworth, the King going by sea to Holyrood House, the Duchesse de Berri and "Mademoiselle" stopping in London.

> "Their departure from the County was regretted; they had afforded much historical gossip to the neighbouring families, all but the King having shown themselves everywhere, and, being great walkers, moved about in all directions, unlike English people, and much to the amusement of all ranks. The consumption of food during their stay was immense, and one of the reasons whispered for Charles Xth's departure was, that so many dependents lived upon him owing to his residence being remote from any town."

REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A.

[From a photograph]

By courtesy of Lady Grogan

The Rev. Charles W. Bingham must not be omitted from this work, although he was not born in Dorset. He held livings in the county for over forty years—Sydling from 1838 to 1846; Bingham's-Melcombe from 1842 to 1881; and was for much of that time prominent in public business, as an active magistrate, and as Chairman of the County Hospital, etc. Being keenly interested in Dorset antiquities, he was, with William Barnes, Joint Honorary Secretary of the Dorset Museum at its inception in 1845. Charles Bingham was born in 1810 at Camely, Somerset, of which his father was Rector. He was a grandson of Col. Richard Bingham of Bingham's-Melcombe, and a most worthy representative of this fine old Dorset family. He was a fellow of New College Oxford, and Canon and Prebendary of Salisbury. Endowed with much geniality and wit, combined with a shrewd cleverness, he was an excellent man of business, and had a delightful personality withal. His brother, Col. Richard Bingham, commanded the Dorset Militia for many years.

Although Canon Bingham does not appear to have left any important contribution to the study of Antiquities under his own name, he was deeply attached to the subject, and into the preparation of the third edition of Hutchins' "Dorset" he put an immense amount of labour, local knowledge and learning.

In the front rank of British scientific men, and with a world-wide fame far transcending the limits of the county in which he lived for many years, stands Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. He was born at Usk in Monmouthshire in 1823, but his father is described as a gentleman of Scottish ancestry. Dr. Russel Wallace lived for many years at Broadstone near Wimborne, where he died at the advanced age of ninety, on 7th November, 1913, and I remember well visiting him, with a deputation from the Geologists' Association, and can see in my mind's eye the massive head of this eminent man, who received us with the utmost simplicity and cordiality in his modest home overlooking the waters of Poole Harbour, whence could be seen in the background the Purbeck Hills bathed in the afternoon sunlight, with soft shadows nestling in their hollows. Russel Wallace was educated at the Hertford Grammar School, and was with an elder brother, a Land Surveyor and Architect, for five or six years, from 1838–44. Four years later we find him going to the Amazon with Bates, where he spent three or four years, and visiting the Malay Archipelago in 1854–62. Later he lectured in America. His valuable scientific works date from 1853, when he published a book of travels on the Amazon. From an obituary notice of Wallace, published in the "Westminster Gazette" at the time of his death, some particulars of his career, and especially the remarkable coincidence of his discovery simultaneously with Charles Darwin of the theory of natural selection, may be gleaned. Darwin is said to have noted in his diary: "I never saw a more striking

coincidence. If Wallace had my manuscript sketch written out in 1842, he could not have made a better short abstract. Even his terms now stand as heads of my chapters." It was whilst Wallace was lying ill with intermittent fever in Malay in 1858 that the idea of the "survival of the fittest" came to him as he thought of Malthus's "Essay on Population," and in three evenings he prepared a complete essay on the subject. This he sent to Darwin in June of the same year. The way in which this theory, which has revolutionised modern thought in relation to the problems connected with it, was worked out by these two men belongs to the history of Science and need not be entered upon here. The progress of Wallace's valuable labours in the realms of scientific research may be traced by the titles of his publications, which extended over half a century. It is a proof of the chivalrous nature of these two great men that they remained on terms of warm friendship. Darwin's conduct was most honourable throughout; his paper was read before the Linnean Society in July, 1858, and entitled "On the tendency of species to form varieties, and on the perpetuation of varieties of species by natural means of selection." Wallace's contribution was termed "On the tendency of varieties to depart indefinitely from the original type." Quoting the above-mentioned authority, "the joint essay contained some new phrases which were destined to live as scientific terms, and in addition to become "Aunt Sallies" for all sorts of people—from the Bishop to the buffoon on the boards. Wallace was responsible for the phrase "struggle for existence," whilst to Darwin belongs the coinage of "natural selection."

Dr. HANDLEY MOULE,
Bishop of Durham.

THIS book was written under the shadow of the Great War which devastated Europe for over four years; its aim has been to deal with bygone Wessex folk, and not those of our own day, but it must not be concluded without reference to those Dorset Worthies who rendered such noble service to their Country by Sea, on Land, and in the Air. And as to those of our fellow-county men who laid down their lives for England in her hour of need (and they were many), the writer's last words in this book shall be a humble offering of gratitude for what we owe to these true Wessex Worthies.

"Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his friends."

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A CALL TO NATIONAL SERVICE.

Up and be doing, all who have a hand
To lift, a back to bend. It must not be
In times like these that vaguely linger we
To air our vaunts and hopes ; and leave our land

Untended as a wild of weeds and sand.
—Say, then, " I come ! " and go, O women and men
Of palace, ploughshare, easel, counter, pen ;
That scareless, scathless, England still may stand.

Would years but let me stir as once I stirred
At many a dawn to take the forward track,
And with a stride plunged on to enterprize,

I now would speed like yester wind that whirred
Through yielding pines ; and serve with never a slack,
So loud for promptness all around outcries !

Thomas Hardy.

March, 1917.

A LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEN KILLED IN ACTION, OR WHO DIED OF WOUNDS IN THE GREAT WAR, 1914–1918, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

Note.—It is obvious that the following list contains but a small number of the officers and men who gave their lives in the Great War, but it would be impossible, except with official help and great labour, to furnish a complete list, such as is, I believe, in preparation by the Military Authorities, and which will appear at some subsequent date. In the prospectus that was issued of this work information on the subject was asked for, but the invitation met with little response. The list comprises the "Scrolls of Fame" published in the Year books of the Society of Dorset Men in London; it also includes the names mentioned by Mr. Harry Pouncy in his valuable articles on the "Dorsets in the War," published in the same magazine. I desire to express my acknowledgment to him, and to Mr. Watkins the Hon. Secretary of the Society.

Adams, Pvte. Ralph E.	5th Battn. London Regt. Missing 1916.
Algeo, Capt. W. B. (Studland)	Military Cross. 1st Dorset. Killed 17th May, 1916.
Angel, Corpl. Wilfred A.	Dorset Regt. Died of wounds 1917.
Aplin, Sec.-Lt. Kenneth S. (Weymouth) ...	Inniskilling Fusiliers. Killed in action Nov. 1st, 1914.
Armitage, Capt. H. E. S.	Australian Imperial Force. Killed in action.
Arnold, Pvte. Joseph Thomas	K.R.R.C. Died of wounds at Etaples, 5th Nov., 1916.
Baker, Capt. Cecil D.	Grenadier Guards. Killed July 29th, 1917.
Baker, Capt. C. L.	Dorsets.
Bankes, Capt. Edward Nugent (Studland)	Attached to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Killed 26th April, 1915.
Banks, Sergt.-Major Arthur George (Weymouth) ...	Canterbury Mounted Rifles, New Zealand, 22nd August, 1915.
Barns, Sergt. O. S. (Langton)	9th Royal Sussex Regt. Killed in action at Loos, 27th Sept., 1915.
Barrett, Pvte. B. R. (Puddletown) ...	1st Dorset Regt., 11th August, 1918.
Batten, Capt. J. Strode	King's Liverpool Regt. Killed at Gallipoli 25th April, 1915.
Batten, Capt. John Henry Strode ...	Killed in action 25th Oct., 1914.
Beer, Lieut. William John	Died 20th Feb., 1918, on reconnaissance work near Jericho.

BEEVER, Lieut. Jonathan (Blandford) ... R.H.A. Killed 24th March, 1918. Recommended for the V.C. by his Commanding Officer.

BEEVER, Capt. W. H. (Blandford) ... Rifle Brigade. Killed at the Somme, 1916.

BLOMEFIELD, Com. T. C. A. ... ... R.N. Lost his life in the Persian Gulf operations, 1915.

BROUGH, Lt.-Col. John (Dorchester) ... C.M.G. M.V.O. Died of wounds in the Cameroons, July, 1917.

BUDGE, Lt.-Col. H. L. (Poole) ... ... Royal Scots. Killed at the Somme, 13th July, 1916.

BUDGE, Lt.-Col. Philip (Poole) ... ... D.S.O. R.A. Died of wounds 11th Sept., 1918.

BULLOCK, Col. T. W. ... ... 1st Dorsets. Killed in action.

BUTCHER, Lieut. C. G. ... ... Dorsets. Died of gas 13th Oct., 1914.

CHERRY, Capt. A. Douglas (Blandford) ... Dorset Regt., attached to Somerset Light Infantry. Killed Easter Monday, 1917.

CHRISTOPHER, Pvte. Henry C. ... ... Middlesex Regt. Killed 17th March, 1917.

CHURCHILL, Gunner H. (Sydling) ... Royal Field Artillery. Died of wounds in France, 7th July, 1915.

COOPER, Pvte. G. J. ... ... New Zealand Rifle Brigade. Died of wounds.

CORNISH, Capt. R. V. Kestel ... ... M.C. Dorset Regt. Died in France on 17th June, 1918, of wounds received on 18th March.

COWIE, Major Norman ... ... D.S.O. 1st Dorsets. Died of wounds at Hill 60, May, 1915.

COX, Lieut. R. W. Talbot (Weymouth) ... 6th Dorset Regt. Killed at Loos, 16th Feb., 1916.

CREE, Lieut. A. V. (Owermoigne) ... 10th Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Killed in Flanders, 18th Feb., 1915.

CRITCHELL, Pvte. C. A. ... ... City of London Yeomanry. Died of wounds.

CURTIS, Sergt. A. R. ... ... R.A.M.C. Died in hospital.

DALZELL-WALTON, Lt.-Col. ... ... Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Died 1917.

DAMER, Sec.-Lt. Wilfred P. ... ... Royal West Surrey. Killed in action, 18th Nov., 1916.

DAVIDSON, Capt. ... ... Killed at Mons.

DAVIS, L.-Corpl. J. ... ... R.E. Died of wounds.

DAVY, Pvte. A. C. ... ... New Zealand Force. Killed in action.

DERRIMAN, Harry (Cerne Abbas) ... Wellington Mounted Rifles, New Zealand, 8th August, 1915.

DINGLEY, Sec.-Lt. William ... ... Suffolk Regt. Died of wounds.

DOWN, Capt. W. Oliphant (Gillingham) ...	Hussars and Royal Berks. Died of wounds May, 1917.
EASON, Lieut.	5th Dorsets. Killed at Gallipoli 7th August, 1915.
EAST, Brig.-Gen. Lionel W. P. (Weymouth)	C.M.G. D.S.O. Killed Sept. 6th, 1918.
ELLIS, Pvte. J. J. (Puddletown) ...	M.M., 1st Dorsets, 3rd Oct., 1918.
FIENNES, Capt. John E. (Studland) ...	Gordon Highlanders. Died of wounds, July, 1916.
FORD, Pvte. A. (Puddletown)	6th Dorset, 4th May, 1915.
FORD, Pvte. H. J. (Puddletown) ...	1st Dorset, 16th July, 1917.
FORWARD, Sergt. Fred.	Killed July, 1917.
FULTON, Lt.-Col. G. J. (Weymouth) ...	Cheshire Regt.
GEORGE, Lieut. A. K.	Dorsets. Killed on the Marne Sept., 1916.
GIFFORD, Pvte. W. W. (Puddletown) ...	2/7 Hants, 24th Feb., 1917.
GOLDSWORTHY, Signaller A. J. F. ...	Worcester Regt. Killed in action.
GOODWILLIE, Sergt.-Major	Dorsets. Killed 17th May, 1916.
GORDON, Capt. G. Montague (Shaftesbury)	Royal Fusiliers. Killed 9th June, 1917.
GORDON-STEWARD, Brigade Major Charlton W.	Killed 12th April, 1917.
GORRINGE, Pvte. F. (Dorchester) ...	19th County of London Regt. Killed in action at Loos, 25th Sept., 1915.
GORRINGE, Sergt. M. H. E. (Sturminster-Newton)	25th Reinforcements. Killed 12th Nov., 1917.
GRAHAM, Major Francis	D.S.O. M.C. R.F.A. Killed in action first battle of Ypres, 28th March, 1915.
GRIBBLE, Capt. J. R. (Kingston Russell) ...	Killed 23rd March, 1916.
HARDY, R. Thomas (Maiden Newton) ...	1/20th London Regt. Killed in battle of Highwood, 15th Sept., 1916.
HARVEY, Arthur G.	Lost with H.M.S. *Monmouth* 19th Oct., 1914.
HARVEY, Pvte. Noel	3/15th London Regt. (Civil Service Rifles). Killed Oct., 1916.
HARWOOD, Pvte. H. E. (Puddletown) ...	5th Dorsets, 26th Sept., 1916.
HAYMAN, L.-Corpl. H. F.	26th Royal Fusiliers (Bankers' Battn.). Killed in action, Flers, Somme, 15th Sept., 1916.
HAYMAN, Pvte. J. W.	1st Buckinghamshire. Died of wounds received at Lempire, Somme.
HAYSOM, Harry H. (Swanage)	Killed in action at Loos, Oct., 1915.
HILL, Lieut. Walter (Dorchester) ...	Killed.
HODDER, Corpl. W. J.	A.O.C. Died in hospital.
HODGSON, Lieut. R. E.	R.A.F. Shot 16th Sept., 1918.
HOLDWAY, Robert	H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*. Accidentally killed.

Hood, Rear-Admiral Hon. Horace Lambert Alexander (Beaminster)	C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O. Went down with the *Invincible*—battle of Jutland.
Howard-Lockyer, Pvte. G.	Killed in action.
Hughes-Onslow, Major Denzil(Dorchester)	Killed 10th July, 1916.
James, Lt.-Col. A.	M.C. Royal Lancaster Regt. Killed 29th March, 1915.
James, Capt. E. S. Pennant Kingsbury, M.A. (Wareham)	King's Royal Rifles. Killed in action near Ypres, 17th March, 1915.
Kingman, Pvte. W. J. (Puddletown) ...	2/4th Dorsets, 9th April, 1918.
Kitson, Sec.-Lt. Edward G. T. ... ... (Beaminster)	D.C.L.I. Died of wounds 3rd Sept., 1916.
Lafontaine, Capt. Cecil de (Athelhampton)	76th Brigade Head-Quarters Staff. Killed 1916.
Lake, Pvte. Charles	South African Infantry. Killed in action.
Lake, 1st Class Stoker J. (Puddletown) ...	Royal Navy, 31st May, 1916.
Lake, Pvte W. O.	Missing.
Lane, Lieut. J. H. C.	Coldstream Guards.
Lansford, Pvte. E. G. (Puddletown) ...	5th Dorsets, 26th Sept., 1916.
Last, Pvte. L. W. G.	Killed in action.
Lees, Sir Thos., Bart. (Lychett Minster) ...	Dorset Yeomanry. Killed at Gallipoli 21st August, 1915.
Le Marchand, Capt.	Dorset Regt. Killed 9th August, 1915.
Little, Capt. Carruthers	Adj. 5th Dorset. Killed at Gallipoli 7th August, 1915.
Lock, Lieut. A. C. (Dorchester)	15th September, 1916.
Lott, Sec.-Lt. J. E. (Dorchester) ...	M.C., R.E. Died of wounds 21st May, 1917.
Lovell, Lieut. C. E.	Royal Engineers. Died of wounds.
Manger, Sec.-Lt. J. Kenneth (Gillingham)	Northumberland Fusiliers. Died of wounds.
Mansel-Pleydell, Lieut. Edmund Morton	Dorset Regt., attached to the Worcesters. Killed 10th March, 1915.
Mansel-Pleydell, Lieut. H. Grove Morton	Dorset Regt. Killed May, 1916.
Mansel-Pleydell, Sec.-Lt. J. M. ... (Sturminster Newton)	R.F.A. Died of wounds 22nd Sept., 1915.
Martin, Pvte. Albert E. (Weymouth) ...	Dorsets. Killed 15th May, 1917.
Mayo, Sec.-Lt. Percy A. (Weymouth) ...	3rd Dorset. 9th May, 1916.
Meader, C. G. (Sturminster Newton) ...	New Zealand Expeditionary Force.
Mercer, Major (Weymouth)	Dorset Regt. Killed 17th Nov., 1914.
Middleton, Capt. Frank (Bradford Peverel)	Dorset Regt. Killed 17th Nov., 1914.
Moore, Air-Mech. Harold (Dorchester) ...	R.N.A.S. Drowned July, 1917.
Moorhouse, Lieut. W. B. Rhodes ... (Parnham)	R.F.C. Died of wounds 27th April, 1915.

MUSPRATT, Lieut. Keith	M.C. Dorset Regt., attached R.F.C. Killed 16th March, 1918.
NORRIS, Sergt.-Major F. H. (Weymouth) ...	Canterbury Mounted Rifles, New Zealand, 22nd August, 1915.
OLIVER, Sergt. H. M. (Puddletown) ...	1st Dorset, 14th March, 1915.
OLLIVIER, Major Guy	R.G.A. Died of wounds 20th Jan., 1918.
PAINTER, Pvte. A. (Puddletown) ...	5th Dorset, 7th May, 1916.
PALMER, Major Allen L. (Cattistock) ...	Dorset Yeomanry. Killed Dec., 1916.
PARKINSON, Lieut.	Dorset, Regt., 13th Oct., 1914.
PAULL, Signaller W. B. (Puddletown) ...	R.N.V.R., 26th June, 1917.
PEARCE, Driver M. (Puddletown) ...	A.S.C., 15th Dec., 1918.
PEARCE, Pvte R. (Puddletown)	5th Dorset, 29th Sept., 1916.
PEEL, Lieut.	R.A.M.C. Died of wounds 19th Aug., 1915.
PHELPS, Pvte.	Dorset Regt. Killed 1917.
PITT, Lieut.	Dorset Regt. Killed 13th Oct., 1914.
POOLE, Pvte. F. A.	New Zealand Rifle Brigade. Killed in action.
POOLE, Corpl. F. E.	Rifle Brigade. Killed 2nd Dec., 1917.
POPE, Capt. Chas. A. W.	M.B., R.A.M.C. Drowned, s.s. *Transylvania.*
POPE, Sec.-Lt. Percy P.	Welsh Regt. Missing, 2nd Oct., 1915.
PRAGNELL, Brig.-Major George (Sherborne)	D.S.O. Killed 23rd July, 1917.
PRIESTLEY, Capt.	Dorsets. Killed on the Marne Sept., 1914.
PRINCE, Pvte. Reginald (Dorchester) ...	D.C.M. Somerset Light Infantry. Killed in action 1917.
RITSON, Capt. Frank (Weymouth College)	Dorset Regt. Killed 17th June, 1917.
ROBERTS, Lieut.	Dorsets. Gassed 13th Oct., 1914.
ROGERS, Sergt.	Dorset Regt. Killed 1917.
ROGERS, Pvte. W.	A.I.F. Killed in action.
ROPER, Major	Dorset Regt. Killed 14th Oct., 1914.
ROSHER, Lt.-Col.	Dorset Regt. Killed in action 14th April, 1915.
ROWE, Capt. A. R.	Dorsets. Killed in action at the Marne, Sept., 1914.
ROWSON, Lieut. T. H.	19th London Regt. Killed in action on the Somme, 15th Sept., 1916.
SCADDEN, Pvte. F.	Dorset Regt. Died of wounds April, 1915.
SCOTT, Pvte. B. W. (Puddletown) ...	2nd Dorset, 1st Dec., 1916.
SELBY, Pvte. G. (Puddletown)	13th Royal Berks., 24th March, 1917.
SIMONDS, Lieut. Charles (Winterbourne Abbas)	M.C. R.E. Killed 29th April, 1918.

Sprackling, Pvte. A. R. (Puddletown) ...	6th Dorset, 10th Nov., 1916.
Spurway, Lieut. C. V.	M.C., M.G.C. Killed 28th March, 1918.
Sutton, Sec.-Lt. J. W. (Portland) ...	M.C. R.A. Gassed 29th June, 1917.
Tompkins, Sergt. B. (Puddletown) ...	M.G. Corps, 10th Brigade, 12th Oct. 1917.
Townsend, Pvte W. R. (Weymouth) ...	Dorset Regt. Died of wounds 1917.
Tucker, Pvte. B. (Puddletown) ...	6th Dorsets, 27th August, 1917.
Tyrwhitt-Drake, Sec.-Lt. Thomas Victor (Yeovil)	Rifle Brigade. Killed 1917.
Utterson, Lt.-Col. H. K.	D.S.O. Lancashire Fusiliers. Killed 10th August, 1918.
Vizard, Capt. H. T. (Castleton Portland)...	M.C. R.F.A. Killed 1st Sept., 1918.
Wakely, L.-Corpl. W. E.	Dorset Yeomanry. Killed in action Egypt, 1916.
West, Pvte. T. F. (Puddletown) ...	2nd Leinsters, 21st March, 1918.
Wheeler, Capt. P.	Dorset Regt. Killed flying in England 1917.
Williams, Pvte. J. N.	Auckland Battn., New Zealand. Killed in action at Gallipoli, 25th April, 1915.
Wilson, Sec.-Lt. H. (Weymouth College)...	R.F.C. Killed 19th Feb., 1918.
Woolston, Sergt. C. F. (Dorchester) ...	6th Battn. Buffs. Killed in action 13th Oct., 1915.

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Appendix I.

KNIGHTS OF THE SHIRE FOR THE COUNTY OF DORSET.

From the first year of the reign of King Charles I to the 32nd year of Queen Victoria.

Member's Name.	*Sovereign.*	*Year of Reign.*
Walter Erle, Knt.	Charles I	1, 6, 11.
Nathaniel Napier, Knt.	do.	1.
George Morton, Bart.	do.	1.
Thomas Freke, Knt.	do.	1
John Strangways	do.	3.
Richard Rogers	do.	15, 16.*
George Lord Digby	do.	16.
John Browne, Esq.	do.	16.
Sir Thomas Trenchard	do.	16.
William Sydenham	Usurpation	5, 8.†
John Bingham	do.	5, 8, 11.
John Fitzjames	do.	6, 8.
,, ,,	Charles II	12.
Robert Coker	Usurpation	8.
,, ,,	Charles II	12.
Henry Henley	Usurpation	6.
John Trenchard	do.	6, 8.
James Dewy	do.	8
Giles Strangways	Charles II	13.‡
Thomas Browne	do.	13.
John Strode	do.	13.
Thomas Strangways	do.	31, 32.§
,, ,,	James II	1.
,, ,,	William III	1, 2, 7, 10, 12, 13.
,, ,,	Anne	1, 4, 7, 9, 12.
,, ,,	George I	1, 8.
Thomas Freke	Charles II	31 twice.
,, ,,	James II	1.
,, ,,	William III	1, 2, 7, 10, 12, 13.

* Excluded in this year and Sir Thomas Trenchard chosen in his room

† Described in the 8th year as Colonel Sydenham.

‡ Succeeded, on his decease, by John Lord Digby, and, he being called up to the House of Peers, Thomas Browne, Esq., of Frampton, was chosen in his place.

§ The latter Parliament was held at Oxford.

Member's Name.	*Sovereign.*	*Year of Reign.*
Thomas Chafin	Anne	1, 4, 7, 9.*
Richard Bingham	Anne	9.
George Chafin	George I	1, 8.
,, ,,	George II	1, 8, 14, 20.
George Pitt, junr., of Shroton	George I	8.
,, ,, ,, ,,	George II	20.
,, ,, ,, ,,	George III	14, 20, 23.
Edmund Morton Pleydell	George II	1, 8, 14.
George Pitt	George II	27.
,, ,,	George III	1, 8.
Humphry Sturt	George II	27.
,, ,,	George III	1, 8, 14, 20.
Francis John Browne, of Frampton	do.	23, 30, 36, 43.
William Morton Pitt	do.	30, 36, 43.
,, ,, ,,	do.	47, 48, 52, 59.
,, ,, ,,	George IV	1.
Edward Berkeley Portman	George III	47, 48, 52, 59.
,, ,, ,,	George IV	1, 4, 7, 11.
,, ,, ,,	William IV	2.
Henry Bankes, Esq.	George IV	7 (twice), 11.
Rt. Hon. John Calcraft	William IV	2.
Lord Ashley	do.	3, 6.
,, ,,	Victoria	1, 5, 10 (resigned).
Hon. Wm. Francis Spencer Ponsonby	William IV	3, 6.
Wm. John Bankes	do.	3.
Henry Charles Sturt	do.	6.
,, ,, ,,	Victoria	1, 5.
Hon. John G. C. Fox Strangways	do.	1.
George Bankes	do.	5, 11, 16.
Henry Ker Seymer	do.	10, 11, 16, 21, 23.
John Floyer	do.	10, 11, 16, 23, 29, 32.
Henry Gerard Sturt	do.	16, 21, 23, 29, 32.
Hon. Wm. Henry Berkeley Portman	do.	21, 23, 29, 32.

* In his place (deceased) Richard Bingham.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Appendix II.

LETTERS FROM THE LATE Dr. HANDLEY MOULE, *Bishop of Durham.*

Auckland Castle.
Bishop Auckland,
February 16th, 1917.

My dear Mr. Foster,

Your kind letter is most interesting to me and not least because of my vivid remembrance of and high regard for your father whose name is connected with early years of mine full of cherished memories.

I think with pleasure of your being engaged on a work about our dear Dorset, and that you should wish to include in it some notice of my beloved eldest brother, Henry Joseph. My best answer I think to your enquiry about him is to ask your acceptance of the enclosed little book, in which my dear brother is spoken of in some detail . . . and as one of two little boys brought by my parents in 1829 to Fordington where all the rest of us were born. I may add that Henry was born September 25th, 1825, at Gillingham, near Shaftesbury, and died March 4th, 1904, in the house you will remember in Dorchester. Just two years ago his wife followed him, dying under her daughter's roof at Brighton. I feel how imperfect my tribute is to him in my book.

Believe me, with much regard,
Sincerely yours,
Handley Dunelm.

Auckland Castle,
Bishop Auckland,
February 20th, 1917.

My dear Mr. Foster,

I thank you most particularly for your letter which interests and moves me as you will well believe in no common way.

What you say of my dear parents and of my brother Henry himself is precious to me, and it is keenly interesting also to read of the connection of Mrs. Foster's mother with my relations at Melksham. . . . You kindly ask for further particulars about my brother George, of China. . . . I will send you a retrospect of his life written by himself a few days before his departure to Christ under this roof (1912). You will see what I have said of him in my little book of Memories. He was one of the greatest influences for good in my whole life.

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
H. Dunelm.

Appendix III.

"ON RIBBONS."

FROM "ROUNDABOUT PAPERS," BY W. M. THACKERAY.

The screw steam-ship *Sarah Sands*, 1,330 registered tons, was chartered by the East India Company in the autumn of 1858, for the conveyance of troops to India. She was commanded by John Squire Castle. She took out a part of the 54th Regiment, upwards of 350 persons, besides the wives and children of some of the men, and the families of some of the officers. All went well till the 11th November, when the ship had reached lat. 14 S., long. 56 E., upwards of 400 miles from the Mauritius.

Between three and four p.m. on that day a very strong smell of fire was perceived arising from the after-deck, and upon going below into the hold, Captain Castle found it to be on fire, and immense volumes of smoke arising from it. Endeavours were made to reach the seat of the fire, but in vain; the smoke and heat were too much for the men. There was, however, no confusion. Every order was obeyed with the same coolness and courage with which it was given. The engine was immediately stopped. All sail was taken in, and the ship brought to the wind, so as to drive the smoke and fire, which was in the after-part of the ship, astern. Others were, at the same time, getting fire-hoses fitted and passed to the scene of the fire. The fire, however, continued to increase, and attention was directed to the ammunition contained in the powder magazines, which were situated one on each side the ship immediately above the fire. The starboard magazine was soon cleared. But by this time the whole of the after-part of the ship was so much enveloped in smoke that it was scarcely possible to stand, and great fears were entertained on account of the port magazine. Volunteers were called for, and came immediately, and, under the guidance of Lieutenant Hughes, attempted to clear the port magazine, which they succeeded in doing, with the exception, as was supposed, of one or two barrels. It was most dangerous work. The men became overpowered with the smoke and heat, and fell; and several, while thus engaged, were dragged up by ropes, senseless.

The flames soon burst up through the deck, and running rapidly along the various cabins, set the greater part on fire.

In the meantime Captain Castle took steps for lowering the boats. There was a heavy gale at the time, but they were launched without the least accident. The soldiers were mustered on deck;—there was no rush to the boats;—and the men obeyed the word of command as if on parade. The men were informed that Captain Castle did not despair of saving the ship, but that they must be prepared to leave her if necessary. The women and children were lowered into the port lifeboat, under the charge of Mr. Very, third officer, who had orders to keep clear of the ship until recalled.

In the meantime the fire had made great progress. The whole of the cabins were one body of fire, and at about 8.30 p.m. flames burst through the upper deck, and shortly after the mizen rigging caught fire. Fears were entertained of the ship paying off, in which case the flames would have been swept forwards by the wind; but fortunately the afterbraces were burnt through, and the main-yard swung round, which kept the ship's head to wind. About nine p.m., a fearful explosion took place in the port magazine, arising, no doubt, from the one or two barrels of powder which it had been impossible to remove. By this time the ship was one body of flame, from the stern to the main rigging, and thinking it scarcely possible to save her, Captain Castle called Major Brett (then in command of the troops, for the colonel was in one of the boats) forward, and, telling him that he feared the ship was lost, requested him to endeavour to keep order amongst the troops till the last, but, at the same time, to use every exertion to check the fire. Providentially, the iron bulkhead in the after-part of the ship withstood the action of the flames, and here all efforts were concentrated to keep it cool.

The gale still prevailed, and the ship was rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, and taking in large quantities of water abaft: the tanks, too, were rolling from side to side in the hold.

In the course of the day the ladies joined the ship. The boats were ordered alongside, but they found the sea too heavy to remain there. The gig had been abandoned during the night, and the crew, under Mr. Wood, fourth officer, had got into another of the boats. The troops were employed the remainder of the day baling and pumping, and the crew securing the stern. . . . On Thursday, the 19th, she sighted the island of Rodrigues, and arrived at Mauritius on Monday the 23rd.

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